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August

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STARLOG

AUGUST 1978
NUMBER 15

THE MAGAZINE OF THE FUTURE

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About the Cover: An exciting Technicolor scene from the phenomenal fifties space opera, *This Island Earth*. On the war-torn planet Metaluna, alien Exeter and his two Earth captives barely make it to his saucer's entrance tube when a barrage of Zahgon missiles strafe the planet's surface. Inset: Aboard the flying saucer, a Metalunan mutant—a strange mixture of man and insect—menaces Exeter and his two human companions.

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FROM THE BRIDGE

Recently, I received a letter which contained a very important message. In part, it read:

"... when I started planning for a lifetime career, my eye first went toward NASA... I am doing everything I can to insure my hopeful future as an astronaut. Right now, I am a science-fiction writer. Don't check any widely published magazines for my name, for it is doubtful that you will find it. It seems that every time I take a seat before my typewriter I am called downstairs for some (seemingly) unimportant task, not to return for some hours, and by then inspiration is gone. My family doesn't agree with my writing career... and sometimes I wonder if it is even worth it all. My work is good, I feel, and others agree, but they are only friends. Yet I still remain interested in science fiction, and every time I buy a copy of your magazine, everything sparks, inspiration returns, and I somehow manage to seclude myself long enough to peck out a few pages."

To avoid embarrassing the young lady who wrote this letter I won't mention her name, but I am writing to her, publicly, in order to tell her that she is both extraordinary and ordinary.

She is extraordinary in that she is thinking about her future—planning and working in order to be certain that she will do something exciting and worthwhile with her life and no matter what particular career she eventually ends up selecting, she will probably throw herself into it with great enthusiasm and devotion.

She is ordinary only in that many of our readers are similarly extraordinary. We know this from the thousands of letters we receive each issue. We have a rather wonderful group of individuals in our STARLOG audience. They want more from life; they refuse to settle for dull, boring careers; they have their eyes directed upward toward the stars and they are willing to endure the struggles necessary to achieve something extraordinary.

Those struggles may consist of family or friends who don't share their spirit of adventure and who don't encourage them and appreciate their passions. Some struggles may consist of hanging onto long-range goals while grinding out the daily chores necessary to survive in the present. Other struggles may involve learning the practical measures needed for success in a field—in addition to developing the creative talents required. There are all kinds of struggles on the way to achieving anything worthwhile. Inner determination is one of the most important character traits a person can develop in order to keep moving toward difficult goals.

But sometimes obstacles become too numerous—the problems too petty and exhausting, and in moments like this, even a highly motivated person may sink into a depressed state and question whether the struggle is worth it.

If, at moments like that, a copy of STARLOG (or FUTURE) can spark your spirits and provide you with the you need—*damnit, use it for all it's worth!*

Everyone needs emotional oxygen from time to time. We understand this, and we also understand how little there is in the entertainment and arts of today that is likely to provide outstanding young people (of all ages) with the right kind of encouragement. One of our conscious intentions with STARLOG is to create a magazine that not only informs and entertains, but, for those among our readers who can use it this way—also serves as a source of inspiration.

The fact that our magazine can touch lives in such a profound way is our greatest reward and also imposes on us our greatest responsibility: to maintain a positive, rational and exciting attitude in every article of every issue, from cover to cover. It's tough, but we love the challenge and we accept the responsibility.

And when we become weary and wonder if all our efforts are worthwhile, we sometimes get a letter from a reader telling us that her life has been sparked by STARLOG. Our doubts vanish along with our weariness, and we realize that the fueling process works both ways.

And that, dear friends, is what we call a perfect relationship.

Kerry O'Quinn/Publisher

Because of the large volume of mail we receive, personal replies are impossible. Comments, questions, and suggestions of general interest are appreciated and may be selected for publication in future Communications. Write:

STARLOG Communications

475 Park Avenue South
8th Floor Suite
New York, N.Y. 10016

ALIEN FAN

... Just a note to let you know that I am very pleased with your special *Aliens* book. Each film and television show was tastefully reviewed. My special thanks to he/she who did an excellent job on the *Lost In Space* review.

Ron Sapp
C-8 Southwood Acres
Magnolia, Delaware 19962

He/she/it is glad you liked the book. Keep an eye out for more STARLOG photo guide-books in the near future.



"STAR TREK" PAINTING

... I ordered one of the Original Colour Prints that was originally the cover of STARLOG No. 1. My print arrived in the mail the other day in perfect condition (considering the Aussie Post Office, that's a miracle in itself), and I felt I had to write and express my admiration. The actual advertisement for the print doesn't do it justice—it is absolutely beautiful and will be treasured by me always.

Diane Hiddins
137 Wecker Rd.
Mt. Graieatt, Qed 4122
Australia

Thanks. We went to great trouble with custom color printing in order to make glossy prints that capture all the beauty of the original painting. It's not a cheap process, but there are people like you who appreciate quality. A limited number of prints are still available from our office, in two sizes: 8" x 10" \$4.95 and 11" x 14" \$9.95. Please add 75c postage for each print ordered (\$1.50 outside U.S.A.) and send to:

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New York, NY 10016

DANFORTH ON CRATER LAKE

... In Starlog #12 you claimed that Danforth's involvement with *The Crater Lake Monster* was only advisory, but I have heard that he actually *filmed* sequences, some of which were cut from the final print.

Allison Entwistle

Newhall, CA

STARLOG apologizes for the misinformation in No. 12. Mr. Danforth reports that he was hired by David Allen to do four days' work on the film.

LASERBLAST ROCKY

... Your March 1978 article on *Laserblast* claims that Kim Milford starred in *The Rocky Horror Picture Show*, but I can't for the life of me find his name in the credits. Perhaps he was in the London stage version of *The Rocky Horror Show*.

John L. Joseph

2816 W. 182nd St. #23

Torrance, Ca. 90504

Sorry for the typographical error. Kim starred in the American stage version of *The Rocky Horror Show*, not the film.

LOG LOVER

... I am writing to express my gratitude for the effort you have put forth in making STARLOG such a worthwhile piece of literature for the science-fiction enthusiast. *Log Entries* has to be one of the more enlightening sections of anything published today. I find myself reading these things over and over, gleaning all I can from each section. It is remarkable to me that you are able to keep abreast of the fantastic amount of science-fiction material and bring it to your readers in such quality. Believe me, it is appreciated by many.

Johnny M. Brown Jr.

Apt. 1213-J

Beacon Parkway East

Birmingham, Alabama 35209

TIME MACHINE TROUBLES

... I just started reading your article on *The Time Machine* when the lower left photo on page 72 caught my eye. The captain claims it to be the time machine surrounded by a lava flow. A closer look at the photo reveals a cigar seated in the machine. It is *not* a lava flow surrounding the machine, but rather, the red tablecloth in George's parlor bunched up around his demonstration model of the machine. Close, but no cigar!

Roger Sorensen

Dept. of Biology, CWRU

Cleveland, Ohio 44106

A number of sharp-eyed readers caught that error, Roger. Rest assured that our caption writer is now sitting in that lava flow he was so interested in.

DISNEY'S DOMAIN

... At last I can give an accurate answer to all of my students at school when they ask me *when* my fascination with science-fiction really began! I realized after reading the article on Walt Disney in STARLOG No. 13 that my love of the art started soon after my family acquired its first television set in 1955. I was carried via that medium into space, to the moon and Mars, and beyond.

The "Conquest of Space" series of programs by Disney was the catalyst that propelled my feet to the science-fiction section of the local library where I haunted the books of Wells, Clarke, Heinlein, Asimov, and others.

COMMUNICATIONS

Today I am slowly building my own library at home of the old classics and the new classics.

Thank you for the splendid article on Walt Disney, the one man whose vision opened up a whole new group of worlds to a young generation of pioneers who today are actually going "where no man has gone before."

Sue Robinson

Route 2

Box 437

Bowling Green, Kentucky 42101



INSIDE ROBBY

... I recently saw your commercial for a trial subscription and found it, as Mr. Spock would say, "fascinating" (It was also the only commercial I ever found fascinating!) I have one question on your commercial, who was the "bio plasmic anthropomorphic" insert this time?

Derek Yee

San Francisco, CA 94118

The very talented Bob Short was Robby's "B-P A" insert for the STARLOG TV commercial. Mr. Short has also handled Robby on the recent "Space Academy" and for *Ark II*. With Bill Malone of Don Post Studios he co-built the Gort and the Metropolis robotrix; he has also created and operated a full scale Godzilla.

ATLANTIS FAN

... Would you please include an episode guide for *The Man From Atlantis* in one of your issues with some color photos?

Terry Ann Delgado

215 Horseheads Blvd.

Elmira Heights, NY. 14503

An episode guide for Atlantis is in the works for a future issue with color photos, too, of course.

PUBLICATION DATES

... In the back of each issue of STARLOG you give the date the next issue will be on sale. It always says a Thursday, but in fact it comes out on Mondays with the rest of the comics and magazines, sometimes later than stated. Why is this?

Edward Baumgartner

2 Oak Street

Mount Vernon, NY 10550

Readers in Dallas or San Francisco or Canton, Ohio, would be quick to tell you you're wrong about the day the new issue of STARLOG appears on newsstands. You see, we ship copies of the magazine out to the whole country on the same day, but each local distributor has his own system and his own days for trucking publications to the stands. The dates we print are only approximate. Check your local dealer to find the exact on-sale dates for each STARLOG issue.

PSEUDONYM SITUATION

... I was checking your episode guide on *Logan's Run* and on the episode "Man Out Of Time" you've got Noah Ward as the writer of it. I thought David Gerrold wrote it because he said something in his column about writing for *Logan's Run* with the same idea. Could you clear this up for me, please?

Vincent Fallis

1307 E. 17th

Hutchinson, Kansas 67501

David wrote the episode under a pen name, Noah Ward.



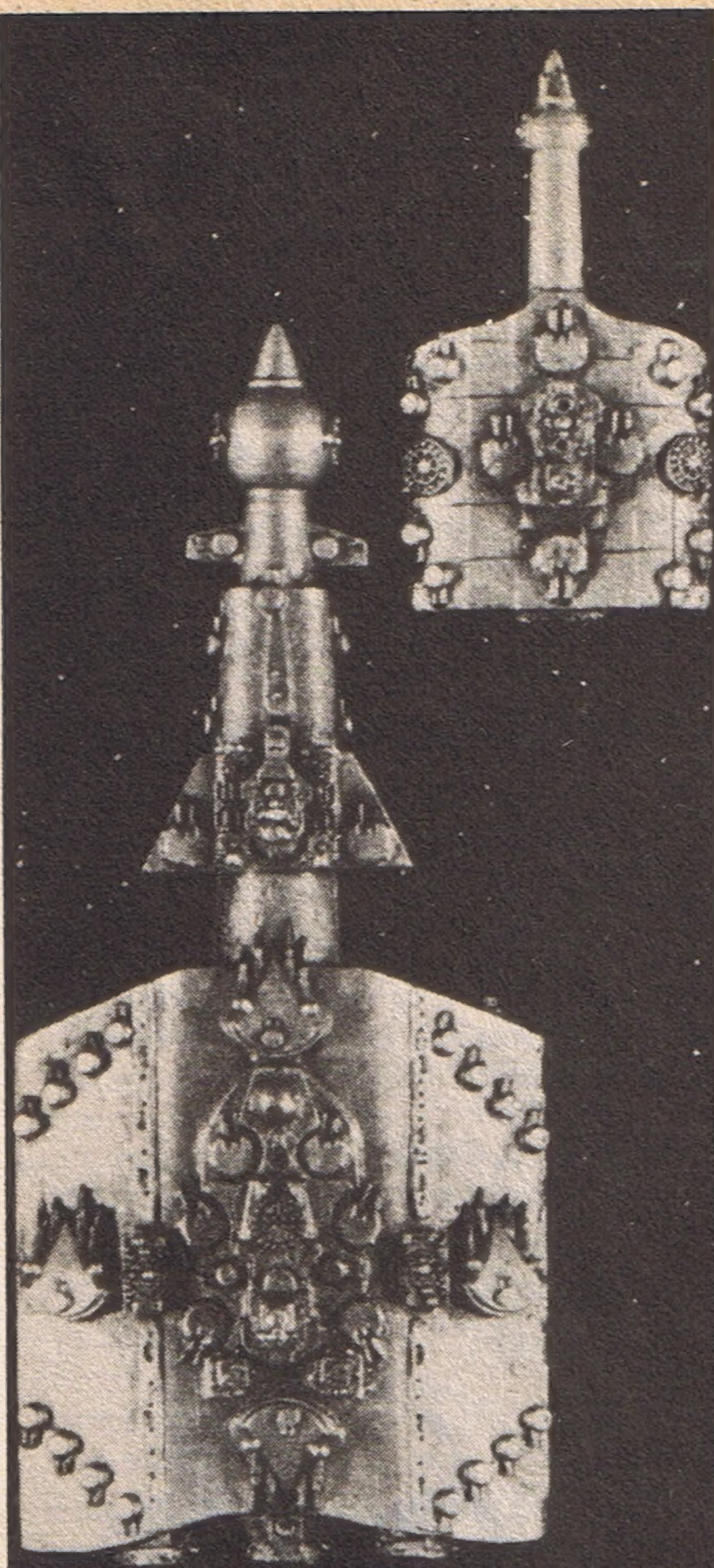
Illustration © 1976 Hal Crawford

UFO'S REAL, NOT REEL

... I have read with interest James Oberg's paper *UFO's Reel Vs Real* in STARLOG No. 12. It is regrettable however, that his paper wasn't more complete.

In an interview with Betty Hill (Saga *UFO Report* January, 1978), Jerome Clark established that the UFO observed by the Hills passed in front of the moon's face prior to its close approach, negating Mr. Shaeffer's simplistic explanation. The object approached the couple, allowing them to discern its discoidal form and other surface details such as the row of windows around its rim. There were no perceptual discontinuities between the perception of distant light and nearby disc. This tends to rule out a 'fear induced fantasy,' as does the Hill's description of the humanoids, which dovetails with UFO reports from Europe and elsewhere. The Hills were unfamiliar with UFO literature at the time of the incident.

Furthermore, after a study of the Hill regression tapes, Dr. J. Allen Hynek revealed that under hypnosis, Barney Hill remembered



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DEALER INQUIRES INVITED

many details that paralleled what Betty remembered *before* she did. This negates Dr. Simon's explanation of dream-transference from Betty to Barney.

Hayden C. Hewes

Director International Association for the Investigation Of The Unexplained
 PO Box 441
 Edmond, Oklahoma 73034



RESIDENT WOOKIE

In answer to many letters from readers who saw Chewbacca lounging amid science-fiction soundtrack albums in our last issue (No. 14, page 50), yes, that friendly, furry creature is actually a STARLOG employee: Peter Mosen. Contrary to rumors, Peter is not 7-feet tall, and when arguments arise around the office he does not rip his fellow workers' arms from their sockets. In reality, Peter is a charming, good-natured SF addict, whose specialty is costumes and make-up. He's also quite good-looking, as you can see in this recent photograph.

THE RUNNER STUMBLES

... I would like to point out a trivial mistake in STARLOG No. 13. In the *Logan Runs No More* episode guide on page 36, the picture on the bottom of the page labeled "Fear Factor" is really from "Half-Life." I thank you for such an interesting magazine.

Phillip Heide

Box 85

Pomeroy, Iowa 50574

... In issue No. 13, page 38, the top picture is supposed to be labeled "Carousel," not "Future Past."

Scott Cameron Jensen
 1359 Palace Ave.

St. Paul, Minn. 55105

We apologize for the caption mix-up in the Logan TV episode guide. Our proof reader must be in league with Francis and his Sandman squad.

GODZILLA GROUP GRIPE

... We agree that you should do a story on the greatest monster of all, Godzilla. We hope it will be a preview of his new movie *Godzilla On Monster Island* or an article on his blockbuster movie, *Godzilla vs. Gigan*. We hope this letter helps you to make a decision about a Godzilla story.

Randy Whalen

David Pesavente

Mike Johnson

Larry Inman

David Nell

Bill Thomas

Randy Powers

Conrad Edgett

Bob Tripicchie

Brad Whalen

Terry Wilson

Lockport, Illinois 60441

... If STARLOG prints an article on Godzilla, I'll kill myself!

Larry Williams

Boston, Massachusetts 02134

Anybody interested in Rodan?

MOVIE BUFF

... I would like to see more articles similar to the one you did on *The Incredible Shrinking Man* on such classics as *The Crawling Eye*, *The Day The Earth Stood Still* and *Fantastic Voyage*. I never miss an issue of STARLOG because of its information on movies like these. Keep up the good work!

Chris Eilenstine

Seneca Falls, NY

STARLOG will continue its vintage film pieces in issues to come. We hope you enjoy our feature on This Island Earth in this issue.

CON DISAPPOINTMENT

... Having been to a few SF conventions in my time, I have a pretty good idea of what a good con should accomplish. My friends and I came to the OrangeCon believing that it would be of high quality, having been advertised in both STARLOG and Isaac Asimov's Science Fiction Magazine. Local television commercials made statements like "25 to 30 dealers" and "meet Mr. Spock!" We were happy to pay the \$8 fee, but in the dealers room we found a total of 12 tables. The program advertised a *Star Wars* trivia quiz, but it was rumored that the organizers had lost the questions. Films were to be shown throughout the day, but I saw none. There was a game room which consisted of three tables and a chess set.

M. Gaul

4210 18th Ave. Dr. W.

Bradenton, FL 33505

There is no way for STARLOG to check out conventions before they happen. We list all legitimate cons, free of charge, but that does not constitute an endorsement. If you and your friends are disappointed (and it sounds like you have every right to be) remember the con producer's name and do not patronize him again. Force these people to live with the reputation they build. ★

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LOG ENTRIES

Photo: David Hutchison



Close Encounters Producer Michael Phillips

CE3K PRODUCER HAS RESERVATIONS

Reserving space on the NASA space shuttle seems like a fine, if impractical, idea. However, NASA's innovative "Getaway Special" program has made outer space accessible and affordable for the public. Now a private citizen can utilize up to five cubic feet on the ship for as little as \$3000, and several have already taken advantage of the cut-rate opportunity. But for the producer of one of the most successful SF bonanzas in history, it may have proved to be more trouble than it's worth. "I was excited by a *Business Week* article," says *Close Encounters* producer

Michael Phillips. "So I bought two reservations [\$500 each] and gave one of them to Steven Spielberg as a gift." The young millionaire refers to a cover story last August in the weekly business magazine which announced: "The Shuttle Opens The Space Frontier To U.S. Industry," and made mention of the Getaway Specials. "It seemed a rare opportunity to conduct an experiment which would normally cost millions for only a few thousand. I wanted to grab a spot while I still could." Many others did not see it that way. By the time NASA's customer list was released, CE3K was the hottest thing going and speculation about a possible "cinematic" utilization of Phillips' payload space began to spread. The rumors became so prevalent that this office received an article from an enterprising freelance writer entitled: "Spielberg to Film CE3K II in Space," and the *Wall Street Journal* condemned NASA for allowing the director to use the shuttle for non-scientific purposes. Phillips condemns the editorial in turn as "completely groundless. People assumed that it had something to do with *Close Encounters*, but I bought the reservations before it was released." The producer went on to pooh-pooh any involvement with a sequel at all, leading up to a last question: If the creative team isn't using this rare opportunity to mount the further adventures of Roy Neary, how will they use it? "Regardless of what people might think," Phillips stresses, "we don't know *what* we're going to do with it. However, it will be a legitimate scientific experiment. We have a few years to figure it out." He adds, smiling for the first time, "I know a few whiz kids who should come up with an idea or two."

NASA'S PLANNED LAUNCHES FOR THE BALANCE OF 1978

Date	Payload	Launch Vehicle	Launch Site	Remarks
May	GOES-C	Delta	KSC*	Geostationary Environmental Satellite for Earth imaging.
May	TIROS-N	Atlas-F	WTR**	Polar orbiting weather spacecraft, operational.
May	Pioneer Venus-A	Atlas Centaur	KSC	Planetary mission to Venus, studies of solar wind.
May	Seasat-A	Atlas-F	WTR	Sea satellite for global ocean monitoring.
June	ESA/GEOS-B	Delta	KSC	ESA spacecraft to study atmospheric radiation, particles.
June	Japan-BU	Delta	KSC	Backup satellite for Japan.
July	UK-6	Scout	Wallops	United Kingdom satellite to measure radiation particles.
July	ISEE-C	Delta	KSC	International Sun Earth Explorer to work with A and B missions.
August	Nimbus-G	Delta	WTR	Weather and oceanographic satellite.
August	Pioneer Venus-B	Atlas Centaur	KSC	Venus multiprobe mission to study planet's atmosphere.
September	Navy-20	Scout	WTR	Navy navigation satellite, call-up.
September	NATO-III-C	Delta	KSC	NATO communications satellite, second in series.
September	NOAA-A	Atlas-F	WTR	Advanced operational prototype weather satellite.
October	HEAO-B	Atlas Centaur	KSC	Second High Energy Astronomical Observatory to study space radiation.
November	Telesat-D	Delta	KSC	Canadian domestic communications satellite.
November	FLTSATCOM-B	Atlas Centaur	KSC	Fleet Satellite Communications for Navy (second).



A pre-production sketch from Lovecraft's *The Cry of the Cthulhu* by Tom Sullivan.

TV AND MOVIE NEWS

Science fiction continues to make its presence felt in both the TV and motion picture realms. NBC-TV, after a long delay, is finally getting its *Buck Rogers* project off the ground. Produced by Leslie Stevens, the new Buck will concern a present-day space mission accidentally frozen enroute homeward. Returning from an elongated orbit in the 25th century, the capsule lands on Earth, with peerless pilot Buck emerging intact. One three-hour telefilm has

been ordered by the network, with three two-hour installments on stand-by. NBC is also looking into a fantasy-comedy pilot entitled *Turnabout*, the fairly familiar tale of a man and a woman (in this case, a husband and wife) who suddenly find their minds transposed in each other's bodies. Michael Rhodes and Steve Boche produce . . . Science fact takes a toe-tapping stance on ABC-TV's award-winning educational show *School House Rock* with the addition of a new segment entitled "Science Rock." The new scientific portion of the series is supervised by Odvard Egil Dyrli, professor of science education at the University of Connecticut . . . Making their way to the TV screens soon via syndication will be the all new series *The Next Step Beyond* and the not-so-new AIP package, *Ghoul-A-Rama*, a collection of 18 of the film company's more notorious horror and science-fiction films. Universal TV is also trying to launch a new face for the fall season in the guise of famed comic book illusionist *Mandrake The Magician*. A two-hour telefilm is being planned by writer-producer Rick Husky . . . Movie-wise, there are quite a few strange SF-fantasy adventures being planned, ranging from Earl Owensby's *The Wolfman* to producer Gary Stromberg's *The Fish That Saved Pittsburgh*. From Hong Kong is promised *The Trionic Warrior* starring Johnny Johnson, produced by Chun Wong and released by Dimension. And from Michigan is still promised H. P. Lovecraft's *The Cry Of Cthulhu*. Mentioned a few issues back in STARLOG, this independent film, helmed by Cinema Vista's William Baetz, ran into budgetary problems. Happily enough, the project has not been abandoned. Former head of United Artists distribution Gerald Logue has become the official negotiator for the project and Max Youngstein has been brought in as business consultant. At present American International Pictures has an option on the proposed epic and, although there is nothing definite in the works as yet, the Cinema Vista staff continues to create paintings, designs, story boards and models for the film . . . Abandoning science fiction for the moment, George Lucas is diving into comedy. His next film is entitled *The Radioland Murders* and stars that ramblin' non-Wookie Steve Martin.

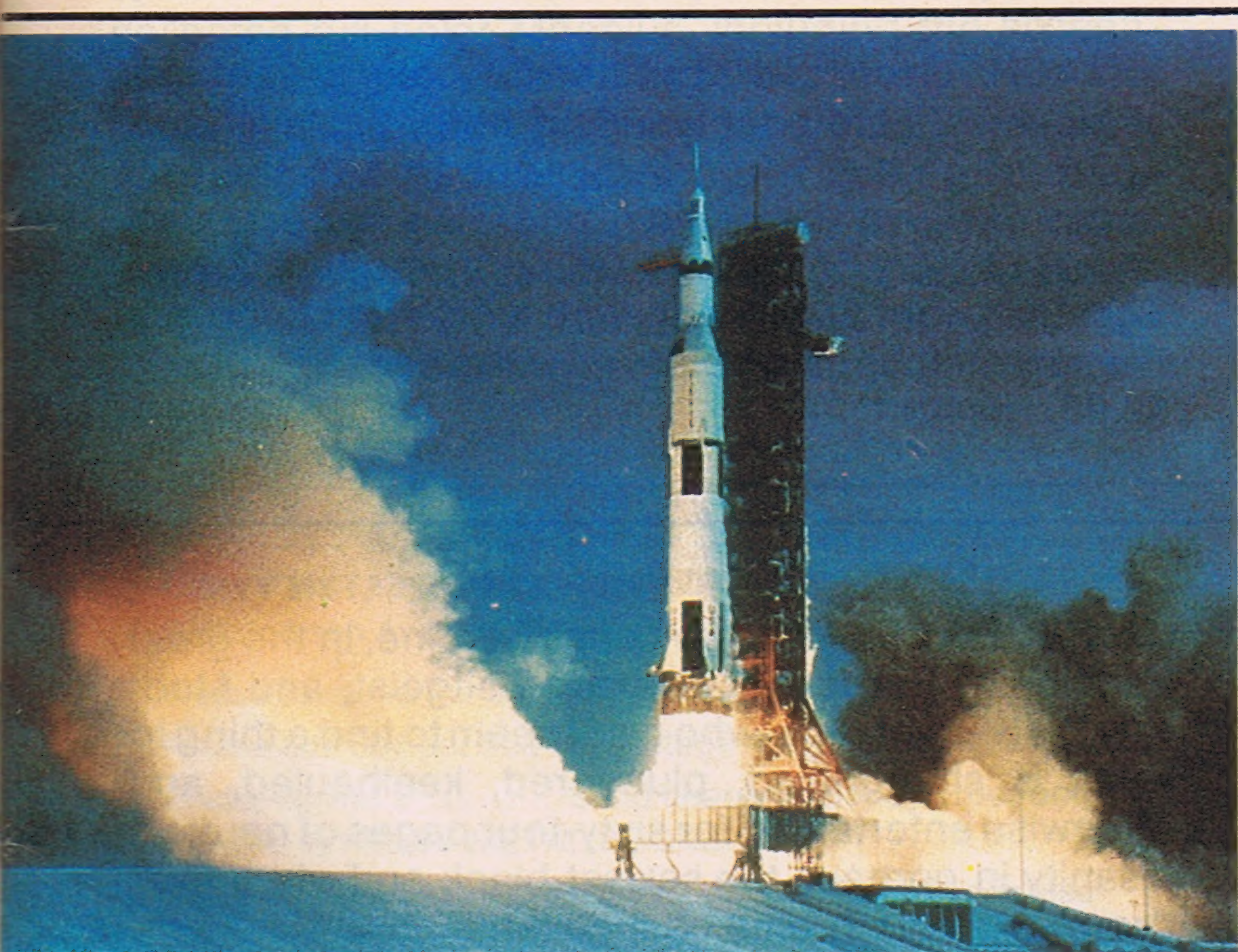
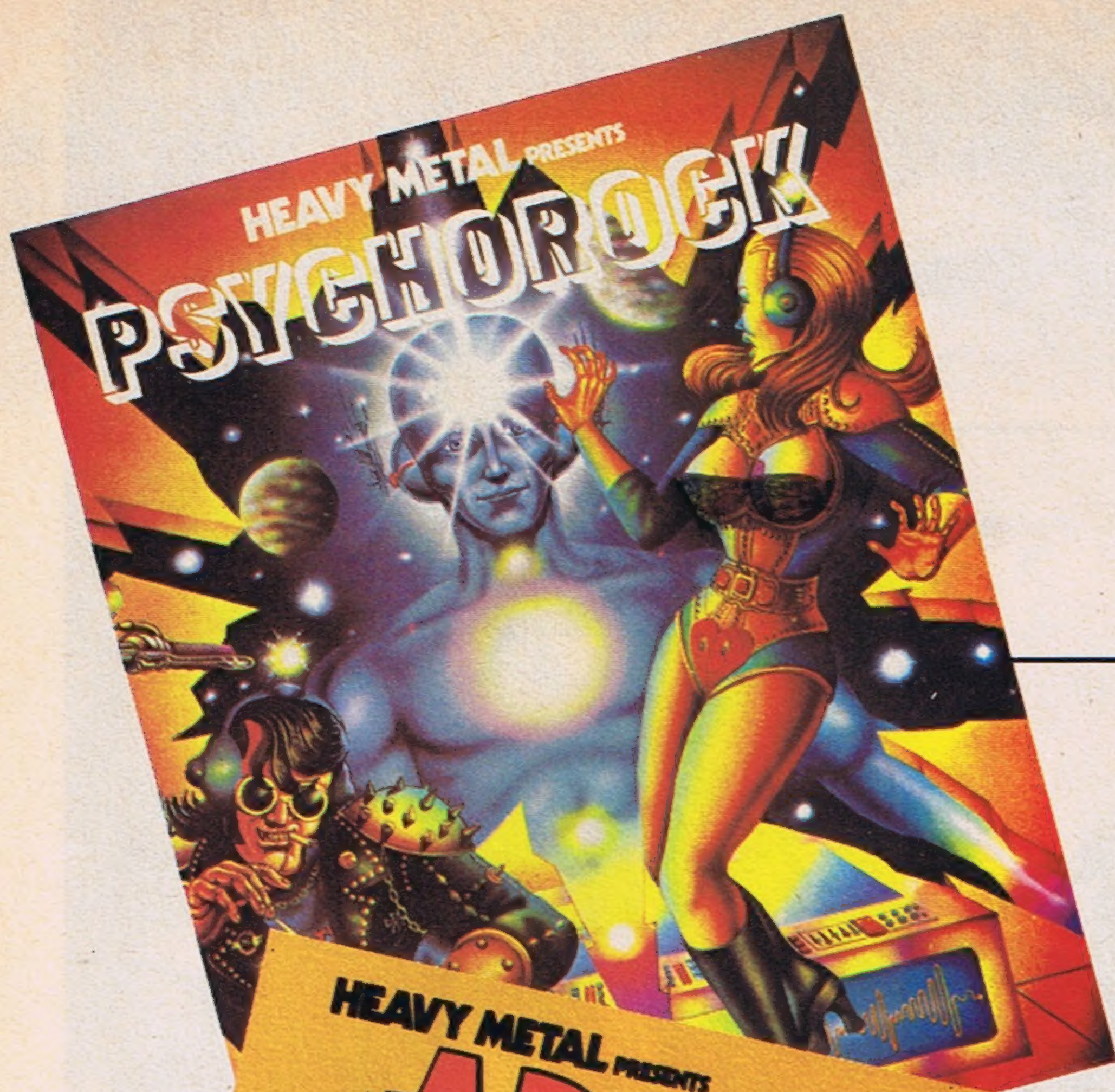


Photo: NASA

A massive Saturn V rocket blasts off from Kennedy Space Center. Sorry, no Saturn Vs this year, but for up-to-the-minute information on launch schedules with specific dates and times, you can call Kennedy Space Center's Codeaphone. (305) 867-2525, or in the state of Florida, call toll-free (800) 432-2153.

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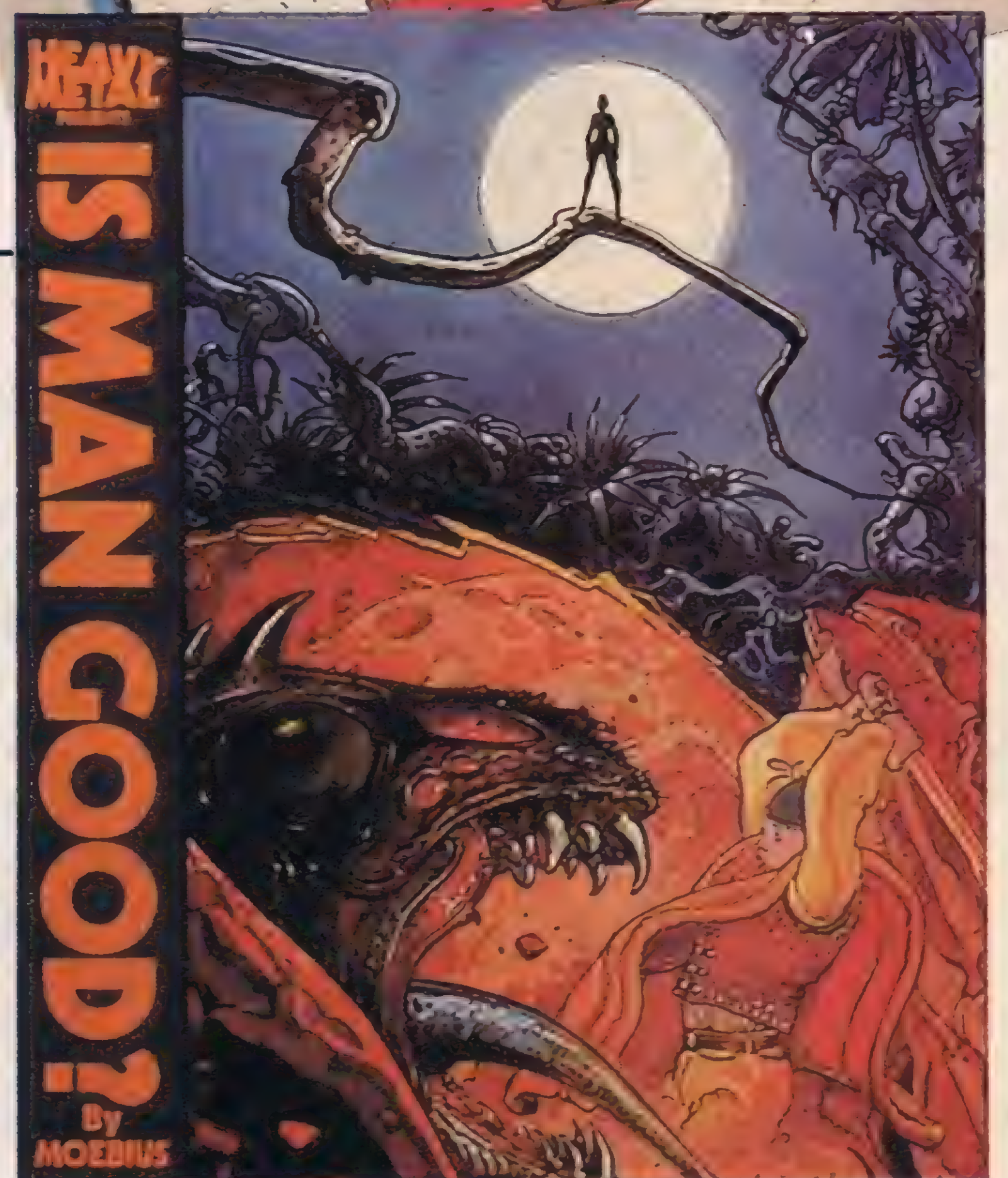
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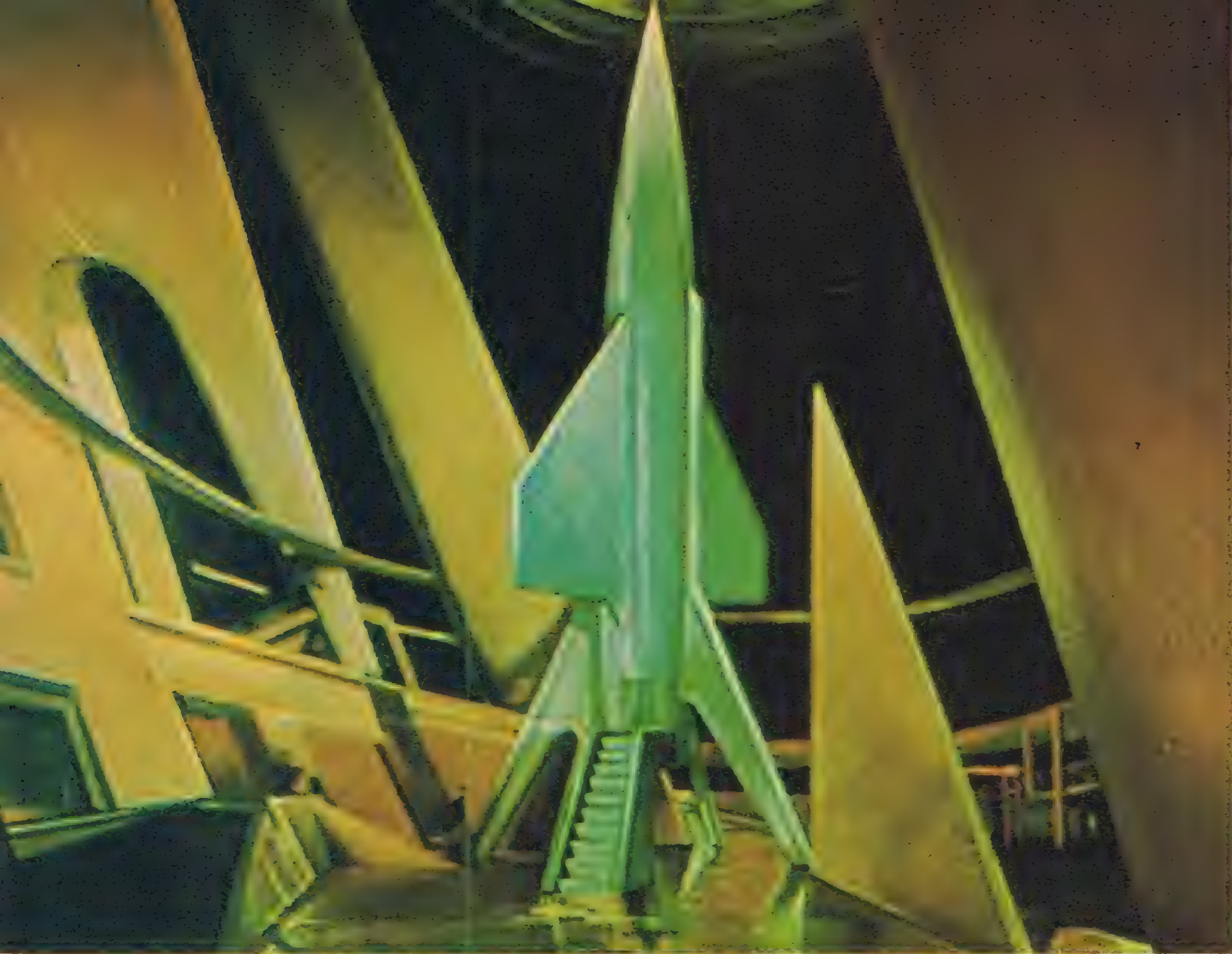
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The ship from *Flight to Mars*—saved from the “twilight zone” by cinematic sleuth Wade Williams.

SAVED FROM EXTINCTION

The year is 2001. Your neighborhood theater’s holographic marquee is touting the premiere of *Star Wars Ten*. Overwhelmed by nostalgia, you fondly recall that golden summer of 1977 when you first laid eyes on Luke Skywalker. Some of your friends are incredulous. A *Star Wars* story way back in ’77? Smugly, you call up the George Lucas Foundation to rent a home print of the vintage film. You are abruptly informed that the original negative was burned along with the rest of 20th Century-Fox’s SF film library during the great Economic Trim of 1989. Stunned, you suddenly realize that such visual wonders as *The Day The Earth Stood Still*, *The Planet Of The Apes* and *Fantastic Voyage* are lost forever . . . never more to be seen by expectant SF fans.

Now, although the aforementioned situation is sheer fantasy, it’s not that far removed from present day fact.

That very fate is currently awaiting many classic cinematic works, some less than 20 years old, in the immediate future. Due to poor maintenance, the precious original negatives for countless films are deteriorating at alarming rates. The only vintage SF movies kept in any kind of presentable shape are the current crop of television prints, and most of these are arbitrarily truncated to fit into handy 90-minute time slots. Science-fiction cinema’s only hope for salvation rests with a valiant group of film collectors and historians, dedicated heroes willing to spend their time and money finding, fixing and then re-releasing these nearly forgotten filmed flights of fancy.

One of the *most* dedicated and successful cinematic sleuths is Wade Williams, a Kansas City distributor who makes it his business to save genre films, often just in the nick of time. One of his latest acquisitions is the rarely seen, much talked about *Flight To Mars*, a 1951 cinecolor feature which Williams describes as “close to extinct in theatrical form.” His restoration work on *Flight To Mars* included making a brand new three-color 35mm negative. But reprinting films is just one of the physical and monetary contortions Williams must perform in order to breathe life back into his vintage SF discoveries. He buys all theatrical and non-theatrical—except TV—rights for those films he saves, such as *The Crawling Eye* and *Devil Girl from Mars*, while occasionally rebuilding a nitrate print or two, as he did to save *The Flying Saucer*, a 1949 film made in Alaska. If the mid-westerner hadn’t found the dangerously volatile print (upon ignition cellulose nitrate film-prints burst into flame with poisonous smoke) in a private Seattle collection, the first movie to deal with UFOs might have been irretrievably lost. “Before 1950, almost all these films were made of cellulose,” Williams says, “which decomposes into jello if ignored.” Among his other recent rescues have been *Kronos*, a 20th-Century Fox “Regalscope” release of 1957, *The Flying Serpent* (1946), and 1954’s *Tobor the Great*. Not only does Williams hope to release all these films as a theatrical package to cinemas, he has just acquired the rights to film an all new SF-Nostalgia Fest entitled *Spaceman Saturday Night*. It’s a satire of *American Graffiti* that asks the musical question: What happens when extraterrestrials invade Earth during a dawn-to-dusk movie marathon at the local drive-in?

Photo courtesy Wade Williams

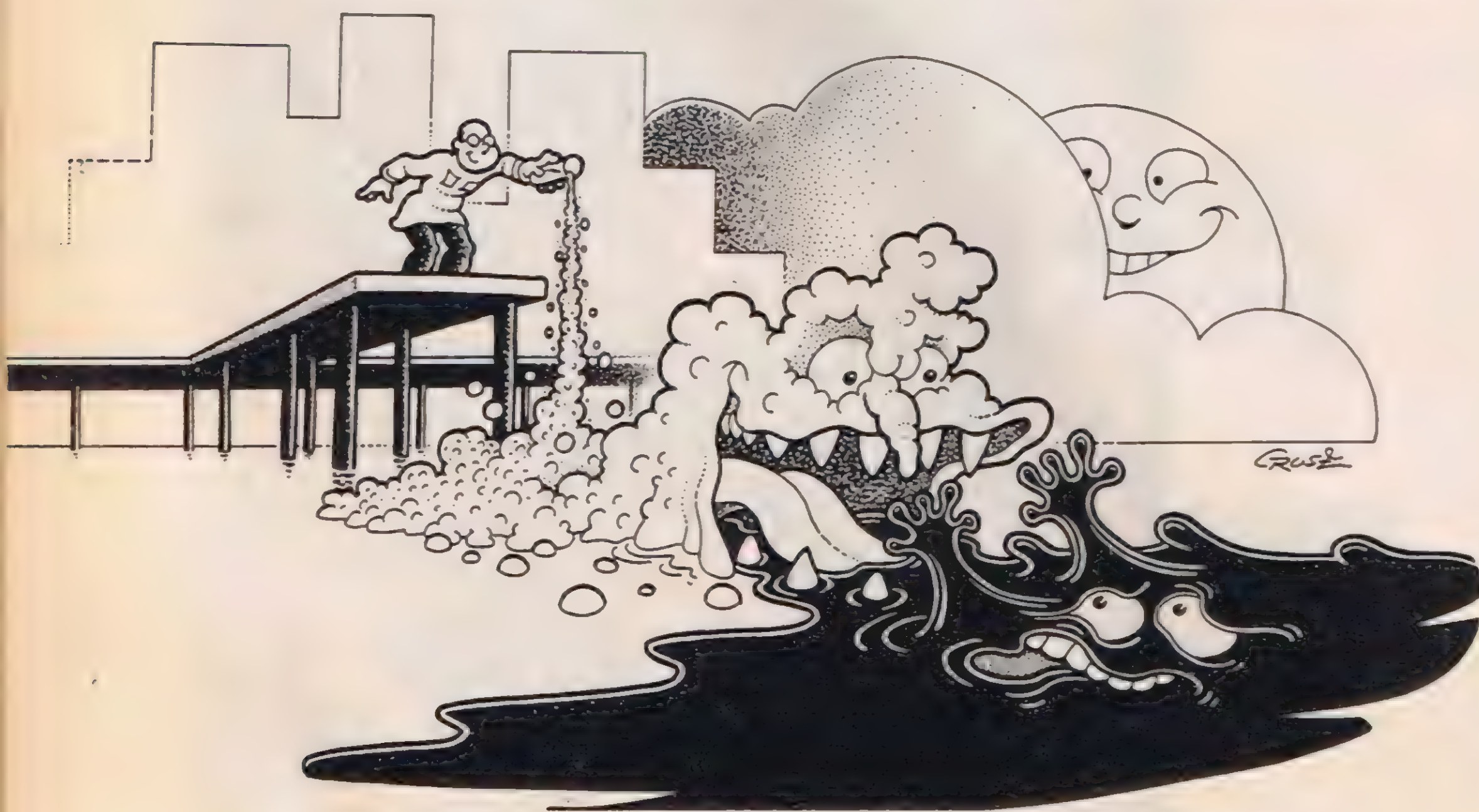
IT’S ALIVE, AND GE OWNS IT

In a landmark decision handed down by the Court of Customs and Patent Appeals, General Electric recently won the right to patent a living organism. Such a patent has never been granted before; the “invention” of a living organism (via genetic engineering) is a rare enough event—but getting a patent on the living organism itself is a definite first.

The GE bacterium was developed by Indian microbiologist Ananda M. Chakrabarty in the course of his

work over the past decade. The GE “blob” has an extremely useful and timely application: it was specifically designed to eat oil suspended in saltwater, as in the recent series of spills that have outraged coastal communities all over the world. Chakrabarty’s bacterium goes to work when introduced into an oil-spill and, like Roloids, proceeds to consume “about 60% of the oil” in a given slick. When feeding on its favorite food—oil—the bacterium happily reproduces and also increases the amount of pure protein in the water, because the bacterium is almost 80% protein itself. “Aquatic animals eat protein, so what you’re doing is also very useful to marine life,” says Chakrabarty.

In his opinion on the patent case, Chief Judge Howard T. Markey remarked “The sole issue before us is whether a man-made invention is unpatentable because, and only because, *it is alive*. There are but two sources for the manufacture and composition of matter. One is God (or ‘nature’ if one prefers) and the other is man. As presented to us, the invention is admittedly a manufacture of man, and therefore falls squarely within the language of the patent statute.” The GE decision will be of great significance to laboratories currently engaged in genetic engineering. It means that they will be able to reap profits, as other inventors do, from their research. While some may say that the Chief Judge’s decision is a bold leap into 1984, GE and other genetic engineering concerns will no doubt be happily patenting and selling new and useful life forms created in the laboratory.



Art: Howard Cruse

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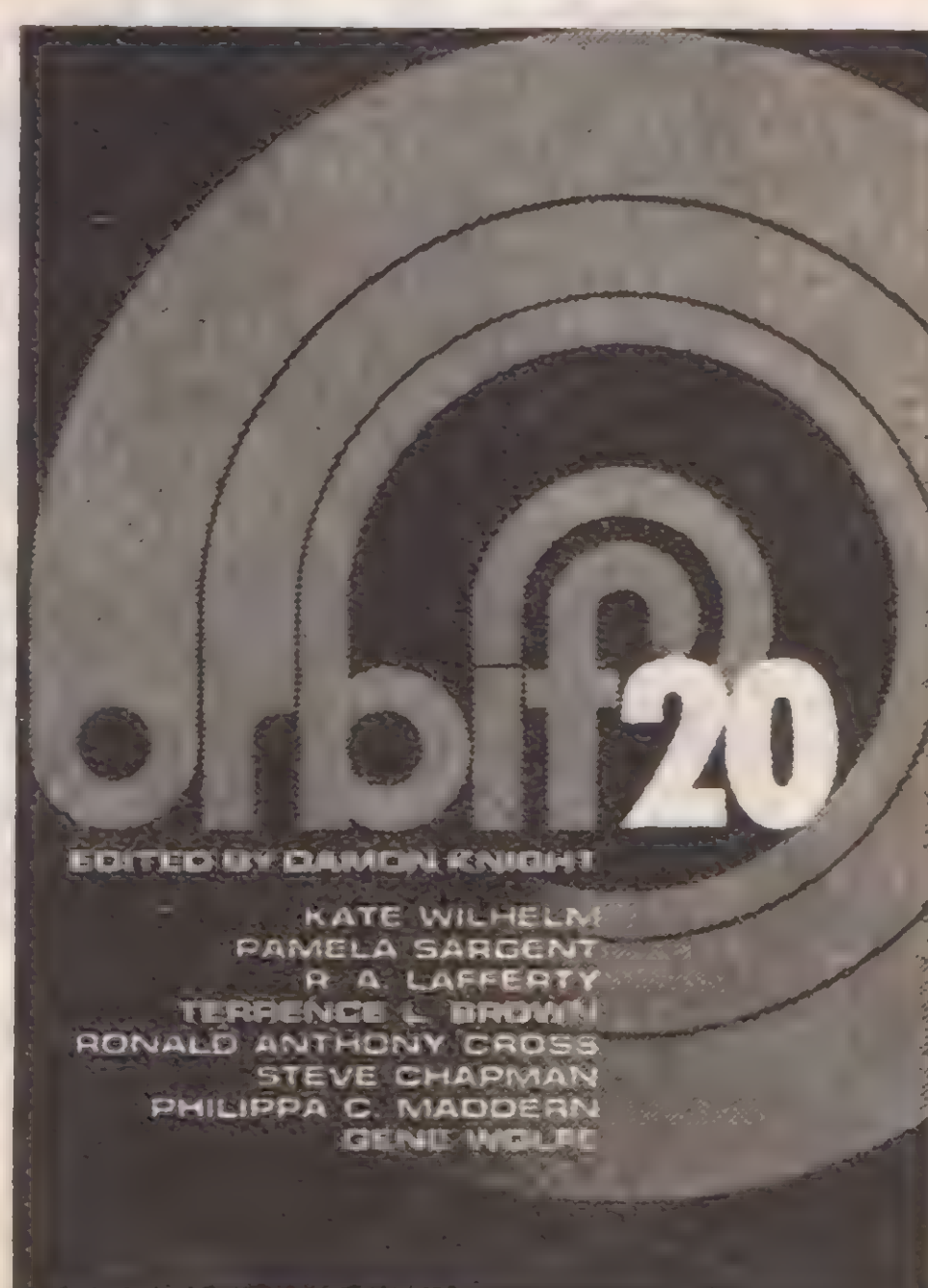
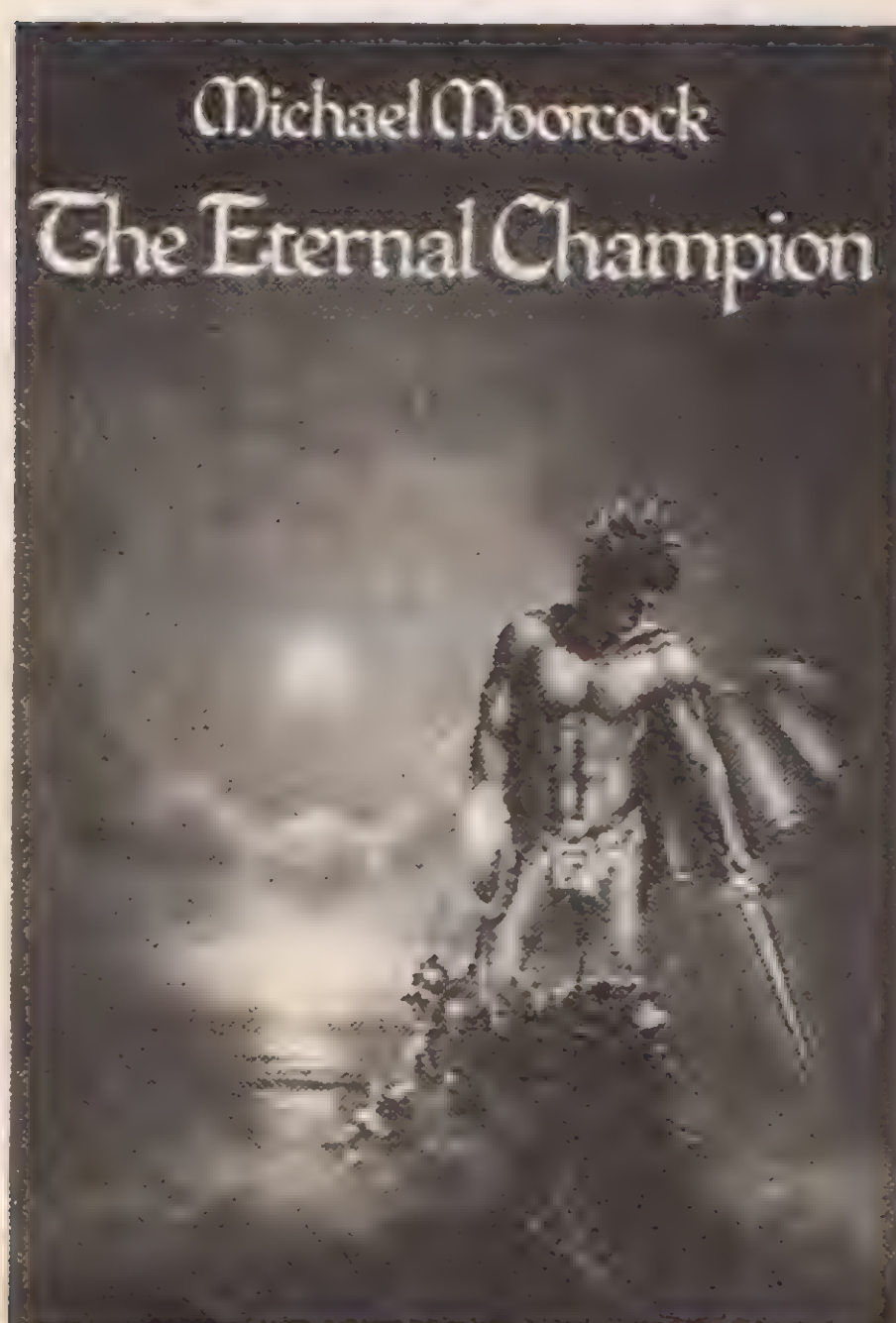
If at first you don't succeed—try, try again. But if at first you *do* succeed—what do you do? If you are Mandala Productions, you just keep on keeping on. Originally, the inventive California-based company hit with the "Fotonovel" concept, borrowing the format of foreign Photonoels—photographs outfitted with word balloons, arranged in story sequence—to package episodes of *Star Trek* in high quality paperback form. After securing Paramount Pictures' approval and Gene Roddenberry's cooperation, Bantam Books bought the idea, and has now published nine volumes packed with full-color adventures of the famous SF show. Mandala, not a company to rest on its laurels, then decided to take the proposition one step further by producing a daily newspaper "fotostrip." Inspired by their publications' success in book stores, Lazlo Papas, the company's president, started investigating the print possibilities in mid-1977. By October it was clear that quality still-photo reproduction would be technically

unfeasible for even the biggest of the nation's newspapers. But that didn't stop Mandala. The concept was still viable—if drawings could be used instead of photographs. The search began for the craftsman to bring *Star Trek* into the ranks of *Peanuts*, *Dick Tracy* and *The Wizard of Id*. In his search, Papas visited four cities in three countries, screening over 100 artists until just the right man was found. The best man for the job was Thomas Warkentin, a commercial artist who Mr. Papas found practically in his own back yard. Warkentin was finishing up a degree in physics in Venice, California, when he was given both the writing and drawing responsibilities for what Mandala hopes will be its next major triumph. Under the distribution auspices of the Los Angeles Mirror Press Syndicate, Lazlo predicts that *all new* adventures of the Starship Enterprise will be appearing in 600 papers by June. To explore strange new outlets, to seek out new fans and new readers . . . to boldly go into full-color on Sunday. With a little more of their innovation and integrity, Mandala may see to it personally that the *Star Trek* phenomenon never ends.

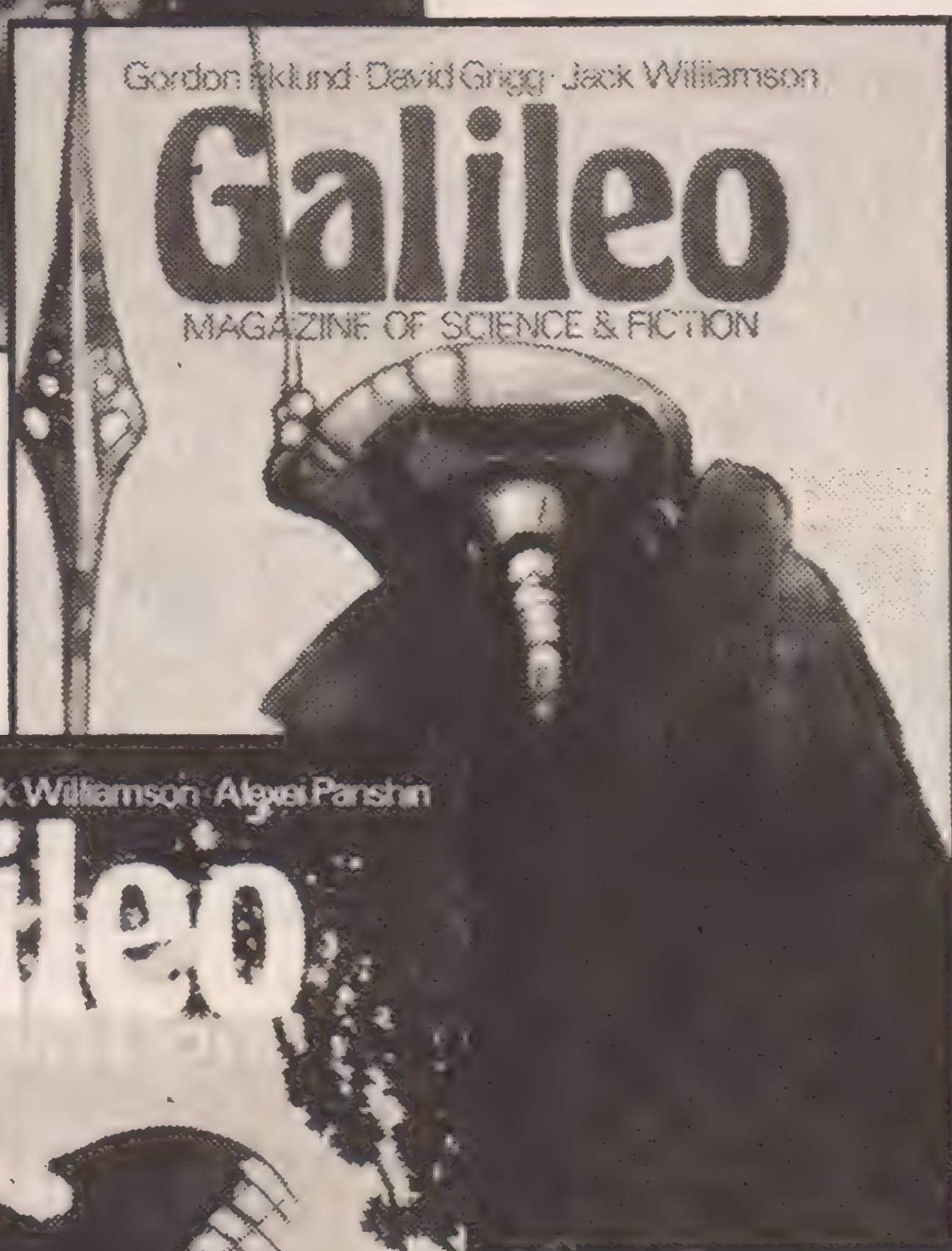
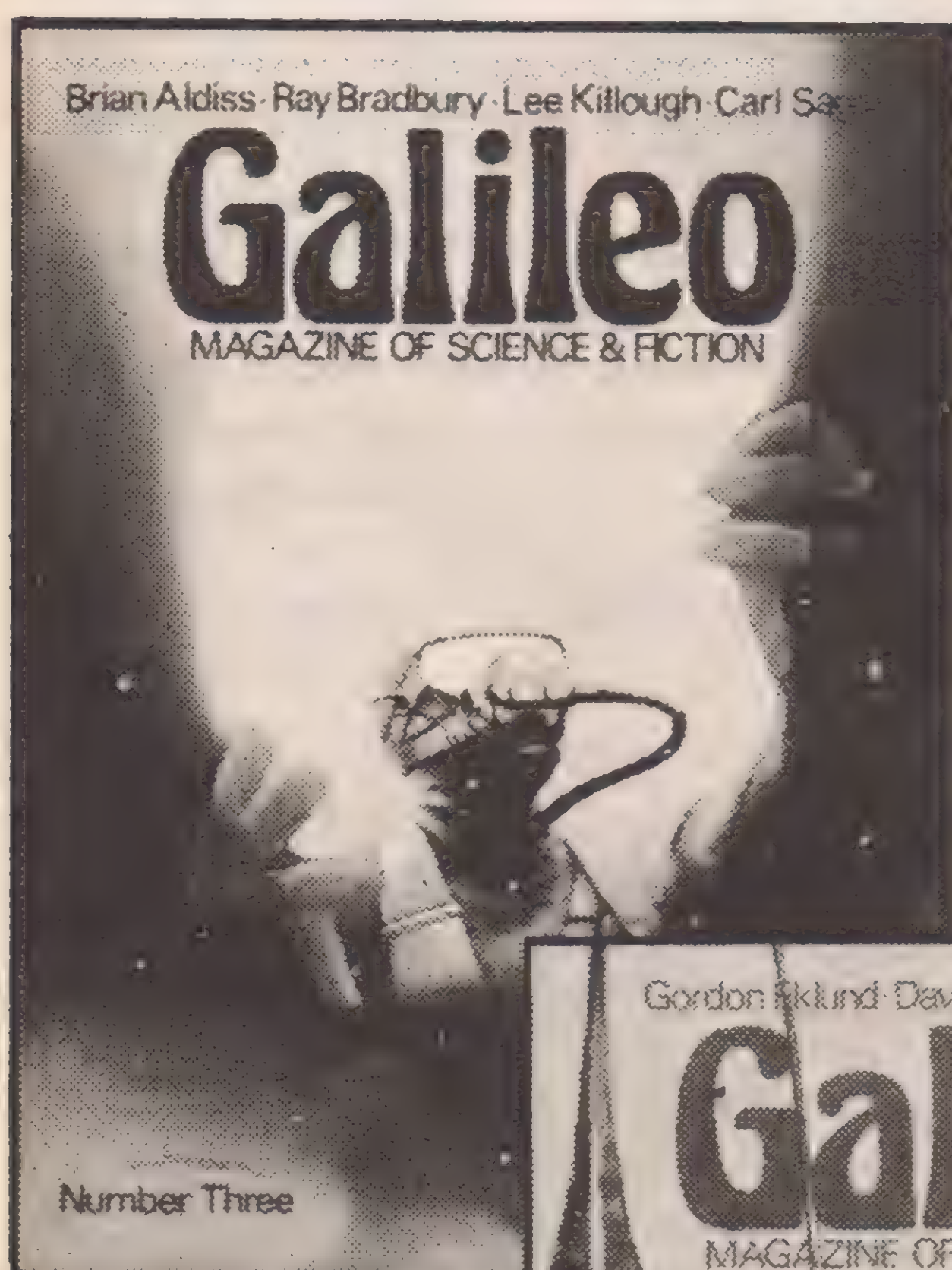
NEW HARDCOVER TITLES RELEASED

Seeking to compete with a current SF frenzy in the realm of paperback books, several hardcover houses have recently increased their science-fiction output. One of the most prolific publishing companies to enter the fantasy fray is Harper & Row, releasing four exceptionally interesting titles in a little less than six weeks. Included in their current lineup are *The Eternal Champions* (\$9.95) by the iconoclast's dream author, Michael Moorcock, *Somerset Dreams* (\$8.95) by Hugo Award winner Kate Wilhelm and two anthologies, *Orbit 20* (\$9.95) edited by Damon Knight and *New Dimensions* (\$9.95) edited by Robert Silverberg. *The Eternal Champions* is the magnificent story of Erekoze, the godlike warrior and saviour of the humans of Necranal. Erekoze, as it turns out, is John Daker, an ordinary citizen

of today who accidentally is called back, or forward, to the land of Necranal by the prayers of the troubled King Rigenos. Daker/Erekoze is allegedly destined to save Necranal's citizens from the warriors of Eldren. Knowing full well that he is a metaphysical fraud, John sets out to accomplish his task . . . with great difficulty. Kate Wilhelm's book, a collection of eight wonderful stories, is centered around a title piece "Somerset Dreams." In "Dreams," an anesthesiologist experimenting in "death in small doses, temporary death," meets up with a professor and his students who are in the midst of conducting research on dreams. The professor loses control of his experiment and suddenly his dreams take on nightmarish overtones. Silverberg's edition of *New Dimensions* is the eighth in this popular annual series, dedicated to presenting SF readers with stories and ideas that are quite out of the ordinary. All the stories included are original compositions and include such tantalizing tales as "A Quiet Revolution for Death" by Jack Dann, "Blind Man, Singing" by Drew Mendelson and "Whores" by Christopher Priest. Damon Knight's *Orbit* collection is, as usual, chock-full of important names and important concepts. This time out, the roster of talent includes Kate Wilhelm, R.A. Lafferty, Gene Wolfe, Terrence L. Brown, Philippa C. Maddern, Ronald Anthony Cross, Steve Chapman and Pamela Sargent. *Orbit* is the perfect ground for science-fiction readers to encounter both new and established authors. All four volumes of science-fiction literature presented by Harper are out of this world.



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HIGH PRESSURE ALCHEMY

In the high Middle Ages, a gentleman who had not developed his own personal formula for transforming lead (or a similar substance) into gold was simply not a *gentleman*. At the very least, it was a popular limb to go out on in

those days. But while times do change, the terms today are perhaps even more startling. What if . . . a scientist were to take some hydrogen ice (bearing in mind that hydrogen is the lightest and simplest element in our universe) and transform it into metal? Not just a simple metal, but one that might conduct electricity across a vast distance, while offering no resistance whatsoever. Daffy?

Not exactly, especially since the U.S. Army has been at the task for over four years, and has recently reported new progress in research and development. Dr. Thomas E. Davidson, head of the Army's Watervliet Arsenal in upstate New York says "We're hoping for two things. One is that it will be metastable at ordinary temperatures and pressures—that is, once we get it, it won't disappear once it gets out of the laboratory. The other is that it will be superconducting, giving the world a highly efficient material for power lines and other applications."

How does the process work? First, common hydrogen is chilled into solid hydrogen *ice*, at 24 degrees Celsius above absolute zero, which is pretty cold. Then tremendous pressure is brought to bear on the ice and . . . well, not exactly *presto*. "We have built new ultra-high pressure apparatus using boron compounds as sealants, and we have just begun to make runs on hydrogen samples, using pressure around 100 kilobars," says Dr. Davidson. "That pressure is five times greater than any applied to a hydrogen sample before. We believe we're not too far away at this point."

If all this sounds baffling, remember that hydrogen (the element) belongs to a group of elements called alkali metals. All other elements in this group are solid metals at ordinary temperatures; hydrogen is the only one that resists solidification. But, someday, a metal may literally be mined from the very air we breathe.

AMATEUR RADIO SATELLITE ORBITED

The eighth in a series of space satellites built by radio amateurs has been placed in orbit as a piggyback payload. OSCAR is the acronym for Orbiting Satellite Carrying Amateur Radio. Oscar 1, launched in December 1961 was a simple, battery operated radio beacon. Subsequent OSCARs have evolved into long-lived communications relay satellites available for use by amateur operators around the world. Using curriculum material provided by the American Radio Relay League and assistance from local amateur radio operators, science teachers in school systems throughout the

country are being provided an opportunity to give their students direct hands-on experience working with their own space satellite. By building simple ground stations, making orbital predictions and operating with the satellites, students are being challenged to develop their skills in science and mathematics while experiencing the excitement of space communications. Other applications with OSCAR satellites have included small terminal, multiple-access communications experiments; emergency communications exercises; and early tests of the search and rescue location systems currently under development by NASA. OSCAR 8 is the product of a cooperative effort by amateur groups in the U.S., Canada, West Germany and Japan.

STARSHIP LAUNCHES *EARTH*

The high-flying Jefferson Starship, one of rockdom's oldest and most beloved bands, have continued their science-fiction slant with a spacy album entitled *Earth*. Rather than

adhere to science-fiction clichés of intergalactic goings on, *Earth* is a celebration of existence on this planet. According to guitarist-singer-songwriter Kantner the record is a "romantically positive LP. It's romantic in the sense of the romantic period of literature. It's very pastoral, idyllic."

Included on the long player are such tunes as "Fire," "Skateboard" and the epic "All Night Long," co-authored by Kantner. Paul, a long time science-fiction fan, is the only rock writer around to have been nominated for a Hugo for his LP *Blows Against The Empire*. The event occurred in 1970, and culminated his lifelong absorption with SF. "I've been reading science fiction since I was in the second or third grade," he recalls. "And I used to haunt the movie theaters every week to see those terrible matinees. I've seen thousands of 'B' movies. You know, the kind of films where everyone but the lead character has a big head, like that fellow from *This Island Earth*."

"*Earth* isn't a heavy, philosophical album," he admits. "It's a little lightweight, but I think that the times are in need of some lightweight stuff. I'd like to get back into the epic music in the near future. We probably will, too. We never try to predict what we're going to do. We never try to be normal."

★



Jefferson Starship (left to right) Pete Sears, David Freilberg, Paul Kantner, Marty Balin, Grace Slick, Craig Chaquico and John Barbata.

Photo: RCA Records

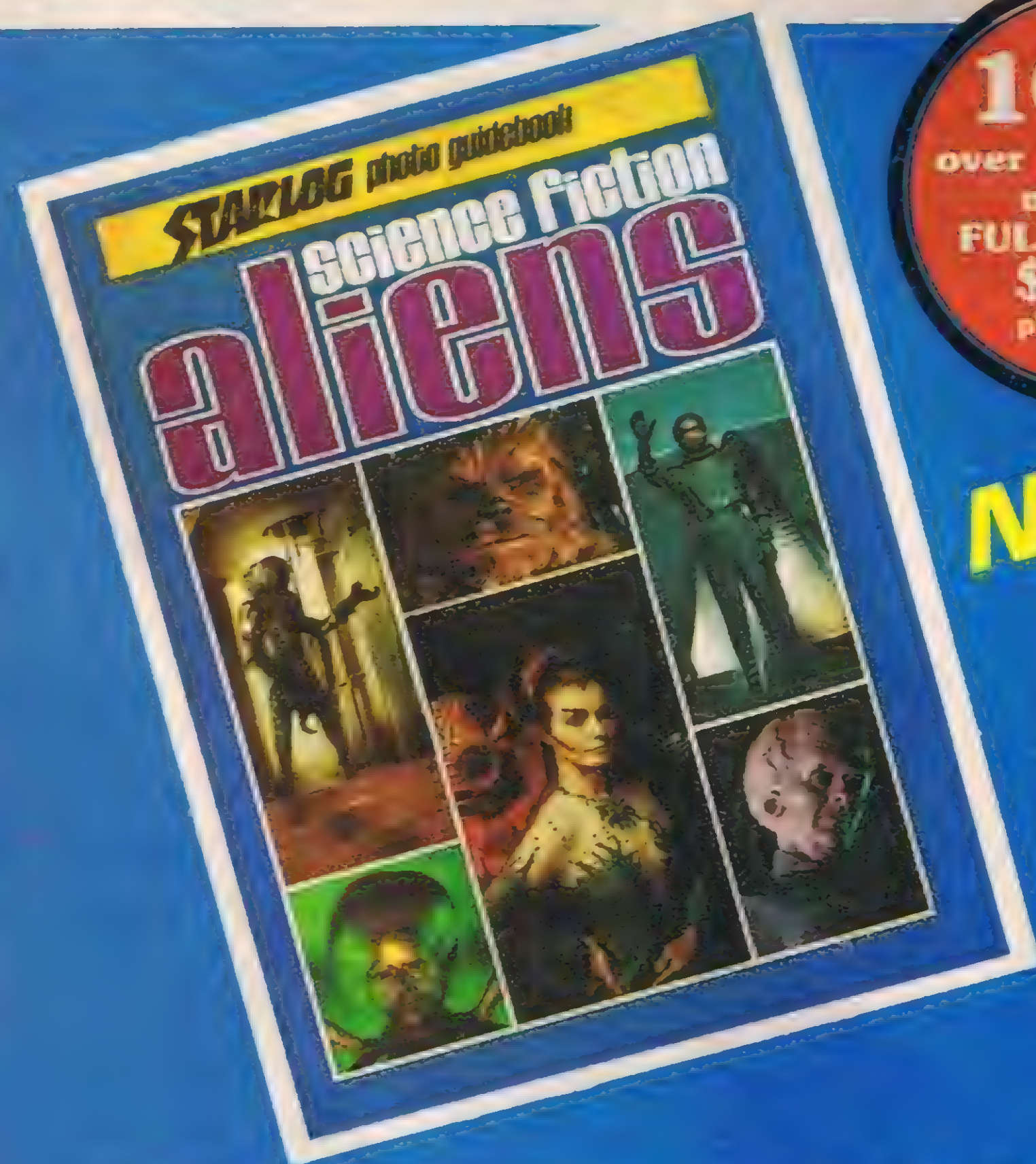
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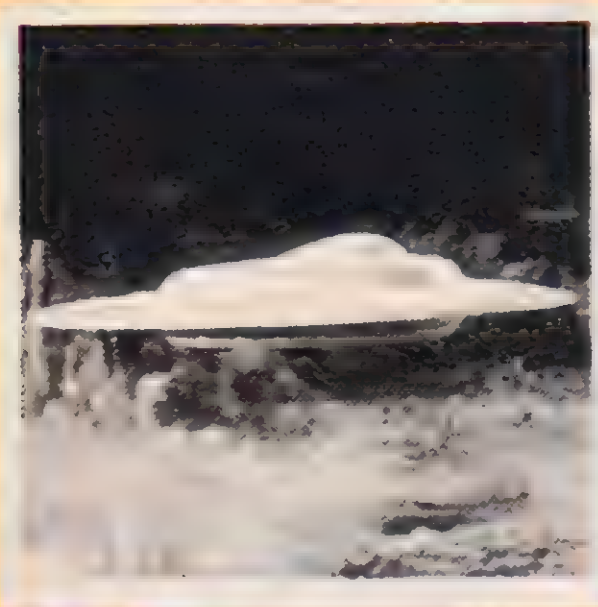


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Faster than a Speeding Bullet, but Still Six Months Late:



THE MAN OF STEEL HAS GOT TO FLY

An Illuminating interview with
Superman Director Richard Donner

By RICHARD MEYERS

We heard the following discussion between two prominent New York film critics at the World Press Premiere of *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*. "I hope it's good," said the first. "I don't care," retorted the second. "I just want to see *Superman*."

The moral of this true story is that even with the SF fad going strong, *Superman* transcends all genres. No matter what the latest "in" cinematic thing is, a film about a legitimate American legend will create breathless anticipation. That, in turn, will create pressure on the filmmakers to deliver the quality and thrills the public is clamoring for.

As you may remember last time, we left the *Superman* crew entrenched at the Pinewood Studios in England (Starlog No. 11) desperately trying to complete the massive undertaking by their deadline of March, 1978. It became clear by the turn of the new year, however, that the technical diffi-

culties necessitated a delay. In other words, the production's premiere was postponed from June until the Christmas season. Taking a moment out from his stupendously hectic schedule, director Richard Donner summed up the difficulty in four words.

"He's got to fly." The tall, healthy-looking American paused for effect, then plunged back in. "The major thing is he's got to fly. It's not an inanimate piece of machinery flying—and that's in no way demeaning *Star Wars*, because I loved it—but we have an articulate human being flying. In 2001 you had someone floating in limited space. I have somebody flying through a wall, through a room, through clouds, and around Metropolis. I have three villains flying with two people on their backs. I have earthquakes, landslides and explosions.

"I mean, the most problematic situations have to become a live action background, a piece of live action set, a piece of miniature set, a piece of blue-screen set, which all has to be combined into one, which *then* becomes a back-

ground Superman has to fly against! It's mindblowing, it's just mindblowing. I mean, you've shot all the live action and then you discover you haven't even finished half the script yet. Let me tell you, a picture of this size and the inherent problems are frightening."

Donner looked rushed, intent and dedicated, but he certainly didn't look scared. We wondered how he could remain so cool under such pressure.

"I'm a happy cat," he replied. "I'm a happy cat making *The Omen* (which was his first major feature success) and I'm a happy cat making *Superman*. Thankfully I am also surrounded by the most creative group of people I've ever worked with in my life—I mean phenomenal. From Geoffry Unsworth (Director of Photography) to John Barry (Production Design) to my assistant David Tomblin to Derek

Below: In the summer of 1977, Superman invaded New York, using the Daily News building as the Daily Planet. From left: director Donner, Marc McClure, Jackie Cooper, Margot Kidder and Chris Reeve.



Meddings and Les Bowie—one of the old greats in special effects and miniatures—to Roy Fields, one of the best optical men in the world. We're trying new innovations and we're trying things which have never been done before.

"I can tell them what I want and if they can't come up with it, then I want to see their best attempt. And if their best attempt isn't right, then . . . back to the old drawing board. It's an old cliché but it's an honest cliché. We have to figure out how we can do it and not lose the quality. How do we do it and not lose the reality?"

So we asked him. How *do* you create an entertaining movie about "a strange visitor from another planet with powers and abilities far beyond those of mortal men," and not lose the reality?

"Now that's interesting," he mused by way of an introduction. "You plan a picture and you think you know what you're doing, but something is happening in *Superman* that I wanted, but I still don't know what the critics are going to say or what the audience is going to do with it. Krypton has such little reality to all of us because space has such little reality. And yet it has its own reality because of Marlon Brando and Susannah York (portraying Jor-El and Lara). It has a reality because they're so rich and they're playing it so well, even though it's out there in space.

"Then we come to Earth and the superchild is raised and he becomes a frustrated boy. He can't play sports because he'd kill someone. Even if he ties his shoes, he breaks the laces. He has to control his life. There's a beautiful scene where Pa Kent (Glenn Ford) tries to explain to him who he is, although he really doesn't know who he is. But he does know that the boy's not on Earth to make touchdowns. That whole segment is so rich to me, so real, that it's . . . it's not just a comic book, it's . . . it's just . . ."

Donner struggled with the essence of the movie he wanted to make. Finally he managed to put his feelings and his hopes for *Superman* into words.

"The film has humanity. It has real people. I said when I started this project, even if they're bigger than life, in their own life they must have a reality. We have things *much* bigger than life in here but if we can get that first part of the picture—get the emotions of Clark Kent and Superman into it—it will bring the reality back to the outlandish situations. It's still a comic book, it's still a light entertainment, it's still bigger than life, but hopefully we'll make it honest."

The actual principal photography was finished by the end of 1977, but Donner and his crew were only beginning. They still had to mount the incredible visuals, edit together millions of feet of film and prepare the second half of *Superman*



Photos: © 1978 Warner Bros., Inc.

which will open a year after part one. Other than the mechanical problems, we asked how the director felt about what he had accomplished thus far on the largest motion picture of all time.

"I'm much happier than I ever thought I was going to be with it. But there again, it's thin ice we're walking on, because I'm really making two movies. Will people accept it? I think so, but all you can do is shoot your dice—that's all. You do your gut instinct. I will say that if everything else can turn out the way the live action has, then we've got a hell of a picture."

By the time those words were out of his mouth, the production schedule had caught up with us. Hunks of kryptonite, various super villains, and earth-shaking threats awaited Donner's concerned direction. But as he joined his crew we managed to sneak in one last question: How will he know if he succeeded in making the kind of movie he wanted? Donner pinioned us with

Above: Chris Reeve added 20 pounds of muscle in 6 weeks under the guidance of Dave "Darth Vader" Prowse.

one twinkling eye and let us have it.

"When I was a kid I used to go to Saturday matinees and see Hopalong Cassidy serials. And every week he would be in the valley and the Indians were on one side and the heavies were on the other and the dam was bursting and he was in the middle. How did Hoppy get out of the canyon? Well, you sure as hell showed up next week to find out. We're doing a 'Hoppy in the middle' at the end of picture one. And hopefully—I mean this sincerely, not on a commercial level—hopefully everybody in the theater is going to start stamping their feet and yelling that they want to see part two right now. You know, 'come on, run it!' And if it does that, then we've served our purpose."

With a nod and a wink, Richard Donner was up, up and away, serving his cinematic purpose. ★



FEIBUSH

In this precedent-setting issue of STARLOG you will not find David Gerrold's regular column, "State of the Art." Instead, we are delighted to present the first chapter from his forthcoming new science-fiction novel.

DEATH BEAST

By **DAVID GERROLD**

One afternoon, late in the Cretaceous, something *unusual* happened. . . .

It began with a whine, high-pitched and electronic—a warble shimmering in the air like heat ripples off the salt flat—then, crackling and sparkling, a fountain of lightning poured out of a hole in the air—a starflake of brilliance, burning and scorching the air wherever it touched.

The whine became a shriek as the starflake grew. The whiteness turned incandescent—and beyond. The noise cycled higher and higher—a sensation, not a sound—the air was screaming as it died, its molecules shattering, its atoms flying into pieces, the plasma burning off like a fusion reaction—there was a sudden flicker of discontinuity and then

all was silent.

The light faded into purple glare and began to dissipate. The air still crackled—like metal cooling in the dusk—and there were still sparks around the edges, but fading fast—

—and there was a black disc ten meters across in the middle of a large scorched area. In the middle of the disc stood a set of wrapped and shielded packages. Spaced equidistantly around the circumference were eight helmeted figures. Tall. Menacing. Goggled and expressionless. Dressed in a variety of gear. Hunters. Five men, three women. Their goggle-plates lowered against the glare of flashdown, their faces hidden and mysterious—but the poise of their bodies, the language of their positions, spoke of danger and suspicion. They held weapons: beamer-pistols and blazer-rifles. The largest was a Calvella

Mark VII, augmented, B-Laser with super-charge capability. They had four of these and four of the smaller Mark III's, augmented, but without the super-charge option.

Ethab was the leader; the tallest and the strongest. He surveyed the rocky flats around the Nexus like a general planning his campaign. His goggle-plate glinted like ebony in the westering light. He turned his head slowly, his rifle moving to echo his gaze. The air was still cooling from the heat-blast of flashdown. The temperature was still above 50° Celsius, but dropping rapidly. A light ash was floating hazily in the air just beyond the Nexus, the remains of something obliterated by their materialization. Beyond, there was salt flat and rocks, stretching surreally toward a crisp, impossibly close horizon—a hill and a dip beyond? Or was the flat tilted

slightly? It looked like the edge of the world.

Sounds were returning now—insects buzzing, something larger chirruping like a bird, something skittering across a rock with claws like tiny knives. The sky above was diamond-hard blue, almost black; the clouds were dusty pink, the flat was white—an uneasy mixture of sand and crusty salt, an inhospitable foothold for the scattered vegetation, mostly green spiky things with yellow feathers at their tops. The day was turning amber with the approach of twilight—all seemed shaded and frozen. Ethab took a breath—the first breath in this new world; it was hot, it rasped his throat. It smelled like ash and tasted of grit.

To his right was Megan, one of the two Time-Hunt guides required by law; she was already unsnapping the case of her scanner and activating its scanners. Turning slowly in her position through a 180° arc, then back again, she studied its meters and screens with cautious ease. On the opposite side of the Nexus, Loevil, the other guide, was doing the same. The others around them waited patiently, watching the landscape with wary suspicion. Loevil's scanner was a different model than Megan's, its range of capabilities was not the same—the two units complemented each other, leaving no holes in the total scanning spectrum.

Ethab took a second breath—the air was not as harsh this time—and stepped off the Nexus. The scorched crust of the ground went crunch beneath his foot. He looked off to his right, then his left. This prehistoric world seemed impossibly barren—the flat was an impossible landscape of shining desolation underneath a blue-white glare. It was the nakedness of the black and rusty rocks, the barrenness of the ground, the wide patches of salt and sand that created the effect—there were plants, only occasional ones, but they were thin and distant spikes of loneliness. There was no grass anywhere, it hadn't evolved yet, and it was too dry here for moss or fern. This was a salt flat, and those few plants that did grow here grew in defiance of the terrain, not because of it. This was a younger world—four and a half billion years old, but still a hundred million years younger—a place both angry and idyllic, a world that functioned on a larger, more violent and ambitious scale than human beings were used to—a challenge to the manhood of a species.

A slight wind tugged at their clothing, whistling and whispering across the barrens. It swept the still-drifting ash away before it and the last of the heat of flashdown too.

"I hate flashdown." That was Nusa; she said it matter-of-fact and almost under her breath, but in the silent air it could have been a shout.

Ethab glanced over at her—the flat black goggleplate of his helmet covered his face, made his expression seem dark and malevolent, made every gesture ominous.

Nusa shut up.

Ethab turned forward again with a hand signal. Excepting Megan and Loevil, the rest of them stepped off the Nexus then, testing each step as they took it, as if unsure of the ground's ability to hold their weight. They held their weapons high.

Ethab's partner, Kalen, stood at his left flank. The two of them each took two steps forward and paused, then another two steps.

To their left, Tril and Eese cautiously echoed Ethab's advance.

"It's . . . eerie, isn't it?" Eese whispered to her.

Tril was puzzled. "I thought it was supposed to be a jungle—"

"Not at all. Not all the time—"

Tril sort of shuddered.

"Hey, it'll be fun—you'll see." Eese reached over and touched her shoulder.

Kalen said, without looking around, "Shut up, Eese." He was studying something through his goggles. He lifted a hand to a control on the side of his helmet and made an adjustment. The logic-scan augmented image, projected from the faceplate through the image-generating goggles, was focused directly on the wearer's retinas and gave him a viewscape derived from a variety of light-sensitive, heat-sensitive and radar-scanning elements mounted within and around the faceplate, all data-processed to present a coherent image in any and all kinds of conditions, from coal mine to hurricane, from fog bank to blizzard—even underwater, if necessary. The faceplate-goggle combinations were also necessary protection against the heat and glare of flashdown.

Through the goggles—with augmentation switched in—the landscape was a glare of purple and blue, highlighted by patches of hot red, and limned with scanning lines. Superimposed across the landscape was a correlated, and seemingly stationary, grid of range-finding data: the logic circuits' contribution to the image. The grid of yellow lines helped to establish a sense of perspective—were those rocks fifty or five hundred meters distant? Check the grid. How tall was that outcrop? Check the grid. At the bottom of the image was a line of continually updating alphameric symbols. The bright blue letters and numbers told of range and temperature and image-magnification; they told of power in the rifle and the size of the target—even indicating the ratio of available heat-energy to target mass, translating that into kill-ratios and probabilities for success.

The image of a distant outcrop swelled in Ethab's goggles as he increased the magnification, then shrank

again as he rejected it—no, there hadn't been anything there. Just a trick of the light, or of the scanning circuit. Satisfied, he waved his people out. They widened their circle slowly, each covering an arc of the landscape like a warrior. Megan and Loevil still stood on the Nexus, still scanning. They circled slowly, switching positions, and began to duplicate each other's first sweep.

Ethab switched on his communicator and asked, "What have we got?" His voice came filtered through the ear-pieces in their helmets.

"Full null," came back Loevil. "Clean scan, three hundred meters, arc two seventy. Some interference west by southwest, a strong magnetic characteristic." He added with an unseen grin, "A lot of iron in those rocks."

Reading off her scanner, Megan noted drily, "Beta three four five, Gamma three four six. Delta zero seven seven." For Ethab, she added, "Nothing, line of sight. But I suggest we move away from—"

—a sharp guttural shriek interrupted her—it came from the rocks she was pointing at—Loevil turned, startled; the others too—as a small, flashing creature leapt up onto the top of the outcrop. Its cry was the rasp of metal shattering slate—

—it was orange and lizard-like, tall and man-like, striped with red, two or three meters tall—it was hard to tell; it was bobbing so—its lashing tail was equally long. Its mouth was a jabbing maw, all teeth and scream—it stood semi-erect on two muscular legs, shifting its weight back and forth as if standing in one place were uncomfortable for it; it used its tail for balance. Its head jerked from side to side—its eyes were piercing black, seemingly lidless, but not; orange membranes flicked nervously across them every few seconds. The creature lacked binocular vision, its eyes were on the sides of its head and it had to turn back and forth to see its prey. Its claws jerked rapidly, its arms were long and thin—it kept making hungry grabbing gestures. The creature—perhaps a *Deinonychus*—had leapt up onto the top of the rocks from behind, and now it studied the group of hunters like a menu. This was unfamiliar prey to it—but it didn't look like it was built for running. The creature's jaw worked eagerly; it was dinosaur lunch time—

Even before he was finished being startled, Ethab was moving, Kalen too; stepping professionally to either side and bracing themselves for a shot at the animal. Nusa too was moving sideways to get a better range. Eese yanked Tril out of the way toward a nearby jumble of rocks. Only Dorik was panicked—he had been facing the opposite direction and was confused by the attack coming from behind him. He whirled, nearly dropping his rifle, and saw the orange



"The creature's jaw worked eagerly; it was dinosaur lunch time . . ."

demon skittering down the rocks toward him. An avalanche of pebbles marked its hasty progress, every footstep skidded down the slope; its jaws and hands worked with ragged excitement. Dorik jumped backward, turned and ran—

The creature paused for half a heartbeat, just long enough to get range on Dorik—it shrieked the dinosaur word for "Lunch!" and came on running, screaming and leaping down the last of the rocks, bounding across the flat crusty plain, scattering salt and yellow-white sand with every step.

Ethab had already flattened out, rolling to one side so the creature wouldn't see him, already aiming his rifle. Kalen and Nusa too were taking aim—but too late; the creature was already past them. They scrambled around to shoot after it.

Loevil and Megan had no time to unshoulder their weapons—their scanners were still beeping in their hands, they scattered off the disc of the Nexus. They jumped in opposite directions, Megan ducking behind one rock, Loevil skidding around another.

The shrieking predator had taken a half-leap, bounding across and onto the Nexus, onto the pile of equipment in the

center of it—crunching and smashing while it floundered for footing—packages scattered in all directions, and then the red and orange horror found purchase and was moving again, its body and tail writhing sinuously as it ran, loping and flying across the landscape with coarse and guttural cries. It dashed past Tril and Eese, ignoring them as if they weren't there—all its attention was focused on Dorik, panicked Dorik—

Ethab's first shot zipped past the creature then, a flicker-line of bright light, blue-white glare, cycling into a red and purple afterglow; its sound was a sharp electronic *zzzzooooop-wheep!* Static crackled as the blazer-bolt dissipated. Frenzied with the chase, the whooping dinosaur didn't even notice. Dorik was just scrambling onto a jagged boulder, turning toward his adversary, fumbling with his weapon—the dinosaur's scales glinted in the afternoon sun; it skidded and stumbled once in the sand, then came plunging on. Another blazer-bolt missed it, leaving an ultraviolet afterglow in the air and a high piercing sensation in the ears—the flat triangular head jerked forward, jabbing and grabbing; the eyes were birdlike and expressionless. It darted in at Dorik,

thrusting its head out for the bite. Dorik swung his rifle as a club—*KLAA-AMMB!!*—smacking the startled creature across the side of the head and snout. Angry, puzzled, it took a half step back, shifting its weight and throwing its arms and shoulders back, opening its mouth to give a cry of anguish—

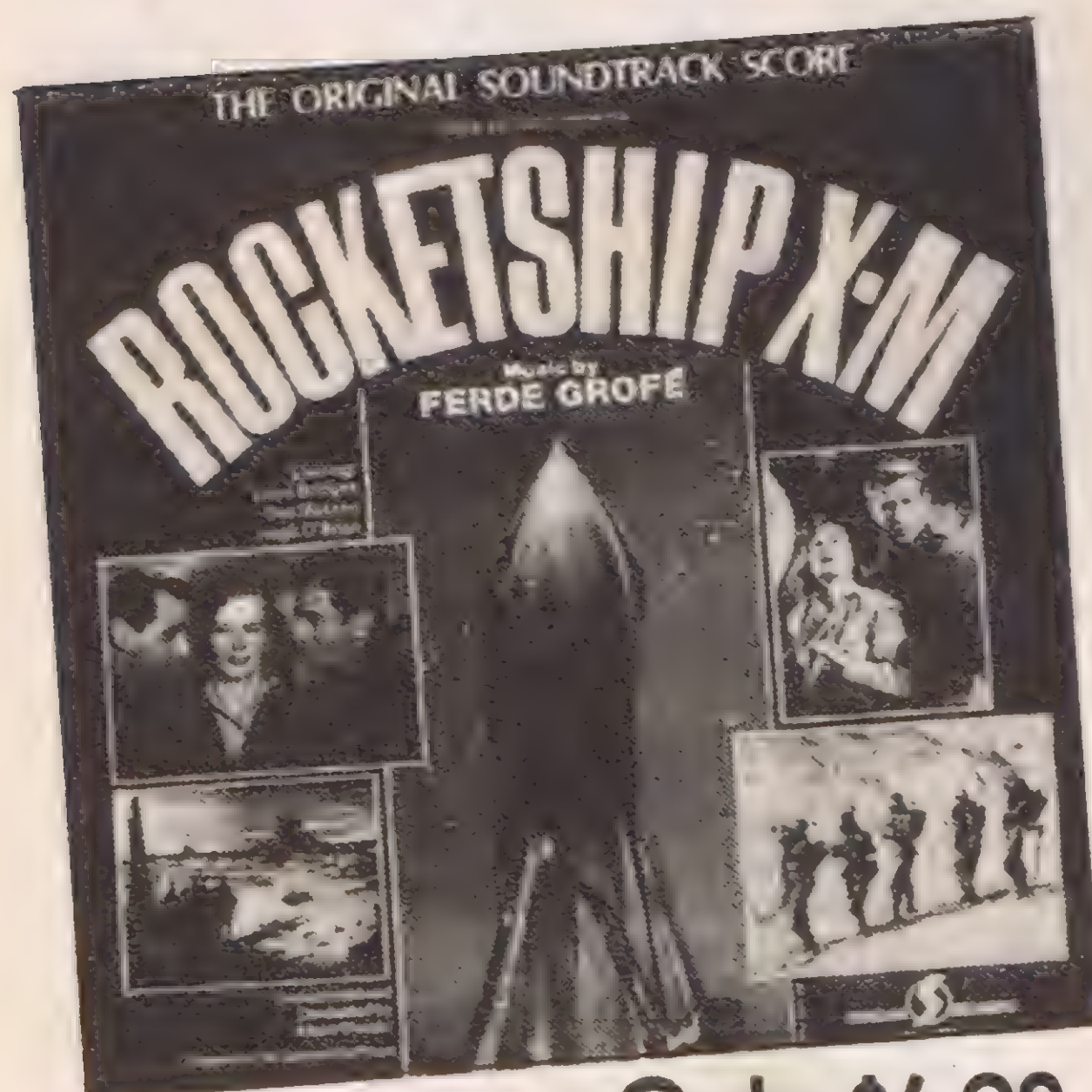
—and three blazer-bolts zipped into it from behind, one right after the other, *zip, zap, zoop!* The bolts were blue-white turning red even before the image finished registering on the retina; they left deep purple auras hanging in the air to mark their passage and matching after-images on the unprotected eye—

—the orange horror stiffened, became a creature dying—stabbed upright and rigid, as if struck by a hundred thousand volts; it uttered a last startled sound, more a grunt than a scream—and then *charred*. It blackened as it burned and cooked internally—the char spread outward on its skin from each point of blazer impact, the leathery scales smoking and peeling outward—it was suddenly small and pitiful—one last galvanic writhe and twitch, and then it toppled forward across the rock, still continuing to char and burn. Smoke

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began to curl from its edges; its hide split in three places and acrid steam poured forth, a pungent burning scent. In only a moment, this red and orange demon became a black and stiffened skeleton of bone and hardened ash. The flesh of the head and tail took longest to roast—the eyes stared lifelessly upward. The remains cracked as they cooked. Heat rose from the body like a furnace.

The air was silent now, but the echoes of the blazer-bolts still rang in all their ears. The excitement of the moment continued to vibrate in all of them.

Dorik still stood on the rock above the blazer-savaged creature, still holding his rifle like a club, still poised for a second swing—there was a stunned manner to his pose. Did I do *that*? I only hit it once and it collapsed like this—??!

Ethab and Kalen were just standing; Nusa took a couple of swipes to brush the dust from her knees. Kalen recalibrated his rifle and took a position where he could cover the Nexus again. Nusa noticed and moved professionally toward the other side.

Megan and Loevil came out from behind their respective rocks, already reactivating their scanners. Loevil looked across to Megan, “You were saying something . . .?” Tril and Eese came out with their rifles ready. Ethab stamped across the Nexus and the disarrayed gear, toward Dorik and the dead dinosaur. Tril and Eese followed at a cautious distance, curious about the creature, but still startled.

Dorik was sitting now, clutching at his heart and breathing heavily. He raised his goggle-plate as Ethab came up: his face was pasty and stained with sweat, his face seemed to sag. He was as white as a scream, his eyes were weak and watery. His beard was a stringy mat across a papery jowl. His breath wheezed heavily through fluttering cheeks. He ventured a smile, a signal meant to be conciliatory, to turn away a growling wrath—

It didn’t work. Ethab remained impassive behind his goggle-plate, breathing deliberately, fast and hard. He stood over Dorik like a tower, waiting. His bright, hardened uniform glinted and struck sparks in the air. His long legs and broad shoulders made him a monument, his weaponry and gear made him a battle. His helmet was crisp and insect-looking, the eyes seemed jutting, the antennae dispassionate and judging.

Dorik swallowed hard and looked at Ethab—*tried* to look; he jerked his eyes away from all that fierceness as if it burned his retinas; then tried to look again, blinking. He was uncomfortable like this—he dropped his gaze to Ethab’s middle—why didn’t the other say something? Ethab continued to wait.

Finally, Dorik managed to gasp out, “I—I didn’t mean to—run—like

that—”

Ethab didn’t answer. He just looked at Dorik, studying him. Disappointed? Angry? Dorik couldn’t tell.

“I’m sorry!” Dorik said plaintively.

Ethab still didn’t react. Dorik didn’t know what else to say. “What more do you want—?” he demanded.

Ethab shook his head curtly. As if to say, “Nothing.” He didn’t want anything from Dorik anymore. He exhaled once and turned away.

“Ppppppppttt . . .” Dorik made a razzberry of self-recrimination. He shook his head like a sigh. It could have happened to anyone. The thing had to pick a target—whoever it picked would have run. There was no way he could have gotten it with his rifle—and besides—“I’m getting too old for this—”

Loevil and Megan had resumed scanning; she had moved to the top of an outcrop where she had a wider range—but her scanner was silent now. There were no other predators about. Nusa came up the rocks to stand beside her.

Tril and Eese, not wanting to approach while Ethab had been confronting Dorik, now went over and began to examine the corpse of the dinosaur; they didn’t look at Dorik, embarrassed for him and his shame. Kalen and Loevil were back on the Nexus, sorting the damaged gear; they had raised their goggle-plates off their eyes. Kalen looked up as Ethab approached. “Not good,” he reported. “But we can manage. We lost the spare superchargers.”

Ethab was strictly professional. “We’ll parallel the semi’s then.” He turned and surveyed the terrain. “Loevil? Megan?”

Loevil stood up with the fuel cell he had been checking. His scanner was hanging at his side; he brought it forward as he stood. “Just a fluke . . . I think.” Checking the scanner, he said, “I don’t think there are any more of them around.”

From her vantage point, Megan added, “Delta is now one oh eight; magnetic interference counterphased.”

Ethab nodded. He turned to Eese and Tril who stood with their goggle-plates tentatively raised. “Stand guard, there and there. Nusa, Megan, hold where you are. Kalen, Loevil, see what you can salvage.” He glanced back and pointed. “Eese, the notch. Tril, down there.” With Nusa on the outcrop, he had placed them in an equilateral triangle around the disc of the Nexus.

Timidly, Dorik came up to him, holding his rifle more like a shield than a weapon. “What can I do?” he asked. It was as if he were asking, “Let me be a part of the team again, please—” He repeated, a little more plaintive, “What can I do?”

Ethab hardly noticed him. “Keep out of the way,” he said, and brushed past.★

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PORT OF CALL: VALLES MARINERIS

Terran Travel Agent: JONATHAN EBERHART

I can imagine a creation myth in which the Great Serpent, cast out from the lofty dwelling place of the gods, crashes to Earth to form the Grand Canyon. Snaking across 350 kilometers of northwestern Arizona, the Grand Canyon is truly a wonder of the world, yawning in places to a maximum width of more than 20 km. and falling away sometimes nearly 2 km. from rim to twisted floor.

Now, if you will, try an experiment. Select an object—preferably a tall one—and go to a point 7 km. away from it (a little over 4.3 miles if you're going by a car's odometer). Look back at your object and imagine that instead of looking at it across the intervening terrain, you are looking straight down, staring into a dizzying abyss that could swallow the tallest mountains in Europe, Africa, Australia, Antarctica and North or South America with room to spare.

Except that you're not on the Earth. You are on Mars, teetering on the rim of the chasm of chasms, a titanic rent that runs nearly a fourth of the way around the planet: Valles Marineris, a true spectacular by the standards of the solar system, and perhaps of worlds beyond.

Awesome from orbit—Mariner 9 and the Viking spacecraft proved that—the huge gash is visible from millions of miles away. But to really get a sense of it, Interplanetary Excursions, Inc. recommends a multi-level look, perhaps beginning from orbit, then following the canyon's length during a long, gliding descent to the surface, and finally seeing the sights up close with a surface tour along the valley floor. This is no casual afternoon hike, you understand: if Valles Marineris were somehow laid across the United States (Irwin Allen take note) with one end at, say New York's Central Park, a full-length drive would let you out somewhere around Los Angeles. But since you're going all the way to Mars to see it anyway, five or six days in a well-appointed nuclear land-speeder should provide an unforgettable trip, including stops for pictures. (In fact—assuming there's a producer somewhere who hasn't stupidly written Mars off as a locale for movies—what a setting Valles Marineris would be for a chase scene!)

Less than a decade ago, Earthlings had no idea that the superchasm was even there. They had seen pictures of a jumbled, chaotic region that later turned out to be just off the eastern end, and there was a dark streak of something or other (not particularly a long streak at that) that had for convenience been assigned the name of Corprates. But a 5,000-kilometer-long trench? Get serious. Wouldn't Mariner 4 have spotted it? Or Mariner 6? Or Mariner 7? They were only flybys, to be sure, but something that big . . .

Mariner 9 almost missed it too. When it reached Mars in 1971, the whole planet was hidden by an impenetrable dust storm. The *whole planet*! Fortunately, Mariner 9 was in orbit, so it was in a position to wait. (Not so fortunately, the camera's filter wheel stuck during the two-plus months of waiting, which did in the chance of color pictures.) As the dust finally began to settle, the "dark streak" of Corprates began to change. It got lighter in hue, and brighter in reflectivity, until it came to resemble nothing so much as a curiously linear streak of cloud. The dust continued to settle, with scientists wondering what in the world they were seeing, until it was quite possible to tell that the bright streak was really a dust cloud confined between the walls of a deep canyon, extending westward from the previously known chaotic terrain. It stretched across the planet, just south of the equator, for about 1,000 kilometers. And then the *rest* of the dust cleared: Valles Marineris!

The name, by the way, intended to honor the spacecraft that enabled the discovery, is something of a gaffe. It was selected by a working group charged with generating nomenclature for Martian surface features for the approval of the International Astronomical Union, and much of the nomenclature, by venerable astronomical tradition, was based on Latin. "Valles Marineris" was supposed to mean, reasonably enough, Mariner Valleys (plural because it is actually a family of connected features).

Our present Port of Call, Mars' Valles Marineris as pictured by space artist Ron Miller. We are in a relatively shallow spot of the valley floor, having arrived in newly-rented ram-jet gliders.

"Interplanetary Excursions" is a continuing STARLOG feature; its purpose is to explore the further reaches of the cosmos through scientific extrapolation. Jonathan Eberhart is Space Sciences editor for Science News Magazine.



Illustration by Ron Miller

Instead, says name-game veteran Harold Masursky of the U.S. Geological Survey, the group's Latin-language consultant (a Jesuit priest) pointed out that the proposed name actually translated as "*Marinated Valleys*"—valleys soaked in brine—which, among other problems, might be taken to evoke an origin upon which few, if any, of the namers would bet so much as lunch money. If Mariner was meant in the sense of "sailor," said the consultant, the proper name should have been "*nauticae*." But the heroic spacecraft, of course, would then have been left out in the cold, so the original name—evo-

linguistically questionable—if captive was kept.

While Valles Marineris may be good enough as a label on postcards taken from high orbit, even earthbound scientists know sections of the place by name. Easternmost (actually between Corprates and the chaotic terrain) are Capri Chasma and Eos Chasma ("chasma" should be clear enough), a pair of relatively shallow features a "mere" kilometer or so deep that diverge at about 45° to bracket the rubbly region like a forked stick. Though they have separate names, they combine to border a generally low area that extends

north-south for as much as 1,000 kilometers. Where they come together is the beginning of Corprates Chasma, that erstwhile dark streak, which runs its way westward like the fork's handle, providing long, straight walls that are some of the most striking scenery in all of Valles Marineris. Western Corprates spills into wide, rambling Melas Chasma, but here, about halfway through the journey, the Valles spread out to the north as well. The northern wall of Melas is all but worn down to the valley floor, opening the way for a side trip up to shapeless Candor and, farther north but still connected and

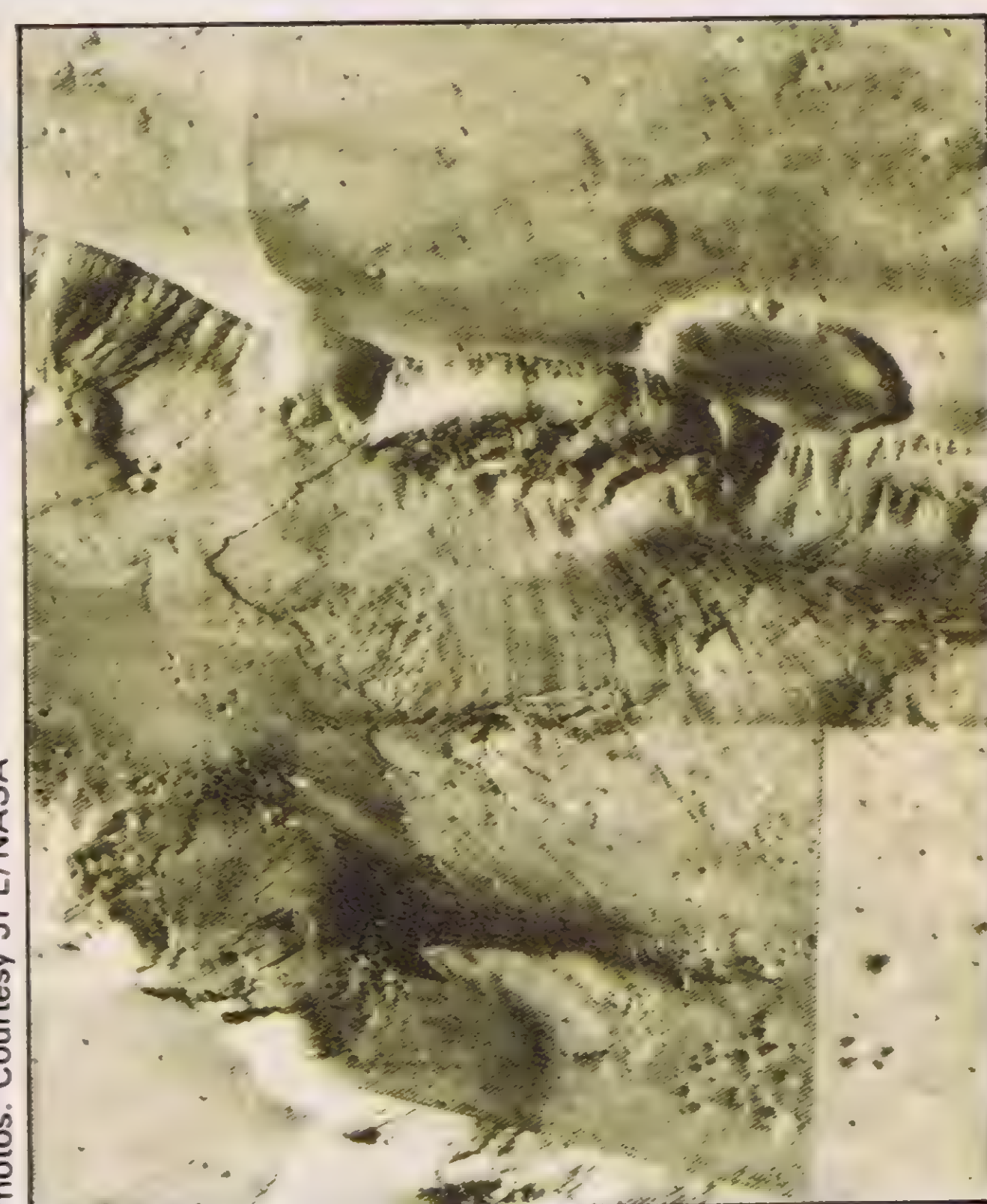
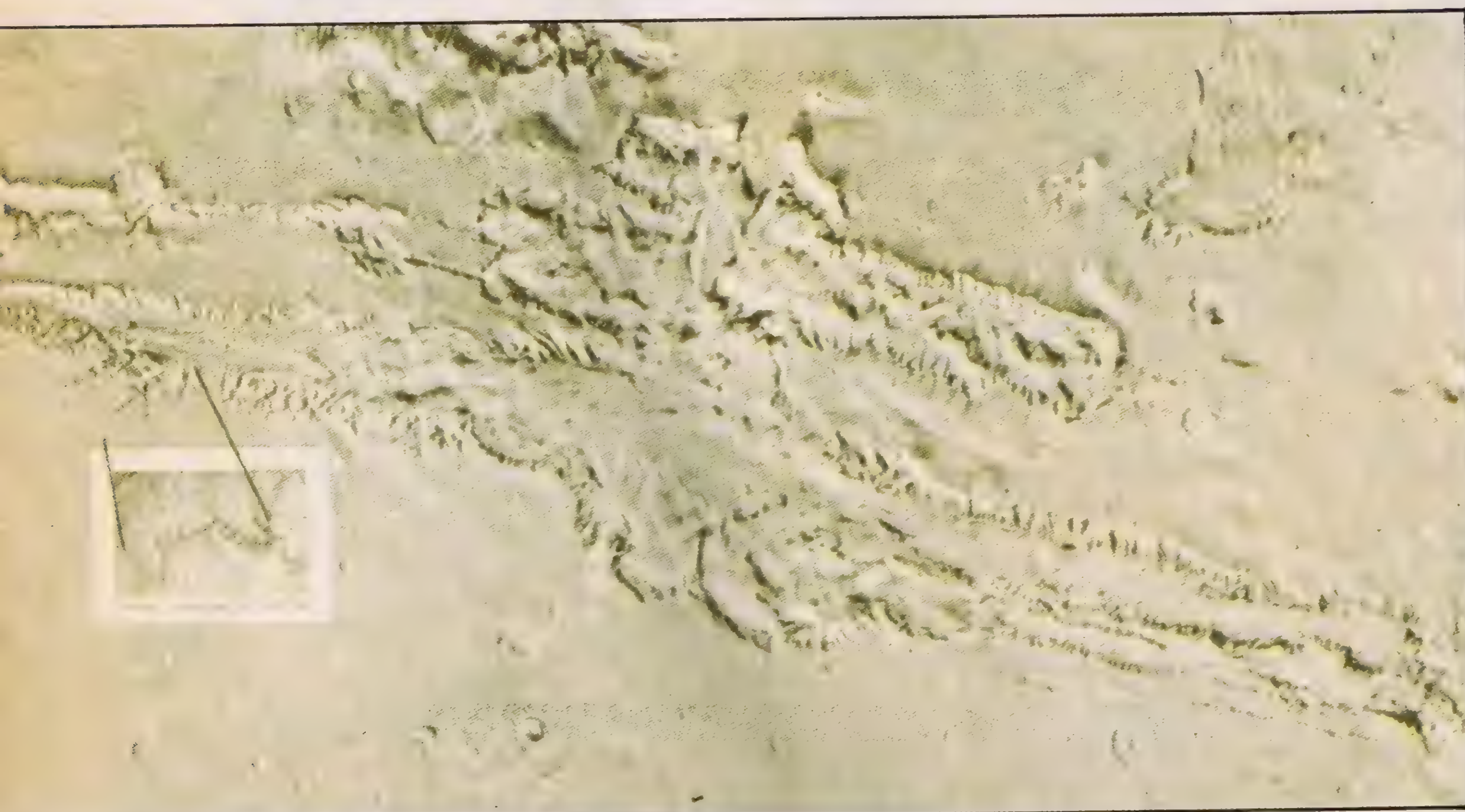




Above: The first clear image of the great canyon system Valles Marineris sent back by Mariner 9. The incredible miles-long gash is visible right above the terminator, starting from the center and stretching out to the upper-right corner of the photo.

Below left: Valles Marineris, the great canyon system, is more than 5000 km. long and at least 6 km. deep, as this photo reveals. For terrestrial reference, it most closely resembles the huge rift valleys on ocean floors.

Below right: A detail of the canyon system itself. Valles Marineris may have been developed during the melting and evaporation of subsurface ice on the planet. The rim of the valley here was sculpted by erosion processes.



Photos: Courtesy JPL/NASA

parallel, sheer-walled Ophir. In many parts of these central regions, such as standing in the middle of Melas, it's possible to forget that you're in a canyon at all, since the walls can be 200 kilometers apart. (Reminds me of an old Charles Addams cartoon, in which two pith-helmeted archaeologist-types are driving a jeep across the floor of an incredible footprint that extends nearly to the horizon. "Might as well move on,"

says one in the caption. "There's obviously nothing here.") If being in a canyon whose *width* would encompass both New York City and Philadelphia bores you, just follow one of the walls.

Moving west, if you've stayed in Melas, will bring you into Ius Chasma, much of whose strange walls are scalloped as though they'd been bitten into by a set of giant teeth. (The answer to your unasked question is no). Almost

any toothmark you choose will drive the picture-takers ga-ga. For they are landslides—not just piles of "fallen-rock-zone" debris at the base of the walls, but staggering, astounding fan-shaped collapse zones, easily wide enough, and extending far enough out from the walls onto the floor, to bury any earthly city you can name with most of its suburbs. Some have come crashing down along more than 50 kilometers of the wall, in-

spiring images of ground-shaking cataclysms incalculably larger than any Earthling has ever seen. North of Ius is Tithonium (sounds like a new super-heavy element), with some of the same slides as well as some interesting side-canyons. You can reach it by travelling westward from Candor through a quaint little notch, not more than 75 km. long and 5 wide, which as far as I know has no name but which might remind your brain of just how big everything else is. Ius Chasma, by the way, is just an average-sized member of the Valles Marineris family, but it could hold the entire Grand Canyon—*crossways*.

At the far west (you could do this trip in the other directions, but why not travel with the dawn?) is yet another marvel: the twisted, mess-filled maze known as Noctis Labyrinthus, the Dark Labyrinth, or as the more romantic call it, the Labyrinth of Night. It's a crazy-quilt of criss-crossing canyons, remarkably sheer-walled and unlike anything else you'll have seen. Some researchers think it may have been formed in part by the upward bulging of the vast, elevated region known as the Tharsis Rise, at whose eastern edge the labyrinth lies. No trip to Mars would be complete without a look at Noctis Labyrinthus from orbit at dawn. The pale mists rising throughout the maze, presumably from the tiny amounts of water that condensed there after sundown, form an intricate network of cloud that you'll not soon forget.

Even as with Earth's Grand Canyon, there is far more to see than any article such as this—or gallery of photos—can hope to describe. Craters, fractures, fissures, mountains Here and there are strange, vast pits that puzzle Earth's scientists by having no signs of either entrances or exits. (Some researchers believe that they may literally have collapsed into being when permafrost frozen subterranean water—abruptly melted away.) Elsewhere there are vertical features with layer upon layer of contrasting stratae, cross-sectional histories of an evolving world.

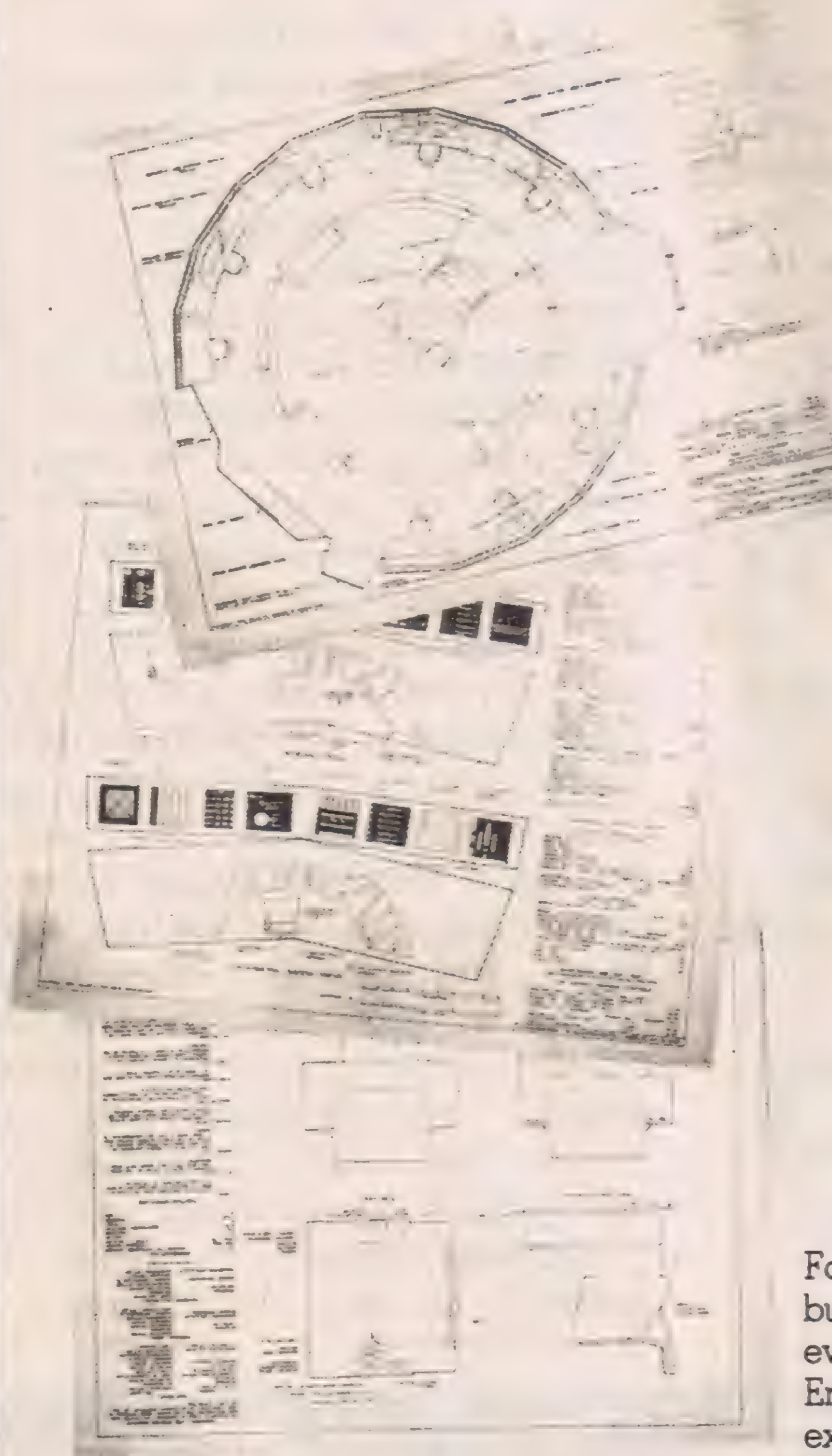
What caused it all? It may have begun in association with a concentration of stress—a potential fracture zone—in the planet's crust, but it's unlikely that Valles Marineris was simply ripped open in classic Hollywood-earthquake style. Many processes have shaped the result: wind, rockslides, meteorite impacts, "mass wasting" (geophysical jargon for debris simply slipping downward, often very gradually), volcanism, subterranean melting, tremors, etc., etc. The stuff of Mars moved in, moved out and sometimes just moved around. The past of Valles Marineris is barely beginning to be understood, a process that will continue for decades into the future.

Its present, meanwhile, will take your breath away. ★

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STAR TREK REPORT

A Fan News Column by Susan Sackett



It's official! *Star Trek*—The Motion Picture, the once and future film which has been in various stages of preparation at Paramount for the last three years, has been given the green light—and more.

On March 28, 1978, in the largest press conference held at Paramount Pictures since Cecil B. De Mille announced that he would be making *The Ten Commandments* (at the then unheard of cost of \$1 million per Commandment), *Star Trek*—The Motion Picture was announced to over 300 members of the press packed tightly into the "Cafe Continental" which had once served as Paramount's commissary. The room was brightly decorated with spring greens and yellows, with each table having a centerpiece of bright daffodils. Chasen's, the famous Beverly Hills restaurant catered the brunch of eggs benedict, fresh papayas stuffed with grapefruit, corn-beef hash, sausages, bacon or ham, croissants and fresh pastries. Among the more noted members of the press in attendance were David Houston of *Starlog* and *Future*; Forrest J. Ackerman, Editor of *Famous Monsters*; Bjo Trimble, covering for *Isaac Asimov's*

Science Fiction Magazine; David Gerrold representing *Galileo* and *Locus*, and renowned science-fiction writer Larry Niven on behalf of *Science Fiction Review*.

But the real excitement was on the dais. As we consumed the last bite of pastry and sipped our coffee, our attention shifted to those who were taking their seats of honor in front of the large portrait of Starship Enterprise herself, which served as the backdrop for the conference. On the dais, and seated directly adjacent to it, were the *entire Star Trek* cast—together at Paramount for the first time since the original show filmed its last episode in 1969. Flashing cameras rivaling a supernova greeted the arrival of the cast—William Shatner, Leonard Nimoy, DeForest Kelley, James Doohan, George Takei, Nichelle Nichols, Walter Koenig, Majel Barrett and Grace Lee Whitney, plus newly added crew member Persis Khambatta (who will play the Deltan, Ilia). Michael Eisner, President and chief operating officer for Paramount Pictures Corp., called *Star Trek* "the number one TV event series of all times" and credited the fans for finally bringing it about, saying "The fans have supported us and consistently written us to pull our act together." He continued with several

long-awaited announcements, among them:

PRODUCER AND DIRECTOR: Gene Roddenberry will produce, and has teamed up with four-time Academy Award winner Robert Wise as Director. Mr. Wise received two Academy Awards each for *West Side Story* and *The Sound Of Music*, and is probably best known to science-fiction fans for directing the classic film *The Day The Earth Stood Still*. His other credits include *The Andromeda Strain*, *The Hindenburg* and *The Haunting*.

SCRIPT: Dennis Lynton Clark is doing the final rewrite and polish of the script which was written by Harold Livingston and Gene Roddenberry, based on a story by Alan Dean Foster and Gene Roddenberry. Dennis recently wrote the screenplay for United Artists' *Comes A Horseman Wild And Free*, from his own novel.

ART DIRECTOR: Joe Jennings is Art Director on *Star Trek*—The Motion Picture. Joe has been with this project since construction began last year for the then proposed television series, and will continue to supervise all art work. Joe was Assistant Art Director on the original *Star Trek* television series.

MUSIC: Academy and Emmy Award winner Jerry Goldsmith has been signed

Left to right: Majel Barrett, DeForest Kelley, Nichelle Nichols, Nimoy, Shatner, Persis Khambatta, Walter Koenig, Grace Lee Whitney, James Doohan and George Takei.





Photos: Paramount

Director Robert Wise, Paramount President Michael Eisner and Gene Roddenberry announce the coming of the *Star Trek* film.

to compose and conduct the music score for *Star Trek—The Motion Picture*. He won the Oscar for his music for *The Omen*, and earned three Emmys, for *The Red Pony*, *QB VII* and *Babe*, and has scored 74 films including *Planet Of The Apes*, *Patton*, *Chinatown* and *Islands In The Stream*.

BUDGET: Michael Eisner stated that the budget would be "at a cost at least equal to all the original 79 episodes put together." Robert Wise later confirmed that the budget is "around \$15 million."

BEGINNING PRODUCTION AND RELEASE DATES: Production is scheduled to begin mid-July, and the film will be released in the summer of 1979.

OPTICAL EFFECTS: Robert Abel & Associates are handling the special effects, and one of their team members includes Con Pederson, who served as special effects supervisor on *2001: A Space Odyssey*.

FILM PROCESS: The film will be shot in 35mm and some of the special photographic effects will be done in 70mm, with initial major releases to the theatres in 70mm.

Among some of the questions which seemed to be in most reporters' minds were the following:

What has become of the proposed television series of Star Trek?

Michael Eisner: "Our hope now is that *Star Trek—The Motion Picture* will be the first of a series of fantastic *Star Trek* motion pictures every three years." But Roddenberry commented that *Star Trek* will certainly return to TV one day.

Is it going to be difficult to return to the role of Captain Kirk after a nine-year interruption?

William Shatner: "I think Spencer Tracy said it best—'You take a deep breath and say the words.' Of course you have to have some years of experience to know how to say the words and suck in your breath. An actor brings to a role not only the concept of the character but his own basic personality, things that he is, and both Leonard and myself have changed over the years, to a



Nimoy and Shatner confer. Nimoy's decision to join the crew was an eleventh hour one, keeping movie execs and SF fans nervous.

degree at any rate, and we will bring that degree of change inadvertently to the role we recreate."

What was the reason Leonard Nimoy appeared to be so reluctant to sign?

Leonard Nimoy: "We've had a long and complicated relationship, Paramount and myself, for the last couple of years, and probably the thing that took the most time was the fact that the mail service between here and Vulcan is still pretty slow. It's not really a matter of reluctance. We had a lot of details to iron out. There have been periods of time when the *Star Trek* project was moving forward and I was not available. For example, last summer we had come to what I felt was an understanding about doing the movie. I went off to do *Equus* on Broadway. During that period of time the concept changed to a TV series. It was difficult then to get together because there was a question of availability. When the project turned around and I was available again we started talking immediately. It has been complicated; it has been time consuming. But there was never a question of reluctance to be involved in *Star Trek* on my part. I've always felt totally comfortable about being identified with *Star Trek* and being identified with the Spock character. It has exploded my life in a very positive way. The Spock character has always been part of my life. I have never tried in any way to reject that. I'm very proud of the fact that I'm associated with the character. And I look forward to playing the character because I certainly wouldn't want either one of two things—anybody else playing it, or *Star Trek* happening without it."

Will the story have some message?

Gene Roddenberry: "It definitely will, and this is one reason I was so pleased that Bob Wise joined us in the production, because he feels the same way about this motion picture. I think all good stories have something to say, and without anyone getting on a soapbox at any time in this film, we will be talking about something that we think is very important." ★

FUTURE CONVENTIONS

Here is the latest information on the upcoming conventions. *Star Trek* cons are denoted with (ST), *Science-fiction* cons with (SF). Other cons are labeled appropriately. As always, guests and features for most conventions are subject to last minute changes—for final details check with the person or organization listed. To speed communications, include a self-addressed, stamped envelope. **Conventioners, Please Note:** To insure that your con is listed, please send pertinent information to STARLOG no later than **10 weeks** prior to the event.

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Milwaukee, WI June 24, 1978

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S2421 Morningside Drive

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Star Trek Atlanta

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Staten Island, NY 10306

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Unicon

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Archon

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OKcon '78

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Due to the normal increase in conventions during the summer months, STARLOG cannot guarantee every convention listing submitted will appear.

Milton Subotsky always wanted to make a barbarian movie . . . and now we have the first sword and sorcery production from Sword And Sorcery Productions.

THONGOR IN THE VALLEY OF THE THE DEMONS

By RICHARD MEYERS

Rock-hard muscles ripple around a cruel steel blade, innocent maidens lie shackled in dank subterranean dungeons, corrupt wizards plan mind-boggling insurrections against a valiant king: such is the stuff of fantasy. And on screen, such was the stuff of historical romances like *Robin*



Here are but 3 of the 24 drawings found within the 48-page "first presentation book" for *Thongor*. It was done in one week by an advertising agency artist.



Art: © Sword and Sorcery Productions, Courtesy of Milton Subotsky

Hood or costume dramas like *The War Lord*, not to mention all those Italian *Hercules*'.

But now a new wrinkle has been added to this time-worn formula. The slashing broadswords have been combined with flashing bolts of magic and the innocent maidens are not just in chains but threatened by unearthly creatures as well. Once, only the films of Ray Harryhausen held such wonders, but now the unique genre of "sword and sorcery" is being invaded by brawny barbarians, eyes filled with bloodlust and hands filled with iron.

The first of these epic heroes to reach the silver screen will probably be Thongor, the adventurer who populates the plot-packed brain of author Lin Carter. Carter, taking for granted that all blade bearing protagonists created after 1930 were based on Edgar Rice Burroughs' novels or Robert E. Howard's Conan, unashamedly built Thongor in that image.

Instead of Cimmeria and the Hyborian age (two Conan staples) we now have Lemuria and the Age of Warriors, "when brave men and beautiful women, sorcerers and savants struggled to carve a path to the throne of the world." So quoth the opening of Milton Subotsky's treatment for the first Thongor movie. Subotsky, you might remember, was paired with Max J. Rosenberg while making some of the best Amicus horror films of the sixties (*Dr. Terror's House of Horrors*) and some of the worst Edgar Rice Burroughs' adaptations of the seventies (*The Land That Time Forgot*). At the time of *At The Earth's Core* (1976), the producer left for greener project pastures—and the quest for Conan.

That was the first time he approached Dave "Darth Vader" Prowse. "Milton, at the time, asked me if I was interested in doing Conan," reported Dave from his British home. "And I said, 'Yes, I am,' and he said, 'I'm having some

trouble at the moment getting the rights to the books.' And the next thing I knew it is a couple of years later and Conan is fixed up with somebody else.

"Suddenly some guy comes racing up to me and says, 'My name is Duncan Heath and I'm just off to the States to tie up a picture. A client of mine is going to direct it.' And I said, 'What is it?' And he said, '*Thongor In the Valley Of The Demons*.' See, he's the agent and Harley Cokliss is going to direct it. So I said, 'What's it all about?' And he said, 'It's a space-horror film.' So I said, 'Who are you thinking about for Thongor?' And he said, 'Well, you, you silly bugger!'"

From such dialogue, million dollar deals are made. But do not think that Prowse's progress or Thongor's translation to the screen was easy. At this point the leading role remains uncast and Subotsky is still up to his ears trying to get filming started by summer of 1978. Lack of imagination hasn't been the problem, though.

The movie opens with a clash of blades as Thongor the Mighty battles with the strongest man in his regiment for the sake of a hastily placed bet. With a quick cut his opponent is reduced to a bloody heap, but the high ranking wagers feel that their steel in Thongor's gut is better than their silver in his pocket. The barbarian is unceremoniously shackled in the dungeon and condemned to death at sunrise. But neither chains nor betrayal can stop him.

Dawn finds the guards sprawling and Thongor streaking off on an "air boat," a flying metal raft fashioned from an alchemist's magic. The triumph of his escape is somewhat curtailed, however, with the appearance of two "lizard-hawks," who attack the airborne vehicle and nearly drop Thongor into the prehistoric jaws of a Dwark. The warrior avoids its appetite only to run into a giant flying spider. The nearly impossible odds are evened when the Dwark eats the spider and Sharjasha, the Wizard of Lemuria, kills the beast in turn.

Thongor soon discovers that the Wizard's act was far from charitable. If mankind is to survive, Sharjasha needs a hero, and fast. Thongor must collect the Star Stone from the protection of two giant serpents, the Wizard must make a magic sword from it in Patanga, the City of Fire, climb the Great Mountain to imbue the blade with the Gods' power, then wield it before the Dragon-Wizards can bring their Demon-God back to life.

But that's just for openers. Perhaps with a muttered, "you think you've got problems," Thongor is captured by the Yellow Druids, nearly eaten by a Zemader, almost sacrificed to the God of Fire, rescues a warrior named Karm Karvus and the gorgeous Princess



Sumia, then finally gets carried off by a third lizard-hawk. The monster turns out to be a mommy—and her hungry little chicks happen to be about seven feet tall.

As Thongor fights them off, Sharjasha, Karm, and Sumia head toward the lair of the Dragon-Wizards: scaly, snouted humanoid creatures on an island-bound castle. It is one hour before their gigantic God will be reborn. Clawed hands shoot out of the shadows and grab the trio. In a trice they are chained to a large stone tablet. The Dragon-Wizards' beastly green faces break into their version of a smile—sharp, wicked teeth gleaming in the hellish glow that fills the place of worship. Their thick tails beat the ground and lash through the air as a huge section of the floor begins to rise.

Horns the size of boulders can be seen at first, then a face that fills the trio with horror. Curved, bulbous, blank eyes stare out from an inhuman head. Its nostrils flare with evil life, and its teeth still shine like steel, though unused for centuries. The Dragon-God rears up, eager for the juice of its first three victims.

Suddenly a lightning bolt rends the sky. There, emblazoned in the afterglow, the magic sword still clutched in one gnarled hand, stands an avenging wrath. His long hair, wet from his escape into the sea from the lizard hawks, coils down to his shoulders like snakes. His sinewy muscles ripple like liquid bronze as bolt after bolt streaks from his enchanted blade, bringing down the worshippers and forcing the Demon-God back into its eternal imprisonment. Thongor the Mighty lives!

And Thongor the Mighty will fight, eat, drink, and wench with a little help from his friends. Milton Subotsky fully intends to spend the money and take the time to mount the production right. Naturally, with flying, crawling, bat-

tling monsters, the experienced producer could choose either of two ways to bring his demons to life. He could "Toho" it, or, in other words, populate the film with rubber-suited actors, ala *Godzilla* and his own Burroughs' derivation, or go the Harryhausen/Danforth route with the extensive use of model animation.

Happily Subotsky has chosen the latter method—at least initially—getting a

hold of Tony McVey, a young model maker with seven years' experience with the London Natural History Museum, *Sinbad And The Eye Of The Tiger* and *Superman*. Tony recently delivered some preliminary designs for the lizard hawks.

"The animation is being directed by Barry Leith," he informed us, "who has worked on several puppet film series for British TV. All of this is very far from definite at this stage," he hastened to add, "so I crave your indulgence."

"This stage" was February first, and, given the nature of the rocky British film industry, it was a pleasure to receive some supplementary word from the producer himself two weeks later. Apologizing for his busy schedule—he was only able to talk for a moment—he quickly delineated the situation.

"Our art director Tony Pratt has been working with our director for eight months on storyboards, which are absolutely splendid. My co-producer Andrew Donally and I hope to start actual filming in June and the picture should be finished by June, 1979."

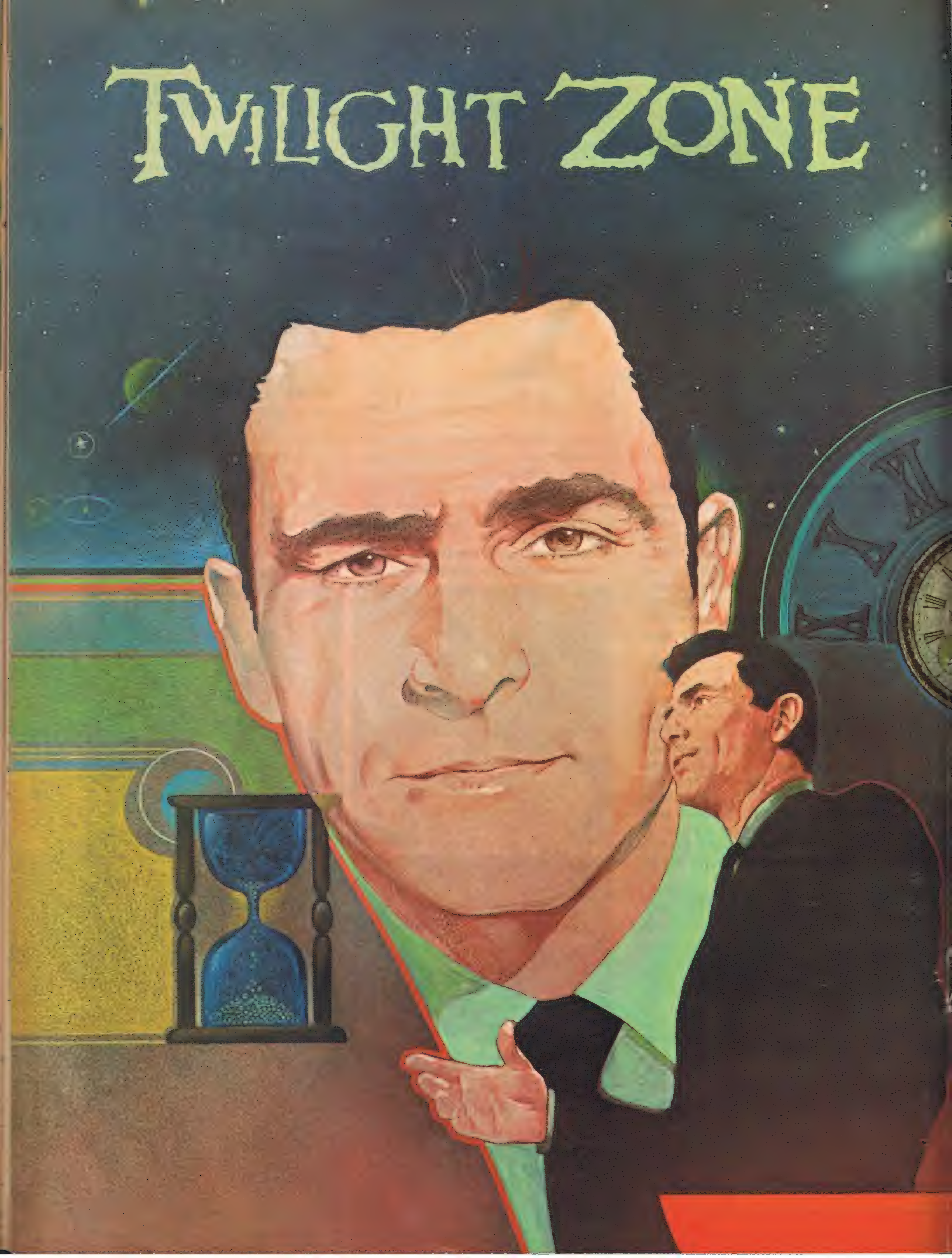
-Milton Subotsky, being the seasoned entrepreneur, is planning even farther ahead than that. The last page of the first Thongor script bears the legend, "More Magic, More Thrills, More Adventure in *Thongor In The City Of Sorcerers!* Coming soon . . ." ★



These preliminary Lizard-Hawk designs were constructed by Britisher Tony McVey whose experience ranges from the London Natural History Museum to *Superman*.

At the time of their conception—April, 1978—the project was in doubt, but now, according to the producer, it's full steam ahead for a July 1979 release.

TWILIGHT ZONE



Rod Serling's Dream

Editor's Note:

STARLOG is proud to present a special 18-page look at the most important SF series ever televised and the creative genius who made it work. The entire section, including artist Marcus Hamilton's full-spread color poster (pages 34 & 51), the in-depth examination of Serling's career and the complete episode guide, can be removed and kept by your TV for re-run reference without damage to the magazine. Simply open the center staples—carefully—gently lift the section out and reclose the staples.

By ED NAHA

October 2, 1959:

The television screen fades to black. From out of nowhere, a faint starfield appears: an endless swath of space that slowly begins to twist and turn before the camera's eye. A message seems to be coming into view.

"There is a sixth dimension beyond that which is known to man," intones an omniscient voice. "It is a dimension as vast as space and as timeless as infinity. It is the middle ground between light and shadow, between science and superstition, between the pit of man's fears and the sunlight of his knowledge. It is the dimension of the imagination. It is an area that we call . . . the *Twilight Zone*."

From the center of the cosmos, the jagged logo of the *Twilight Zone* bursts forth, and then disappears, across the screen. A lone figure is seen standing stoically before the television equivalent of a void. Hands clasped before him, the figure speaks in a clipped, deliberate fashion. He is the narrator, the guide, the creator of the *Twilight Zone* . . . Rod Serling.

It is Serling who will dictate the goings-on within this strange video realm. It is Serling who will completely revolutionize television week after week with this unique anthology series. He will defy the rules of the broadcasting game by appealing to his viewers' imaginations and not their pocketbooks. He will fight the system hour after hour,

day after day, year after year in order to insure his show's integrity.

In the end, he would become an idol to millions and a stereotype in his own eyes.

" . . . It's Not A Spook Show."

When the *Twilight Zone* premiered in that fall of '59, no one, with the exception of creator Rod Serling, realized that this harmless little "ghost" show would shake the television kingdom by its rafters, becoming one of the most talked about shows in the history of broadcasting—inspiring a horde of similar series from the sixties' *Outer Limits* to the present day *Fantasy Island*. Critics, who had been prepared to dismiss the show as a juvenile effort filled with rehashed Karloff-Lugosi antics, found themselves applauding Serling's brilliant excursions into fantasy. A startled CBS network, totally unprepared for the quality of the series, delightfully began referring to this unexpected windfall as a "prestige" show.

For Serling, however, the *Twilight Zone* was just another scrimmage in his life-long battle to bring intelligence to the expanding medium of television. Serling was not afraid to defend his fledgling series from TV's commercial wolf-packs and, indeed, would do so for years to come. Never a man to walk away from an argument, Serling, from the *Twilight Zone*'s very inception, proved a fearless opponent against the onslaught of bureaucratic executives

who sought to undermine his efforts.

"It's not a monster rally or a spook show," the author stated a month after the series had premiered. "There will be nothing formula'd in it, nothing telegraphed, nothing so nostalgically familiar than an audience can join the actors in duets. The *Twilight Zone* is what it implies: that shadowy area of the almost-but-not-quite; the unbelievable told in terms that can be believed."

The *Twilight Zone* was, in effect, Rod Serling's totally ingenious way of presenting thought-provoking entertainment to a TV audience weaned on *The Honeymooners* and *The Cisco Kid*. In essence, he was *sneaking* high-voltage, speculative fantasy in on an unsuspecting public. From the outset, he knew this was a risky move. If he succeeded, he would be declared a hero. If he failed, he would suffer an almost suicidal career setback. It was a risk and a dangerous one, but Rod Serling was used to taking risks. In fact, he relished the chance to do so. For the next five years, he would proudly put his neck on the network line on behalf of his brain-child—time and time again. As a result, he would win three Emmy's for one show and be kicked off the air unceremoniously at the end of its run.

The Rise Of The "Angry Young Man"

The *Twilight Zone* was Rod Serling. Its climate, its population and its geography were all a reflection of Serling's

kinetic imagination. To trace the show's developments, its quirks, is to trace the development of a two-fisted writer who fought his way into the hearts and minds of the American public—while not yet out of his twenties. "Writing is a demanding profession and a selfish one," Serling once reflected. "And because it is selfish and demanding, because it is compulsive and exacting, I didn't embrace it. I succumbed to it."

Before turning to writing as a career, young Rod Serling had shown a marked preoccupation for fighting the odds, no matter how great, and in any and all situations. His lust for life led him constantly into Don Quixote-like situations jousting him with some of everyday living's most Olympian windmills. It was a joyful compulsion.

The son of a Binghamton, New York butcher, the diminutive (five foot-five) Serling pursued life with a passion, diving into the world of sports while still in his late teens. Eventually, he became a Golden Gloves boxer, winning all his bouts but the last . . . an unfortunate encounter which left his nose in a slightly altered state. During World War II, he was an Army paratrooper and, because of his adventurous nature, received a Purple Heart.

The horrors of war, however, sparked something inside of Serling that he found hard to exorcise by conventional means . . . a nagging spectre in the back of his mind that couldn't be assuaged via gymnasium workouts or long walks. While attending Antioch College on the G.I. bill after the war, Rod began writing, incorporating his fascination for the human spirit into his pieces. He rid himself of World War II's mental leftovers and began to experiment with style. He gradually became absorbed in his writing, attempting to break into the growing field of TV drama. He wrote some forty scripts without a single sale.

After college, he attempted to write copy for a local Cincinnati TV and radio station. That experience proved frustrating. His introspective characters constantly came under attack by high-minded executives who wanted their "people to get their teeth into the soil!" Serling recalled the period years later, quipping, "What these guys wanted wasn't a writer, but a plow!"

Turning to his wife Carol for moral

support, Serling hesitantly embarked on a career as a freelance writer. Success was not long in coming. In 1955, his teleplay *Patterns*, a tale of corporate intrigue, won Serling his first Emmy Award. In 1956 *Requiem For A Heavyweight* garnered a second, as well as the first Peabody Award ever presented to a writer. In 1957, Serling copped a third Emmy for his play, *The Comedian*. To this day, Rod Serling has won more Emmy's than any other writer in television history.

By the late fifties, Serling had garnered the reputation of being an "angry young man." Television, however, was growing quickly, adapting slicker, sleeker methods that forced many such angry writers out of the business. The ninety-minute dramas concerning burning issues were being axed, replaced by half-hour situation comedies and benign westerns. Entertainment was the name of this game. Sponsors demanded "safe" programs to showcase their products. The networks wanted sponsors. Burning issues were thus allowed to cool.

For Serling, this gradual shift in television programming was anything but a surprise. Years before, he had found the network censors to be spineless. "Once," he stated, "I couldn't mention Hitler's gas ovens because a gas company sponsored the show." And so, in 1957 Serling began to plan his leap from "serious" television drama to "sheer fantasy." "I simply got tired of battling," he remarked, explaining his much-publicized switch. "You always have to compromise your script lest somebody—a sponsor, a pressure group, a network censor—gets upset. The result is that you begin to settle for second best. You skirt the issues."

From that point onward, Serling publicly stated that he would purposely skirt the issues. His days as an Angry Young Man were over, he declared. He was, after all, over the age of thirty and getting to be quite a mellow guy. He wrote an hour-long pilot called "The Time Element" for CBS as a prelude to the *Twilight Zone*.

And how did the uncontroversial, mellowed-out Serling tackle the realm of fantasy? Suffice to say that this drama's hero was a fellow who foresaw the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor in a

dream and could convince no one of its validity. CBS took one look at the pilot and backed away from Serling's proposed series. When the hour-long installment was finally aired as an episode of *Desilu Playhouse* that year, it attracted the largest amount of mail of any episode shown during '57.

CBS, smelling success, allowed Serling to film another pilot, this time a half-hour drama entitled "Where Is Everybody?" Serling again played with the boundaries established by play-it-safe corporate minds, coming up with one of the few episodes of the *Twilight Zone* to actually have a logical ending. An astronaut, surrounded by a seemingly deserted world, turns out to be the guinea pig in a psychological isolation test which produces the delusion that he's the last man on Earth.

Safe stuff, right?

General Foods thought so and, in February of 1959, decided to sponsor the show for that fall. Serling was more than willing to publicly cooperate with the powers-that-be. "I'm not writing anything controversial in the new series." The then-34-year-old genius added slyly. "Now that we're petulant aging men, it no longer behooves us to bite the hand that feeds us."

By the winter of '59, it was clear that the *Twilight Zone* was, in its own way, the *most* controversial show Serling had ever come up with. The viewers realized it almost at once. It took the network and the sponsors a little longer to figure out what was really going on. Then, all hell broke loose.

" . . . They Want To Cancell!"

During the first few months of its coast-to-coast lifespan, the *Twilight Zone* struggled for survival. Being the very first network science-fiction/fantasy anthology merit of any it took a while for the show to catch on with the public. Initial ratings were horrendously low, although that situation was destined gradually to change. The sponsors became nervous. The network began to grumble. Even in those lean days, Serling somehow found positive arguments to use on the show's behalf. Concerning its initial ratings, he exploded. "Fifteen million viewers (saw the show)—more than saw *Oklahoma!*

"It's not a monster rally or a spook show," Serling said of the *Twilight Zone*. Years later, he found himself hosting the monstrous *Night Gallery*.

during the entire run of the show on Broadway, and they want to cancel us!!"

The show refused to die. Word of mouth spread and the critics openly praised it to the heavens. The ratings began to inch upward and Serling successfully unveiled shows concerning the adventures of Mr. Death, a time travelling businessman, a faded Hollywood goddess who literally lives in her old movies, a murdering astronaut, a hapless guardian angel, a marooned convict in love with a female robot and a child who could make wishes come true. Each episode delved deep into human emotion—the fears, the joys, the triumphs and the downfalls of everyday living. Writer Serling clearly relished the nuts and bolts of the world around him, and his interest was infectious.

As the show became more and more notorious, Serling slowly began to shift his public stance concerning the *Twilight Zone*. No longer was the show an exercise in safety. "We want to prove that television, even in its half-hour form, can be both commercial and worthwhile," he pointed out. "We want to tell stories that are different. At the same time, perhaps only as a side effect, a point can be made that the fresh and the untried can carry more infinite appeal than a palpable imitation of the already proved."

Rod Serling was once again at odds with "the system." Hollywood agents, who saw the show as nothing more than a monster gallery, submitted gigantic actors with necks long enough to hang electrodes from. Authors submitted stories concerning the ultimate monster situation. Serling, however, remained adamant about the show's direction, stating that the *Twilight Zone* "probes into the dimension of the imagination but with a concern for taste and for an adult audience too long considered to have IQs in the negative figures."

The narrator-writer had creative control of the series and relied only on the finest of material and authors in putting together his weekly shows. Besides Serling himself, the early *Twilight Zone* relied on such brilliant minds as Richard (The *Incredible Shrinking Man*) Matheson and Charles (The *Seven Faces Of Dr. Lao*) Beaumont for story ideas. According to



Photo: Courtesy of Personality Photos
P.O. Box 50, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11230

Serling, this was all part of a master plan. "Each story is complete in itself," he explained. "This anthology series is not an assembly line operation. Each show is a carefully conceived and wrought piece of drama, cast with competent people, directed by creative, quality-conscious guys and shot with an eye toward mood and reality."

The *Twilight Zone*'s scope of vision expanded greatly during the second season, including robots, the devil, justice-seeking machines, paranoid citizens, nasty aliens and magic Santa Clauses within its ranks. For some odd reason, the show's resident menagerie of characters startled some of its sponsors. The great migration of 1960 began.

General Foods and Kimberly-Clark left. Colgate-Palmolive entered the *Zone*, then jumped ship. Chesterfield cigarettes did likewise. From that point onward, sponsors entered and exited the show's domain on a revolving door policy, keeping the network nervous and Serling in a state of constant anxiety concerning the continuing quality of his show.

Before long, Serling was writing and rewriting like a man possessed. Smoking up to four packs of cigarettes a day, the author would often work in eighteen-hour shifts, worrying both about his ever-struggling show and the prospect of a smothering writer's block. In the back of his mind, Serling had the idea that one day his talent would

simply stop. He fought against this imaginary deadline furiously, churning out a constant flow of ideas. "In my writing, I work with a secretary and a recorder," he once informed reporters. "I dictate everything. It's a free-wheeling thing. I act out all the parts. I do three or four drafts but by the time I get through with the second, things are pretty well set."

On numerous occasions, Serling found himself writing during the hours he should have been sleeping. Naturally, as the show's popularity increased, this practice almost became routine. With over thirty shows demanded per season, the feisty writer was faced with the chore of putting together a finished half-hour segment in a three-day shooting schedule. Although the pressure to keep the *Twilight Zone* going was great, Serling relaxed from time to time, enjoying the prestige connected with the series. "We're part of the language now," he once beamed proudly. "Archie Moore, when he last got knocked out, said he felt like he was in the 'twilight zone.' Dean Rusk spoke of the 'twilight zone' in international diplomacy and there is a 'twilight zone' defense in basketball."

As host of the show, Serling was becoming as famous a TV star as he was a writer. "There I am," he laughed. "Five feet five of solid gristle. I really don't like to do hosting. I do it by default. I have to. If I had my 'druthers, I wouldn't do it. I just tense up terribly before going before the cameras. It's an

ordeal. If I had to go on 'live,' of course, I'd never do it. It's like boxing. I'm the only fighter in history who had to be carried both into and out of the ring."

Serling had the good humor to resist the egomania attached to cult fame. Whenever he did find his head swelling to star status, he could rely on his family to gently deflate his growing hat size. About to receive a deluge of *Twilight Zone*-inspired awards, including the keys to a few cities, Serling was approached by his wife who reacted by smiling sweetly and saying, "If you don't laugh, I'm going to divorce you." Serling's visions of grandeur promptly crumbled amid a barrage of giggles. On another occasion, when pictured in *Time* Magazine, Serling proudly approached his then-infant daughters, Jody and Nan, with the issue in hand, beaming, "Do you know why I'm in there?" Jody looked at the magazine closely, and then looked at her father. "Who'd you shoot?" she asked solemnly. There simply was no room for egos in the household, a fact which pleased Serling immensely.

Despite his good humor, Serling found that, by the third season, the fight to keep the *Twilight Zone* artistically valid was getting on his nerves. "I'm tired of it," he sighed to one interviewer, "as most people are when they do a series for three years. I was tired after the fourth show. It's been a good series. It's not been consistently good, but I don't know any one series that is consistently good when you shoot each episode in three days. We've been trying gradually to get away from the necessity of a gimmick, but the show has the stamp of the gimmick and it's hooked for now. It's tough to come up with them week after week."

By the end of the third season, Serling had written 62 out of the 92 shows televised. Although the *Twilight Zone* was widely acknowledged as a quality series, Serling was obsessed with the idea that a perfect series had eluded his grasp. "I guess that a third of the shows have

been pretty damn good," he reflected. "Another third would have been passable. Another third are dogs—which I think is a little better batting average than the average show. But to be honest, it's not as good as we thought or expected it might be."

Serling, apparently, was not the only party involved with the show who demanded perfection from the *Twilight Zone*. At the end of its third season, the *Twilight Zone* was cancelled . . . almost.

"Something Totally Different"

CBS let the axe fall on the critically acclaimed *Twilight Zone* during the latter half of its third season. Stunned, Serling discovered that his show had been replaced by terminal comedy about a family-swapping pair of teenaged girls, one British and one American, entitled *Fair Exchange*. "Anybody would rather quit than get the boot," he reflected. "On the other hand, I am grateful. We had some great moments of vast excitement and, on occasion, achieved some real status. But now it's time to move on."

Serling left to teach at Antioch College and to write the screenplay for *Seven Days In May*. During his absence, however, *Fair Exchange* flopped and CBS decided to revamp their favorite prestige show . . . the *Twilight Zone*. In its own small way it was a solidly popular show, the network reasoned. Somehow they had to come up with a way to increase its ratings. During a series of brainstorming sessions, one corporate mind came up with the ideal solution. If the *Twilight Zone* attracted, let's say, 15 million viewers in a half-hour format, wouldn't it attract 30 million in an hour-long slot?

And so, the *Twilight Zone* was trotted out as an hour-long series during its fourth season. "In the half-hour form we depended heavily on the old O. Henry twist," Serling said with forced optimism at the beginning of the season. "So the only question is: Can

we retain the *Twilight* flavor in an hour? We may have to come up with something totally different."

The "something different" the elongated show came up with turned out to be boredom. After 13 publicly shunned episodes, the 60-minute *Twilight Zone* was cancelled. During its fifth season, it returned as a half-hour brainteaser, but by that time no one at CBS really cared about the series. It was subsequently cancelled . . . "for reasons totally unknown to me," Serling grouched. "The other time we were tossed off the air with the knowledge that we might come back in an hour form. But this time we have no assurances that we'll ever come back, even as a five-minute commercial. In a strange way, I don't blame them (the network executives)," Serling confessed. "To this extent, we've been on the air five years and I think the show took on a kind of aged look."

The *Twilight Zone* was almost salvaged when ABC approached Serling about revamping the show for a sixth season. Serling refused, stating that "I think ABC wanted a trip to the graveyard every week."

Serling parted ways with the *Twilight Zone*, allowing the show to lapse into syndicated reruns, and went off to other projects. Haunted by the possibility of becoming known only as the has-been "ghost show" creator, he plunged headfirst into a mountain of projects. He wrote the screenplays for such films as *Planet Of The Apes* and *The Man*, worked on a few Broadway plays and did numerous television commercials just to keep himself busy when not thinking. For Rod Serling, the lover of life, the master of risk-taking, free time was a trap to be avoided.

By 1970 he was back on the air with a mini-series entitled *Night Gallery*—a gothic, hour-long anthology that echoed the *Twilight Zone* in some respects but lacked its intellectual clout. Critics disdained the show, taking Serling to task for foisting such a banal show on his fans. As it turned out, Serling was one of the show's harshest critics himself.

After three years and 92 episodes (62 penned by Serling himself), creator Rod Serling mused: "I guess a third of the shows have been pretty damn good . . . another third are dogs."

He had backed himself into a creative corner in an effort to launch the show, allowing himself to lose creative control of *Gallery* to both NBC and producer Jack Laird. In various formats, the show limped along for three years until dying a much-deserved death. Serling was contractually bound to host the weekly installments, a fact which pleased him little. "The way the studio wants to show it," he complained, "a character won't be able to walk by a graveyard; he'll have to be chased. They're trying to turn it into *Mannix* with a shroud!"

Yet, Serling continued to fight doggedly against the odds—all odds. On his fortieth birthday he made his first parachute jump since World War II. "I did it for one reason," he revealed. "I had to prove I wasn't old." During his tenure with *Night Gallery*, when many of his scripts were being rejected because of their unabashed quality, Rod still managed to sneak in a few zinger stories before the show's collapse. Two were nominated for Emmys.

Into The Twilight Zone

During the early 1970s, the former wunderkind of television's Golden Age tormented himself with thoughts of self-doubt concerning his craft. A TV film, *The Doomsday Flight*, presented the idea of an extortionist planting a bomb on an airplane. Shortly after the Serling show was televised, the event occurred in real life. Serling apologized publicly to the world for writing the script. He later apologized for making the original apology, adding, "A writer can't be responsible for the pathology of idiots."

Still, he was publicly disgusted about his long association with television. "To write meaningful, probing things for television nowadays is an exercise in futility," he remarked in 1972. That same year he was interviewed by a journalist in an office with framed reviews of his plays from the fifties. "Sometimes I come in here just to look," he stated. "I haven't had reviews like that in years. Now I know why

people keep scrapbooks—just to prove to themselves it really happened."

Rod Serling died on June 28, 1975 in Rochester, New York, of complications following open-heart surgery two days earlier. He was fifty years old, a veteran of a twenty-year love-hate relationship with television.

Although publicly Serling muttered about his constant video battles, there were softer, prouder moments when he reflected on some of his accomplishments with satisfaction. All his life, through his writing, he conducted a one-sided love affair with humanity. He took great delight in pinpointing the essence of an individual, the parts that make someone tick, and presenting his findings coast-to-coast over the small video screen. "I've my moments of depression," he admitted a year or so before his death, "but I guess you'd say I'm a pretty contented guy."

Today, three years after his death and nearly fifteen years after his beloved *Twilight Zone's* cancellation, Serling can still be seen sauntering onto the TV screens of millions of viewers via reruns, bringing his insight and his marvels to audiences world-wide. As it turns out, Serling's one-sided love affair

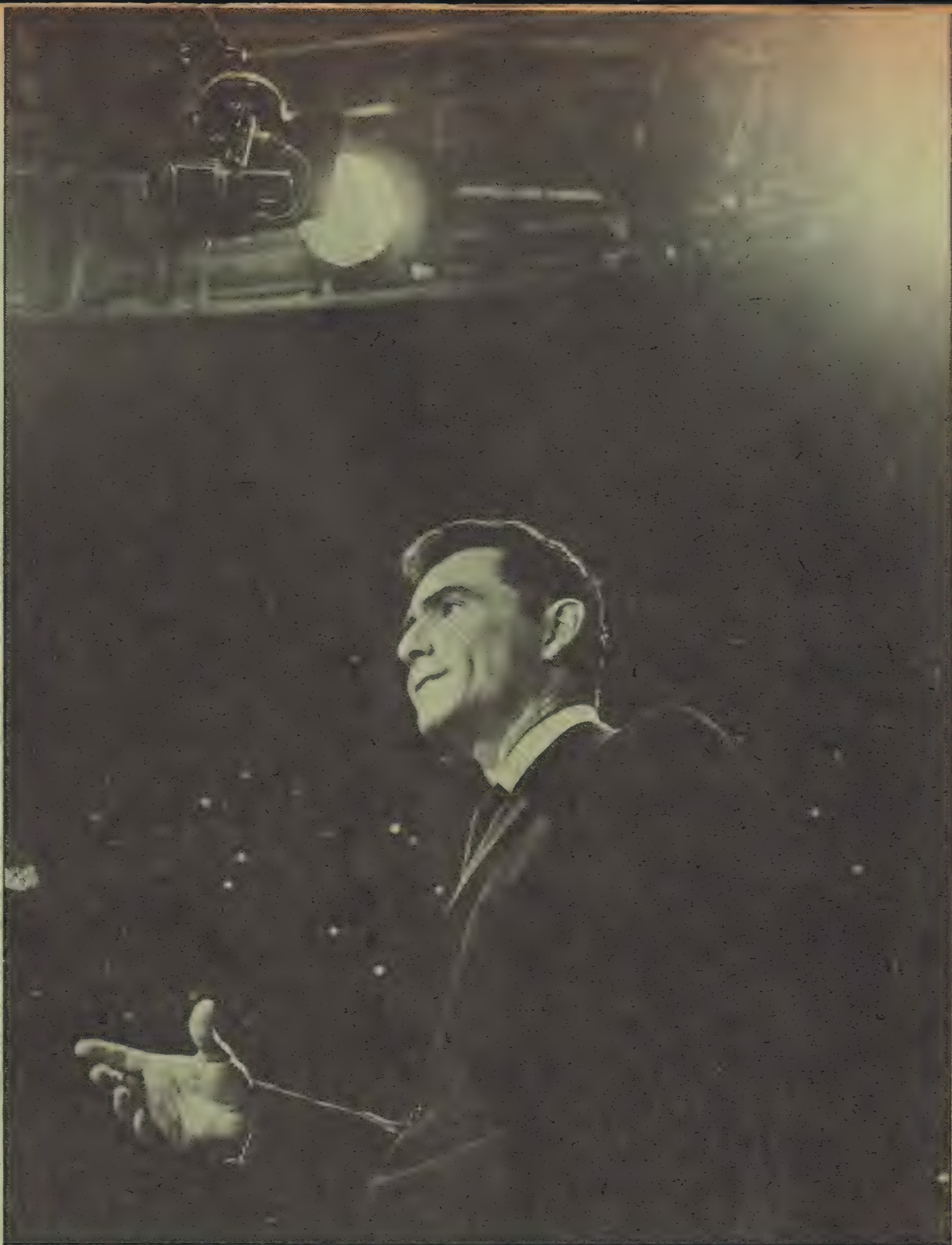
with humanity was not unrequited after all. With the *Twilight Zone* entering its umpteenth season of syndicated reruns, its audience mushrooms at a phenomenal rate. New generations of fantasy lovers, of intellectuals, humanitarians, nostalgic adults and awestruck children cling to the show lovingly, faithfully; pushing its overall national rating a quantum leap beyond the *Zone's* original 1959-1964 figures.

Back during the show's final, troubled two years, Serling took the time to prophesize to one writer, "Fame is short-lived. One year after this show goes off the air, they'll never remember who I am. And I don't care a bit. Anonymity is fine with me. My place is as a writer."

The five-time Emmy award-winning writer-producer-narrator had been right about many things during his lifetime. Fortunately, for millions of *Twilight Zone* fans around the globe, in this case he was as wrong as a man can be.

Rod Serling will always be remembered. His thoughts, his insights will be cherished as long as the *Twilight Zone* exists. And, as everyone knows, the *Twilight Zone* is "as vast as space and as timeless as infinity." ★

Photo: Courtesy of Personality Photos P.O. Box 50, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11230





THE TWILIGHT ZONE



Ed Wynn in *One For The Angels*

EPISODE GUIDE

Compiled by **GARY GERANI**,
author of *Fantastic Television*

First Season: 1959-60

WHERE IS EVERYBODY?

Writer: Rod Serling. Director: Robert Stevens.
Cast: Earl Holliman, James Gregory.

Pilot show for the series concerns a man who finds himself in a completely deserted city. In the end, we learn that it was all a test to observe how human beings will respond to extreme loneliness during space flights. This was the only episode shot at Universal Studio, (all others were filmed at MGM).

ONE FOR THE ANGELS

Writer: Rod Serling. Director: Robert Parish. Cast: Ed Wynn, Murray Hamilton, Dana Dillaway, Merritt Bohn.

Wynn delivers a bravura performance as a sidewalk salesman who makes the greatest pitch of his life to save a little girl from "Mr. Death" (Hamilton).

MR. DENTON ON DOOMSDAY

Writer: Rod Serling. Director: Allen Reisner. Cast: Dan Duryea, Malcolm Atterbury, Martin Landau, Jeanne Cooper, Ken Lynch, Doug McClure.

A has-been gunslinger finds his fast draw abilities have been restored after he drinks a magic potion.

THE SIXTEEN-MILLIMETER SHRINE

Writer: Rod Serling. Director: Mitch Leisen. Cast: Ida Lupino, Martin Balsam, Alice Frost, Jerome Cowan.

A former movie queen tries to recreate the spirit of her heyday by screening her old movies . . . and living them.

WALKING DISTANCE

Writer: Rod Serling. Director: Robert Stevens. Cast: Gig Young, Frank Overton, Michael Montgomery, Irene Tedrow.

Young's acting and a magnificent score by Bernard Herrmann highlight this episode. Harried advertising agent Martin Sloane visits his home town and slips thirty years into his childhood.

ESCAPE CLAUSE

Writer: Rod Serling. Director: Mitch Leisen. Cast: David Wayne, Virginia Christine, Wendell Holmes, Thomas Gomez.

A hypochondriac makes a pact with the Devil for immortality. He then kills someone for kicks, but instead of getting the electric chair, he is sentenced to life imprisonment!

THE LONELY

Writer: Rod Serling. Director: Jack Smight. Cast: Jack Warden, Jean Marsh, John Dehner, Ted Knight, Jim Turley.

This classic episode concerns one James Corry (Warden), a man convicted of murder and sentenced to spend forty years on a distant asteroid. He has only one companion—a robot made in the form of a woman. Ted Knight, later Ted Baxter on *The Mary Tyler Moore Show*, has a minor role as a nasty space crewman.

TIME ENOUGH AT LAST

Writer: Rod Serling. Director: John Brahm. Cast: Burgess Meredith, Jacqueline DeWit, Vaughn Taylor, Lela Bliss.

In his first of several *Twilight Zone* episodes, Burgess Meredith plays a nearsighted bank teller who becomes the only survivor of an H-bomb attack. He is now able to pursue his only real interest in life—reading. Unfortunately, he breaks his glasses shortly after he has made his way to a library.

PERCHANCE TO DREAM

Writer: Charles Beaumont. Director: Robert Florey. Cast: Richard Conte, John Larch, Suzanne Lloyd, Ted Stanhope, Eddie Marr.

The first non-Serling script of the series concerns a man (Conte) who is terrified of falling asleep. He fears that the mysterious woman he meets in his dreams will soon murder him.

JUDGMENT NIGHT

Writer: Rod Serling. Director: John Brahm. Cast: Nehemiah Persoff, Ben Wright, Patrick McNee, Hugh Sanders, Leslie Bradley Deirdre Owen, James Franciscus.

Murky tale about a passenger aboard a war-time freighter who is certain the ship will be sunk at 1:15 A.M.

AND WHEN THE SKY WAS OPENED

Writer: Rod Serling. Director: Douglas Heyes. Cast: Rod Taylor, Charles Aidman, James Hutton, Maxine Cooper.

After three astronauts return from man's first space flight, each of them mysteriously disappears. Based on a short story by Richard Matheson.

WHAT YOU NEED

Writer: Rod Serling. Director: John Brahm. Cast: Steve Cochran, Ernest Truex, Reed Morgan, William Edmonson, Arline Sax.

Swindler Fred Renard (Steve Cochran) tries to profit from an amiable fellow's talent for seeing into the future. Based on a short story by Lewis Padgett.

THE FOUR OF US ARE DYING

Writer: Rod Serling. Director: John Brahm. Cast: Harry Townes, Beverly Garland, Philip Pine, Ross Martin, Don Gordon.

Arch Hammer (Townes) can alter his face to make it look like anyone else's. Based on a short story by George Johnson.

THIRD FROM THE SUN

Writer: Richard Matheson. Director: Richard Bare. Cast: Fritz Weaver, Joe Maros, Edward Andrews, Denise Alexander, Lori March.

Weird camera angles and special props left over from MGM's "Forbidden Planet" bolster this story about two families planning to leave a war-threatened world via spaceship.

I SHOT AN ARROW INTO THE AIR

Writer: Rod Serling. Director: Stuart Rosenberg. Cast: Edward Binns, Dewey Martin.

After supposedly landing on another planet, an astronaut kills his comrades to prolong his own life. Based on a short story by Madeline Champion.



Nick Of Time starred William Shatner.



Anne Francis times two in *The After Hours*.

THE HITCH-HIKER

Writer: Rod Serling. Director: Alvin Ganzer. Cast: Inger Stevens, Leonard Strong, Adam Williams, Lew Gallo, Dwight Townsend.

Driving cross-country, a woman becomes panicky when she continually sees the same ominous hitch-hiker on the road ahead. Based on a radio play by Lucille Fletcher.

THE FEVER

Writer: Rod Serling. Director: Alvin Ganzer. Cast: Everett Sloane, Bibi Janiss, William Kendis, Lee Miller.

A gambling-hating man named Franklin Gibbs (Sloane) battles a Las Vegas slot machine with a malevolent mind of its own.

THE LAST FLIGHT

Writer: Richard Matheson. Director: William Claxton. Cast: Kenneth Haigh, Alexander Scourby, Simon Scott, Robert Warwick.

A British World War I flyer lands at a modern air base in 1959.

THE PURPLE TESTAMENT

Writer: Rod Serling. Director: Richard Bare. Cast: William Reynolds, Dick York, Barney Phillips, William Phipps, Warren Oates, Marc Cavell, Ron Masak, Paul Mazursky.

Powerful tale about a lieutenant with the ability to predict which men in his outfit will be killed in battle.

ELEGY

Writer: Charles Beaumont. Director: Douglas Heyes. Cast: Cecil Kellaway, Jeff Morrow, Kevin Hagen, Don Dubbins.

Three astronauts land on a world where everyone is in a trance-like state. They then encounter an eccentric old gent named Mr. Wickwire (Kellaway), who apparently runs the planet.

MIRROR IMAGE

Writer: Rod Serling. Director: John Brahm. Cast: Vera Miles, Martin Miller, Joe Hamilton.

In a bus depot, a woman finds herself haunted by her double.

THE MONSTERS ARE DUE ON MAPLE STREET

Writer: Rod Serling. Director: Ron Winston. Cast: Claude Atkins, Jack Waggner, Ben Erway, Lyn Guild.

Hysteria grips a small community as residents suspect a power failure has been caused by invaders from space disguised as Earthmen.

A WORLD OF DIFFERENCE

Writer: Richard Matheson. Director: Ted Post. Cast: Howard Duff, Eileen Ryan, Gail Kobe, Frank Maxwell, Peter Walker.

A businessman's normal working world inexplicably becomes the set for a film in which he has become a character.

LONG LIVE WALTER JAMESON

Writer: Charles Beaumont. Director: Tony Leader. Cast: Kevin McCarthy, Edgar Stehli, Estelle Winwood, Dody Heath.

An effective horror story in the tradition of "The Man in Half Moon Street." History professor Walter Jameson (McCarthy), an expert on the Civil War, is actually immortal and well over 200 years old.

PEOPLE ARE ALIKE ALL OVER

Writer: Rod Serling. Director: David Orrick McDearmon. Cast: Roddy McDowall, Susan Oliver, Paul Comi, Byron Morrow, Vic Perrin.

An astronaut (McDowall) is pleased to find that people on Mars act just like people at home. Based on a short story by Paul W. Fairman.

EXECUTION

Writer: Rod Serling. Director: David Orrick McDearmon. Cast: Albert Salmi, Russell Johnson, Than Wyenn, George Mitchell, Jon Lormer.

A western outlaw (Salmi) is snatched from the hangman's noose by a modern day scientist (Johnson) and his time machine.

THE BIG, TALL WISH

Writer: Rod Serling. Director: Ron Winston. Cast: Ivan Dixon, Steve Perry, Kim Hamilton.

A child's faith in miracles helps a down-and-out boxer win an important match.

A NICE PLACE TO VISIT

Writer: Charles Beaumont. Director: John Brahm. Cast: Larry Blyden, Sebastian Cabot, Sandra Warner.

While committing a crime, a cheap hood (Blyden) gets killed and finds an afterlife in which all wishes are granted.

NIGHTMARE AS A CHILD

Writer: Rod Serling. Director: Alvin Ganzer. Cast: Janice Rule, Terry Burnham, Shepperd Strudwick.

Schoolteacher Helen Foley (Rule) is haunted by the recurring image of herself as a child.

A STOP AT WILLOUGHBY

Writer: Rod Serling. Director: Robert Parrish. Cast: James Daly, Howard Smith, Patricia Donahue, James Maloney.

Harried by his high-pressure job, an executive falls asleep on a train and wakes at a mysterious stop called Willoughby.

THE CHASER

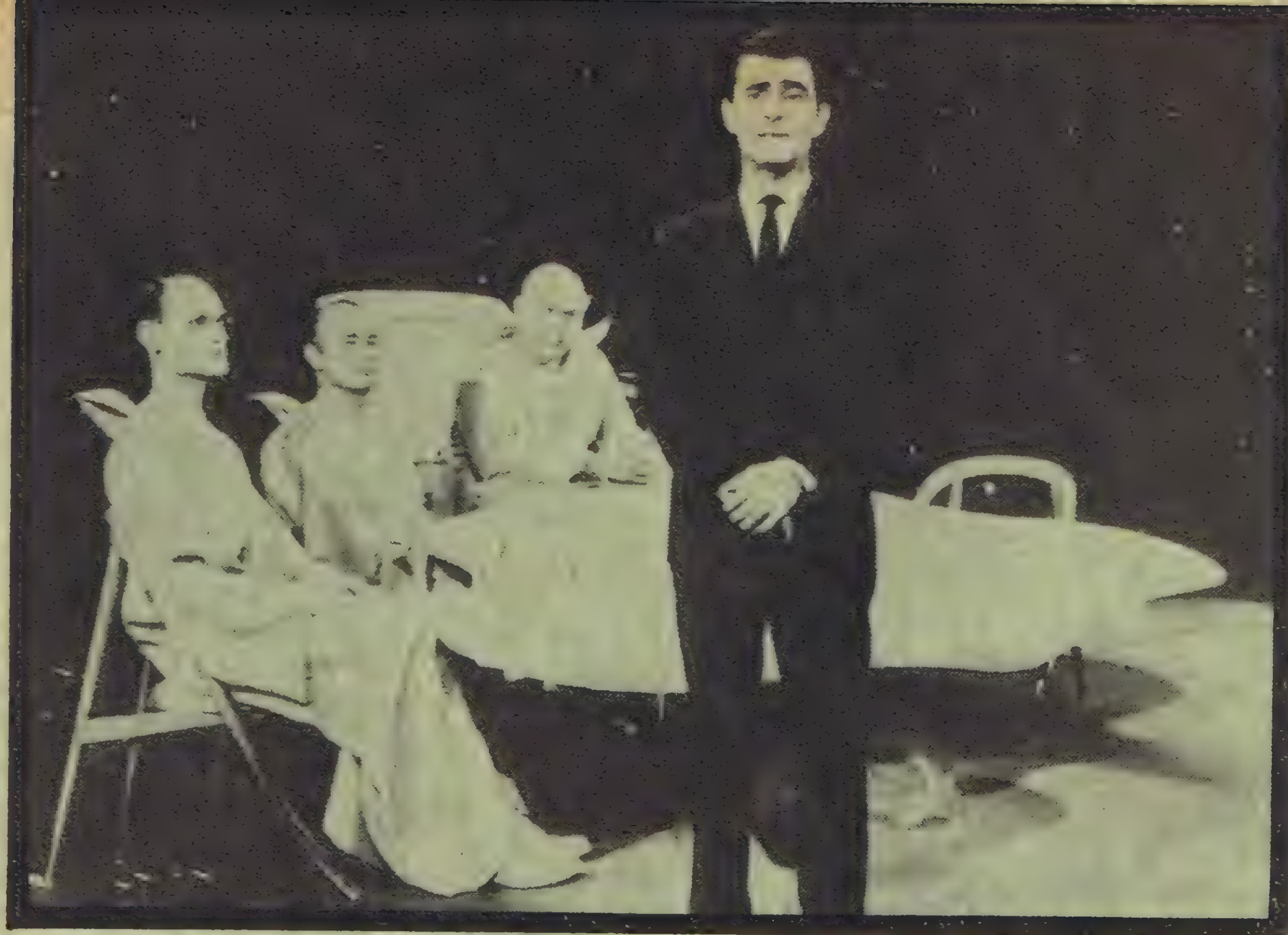
Writer: Robert Presnell, Jr. Director: Douglas Heyes. Cast: George Grizzard, John McIntyre, Patricia Barry.

A loser in the game of love purchases a special potion from a weird doctor. Based on a short story by John Collier.

A PASSAGE FOR TRUMPET

Writer: Rod Serling. Director: Don Medford. Cast: Jack Klugman, Mary Webster, John Anderson, Frank Wolff.

An unsuccessful trumpet player is given a second crack at life—after he is struck and killed by a truck.



Serling is in Heaven in *Cavender Is Coming*.



The Invaders taunt Agnes Moorehead.

MR. BEVIS

Writer: Rod Serling. Director: Robert Parrish. Cast: Orson Bean, Henry Jones, Charles Lane, William Schallert.

A kindly fellow's life is turned topsy-turvy when he receives "help" from his guardian angel (Jones).

THE AFTER HOURS

Writer: Rod Serling. Director: Douglas Heyes. Cast: Anne Francis, Elizabeth Allen, James Millhollin, John Conwell.

A woman (Francis) discovers that the floor of a department store on which she bought an item doesn't exist, and that the salesgirl was, in reality, a mannequin.

THE MIGHTY CASEY

Writer: Rod Serling. Director: Douglas Heyes. Cast: Jack Warden, Robert Sorrells, Don O'Kelly, Abraham Sofaer.

The manager of a losing baseball team adds a new man to the fold—a robot named Casey.

A WORLD OF HIS OWN

Writer: Richard Matheson. Director: Ralph Nelson. Cast: Keenan Wynn, Phyllis Kirk, Mary La Roche.

Serio-comedy, as a playwright creates true-to-life characters on his tape machine. They are so true that he can make them appear in the room with him!

Second Season: 1960-61

KING NINE WILL NOT RETURN

Writer: Rod Serling. Director: Buzz Kulik. Cast: Bob Cummings, Paul Lambert, Gene Lyons, Seymour Green, Richard Lupino, Jenna MacMahon.

After crashing in the desert, a bomber pilot (Cummings) is haunted by the images of his dead crew.

THE MAN IN THE BOTTLE

Writer: Rod Serling. Director: Don Medford. Cast: Luther Adler, Vivi Janiss, Lisa Golm, Joseph Ruskin, Olan Soule, Peter Coe, Albert Szabo.

A pawnbroker (Adler) is granted four wishes by a sinister genie.

NERVOUS MAN IN A FOUR DOLLAR ROOM

Writer: Rod Serling. Director: Douglas Heyes. Cast: Joe Mantell, William D. Gordon.

Unusual character study about a petty hood who literally confronts his "conscience" in a mirror.

A THING ABOUT MACHINES

Writer: Rod Serling. Director: Dave McDearmon. Cast: Richard Haydn, Barbara Stuart, Barney Phillips.

A machine-hating writer is suddenly hunted by a small army of mechanical devices.

THE HOWLING MAN

Writer: Charles Beaumont. Director: Douglas Heyes. Cast: H.M. Wynant, John Carradine, Robin Hughes, Ezelle Poule.

Classic episode about a man (Wynant) who takes refuge in a European monastery during a thunderstorm. He is told by the bearded, saintly Brother Jerome (Carradine) that the prisoner locked in an underground cell is no ordinary human being—he is the Devil himself! Atmospheric music (Bernard Herrmann) and a terrific transformation sequence add to the tale's effectiveness.

THE EYE OF THE BEHOLDER

Writer: Rod Serling. Director: Douglas Heyes. Cast: William B. Gordon, Donna Douglas, Jennifer Howard, Joanna Heyes.

Another outstanding entry in the series. Plastic surgeons in some unknown society make one final attempt to improve a young woman's face so that she can live among "normal people." William Tuttle's make-ups are some of the most horrifying ever conceived for television.

NICK OF TIME

Writer: Richard Matheson. Director: Richard L. Bare. Cast: William Shatner, Patricia Breslin.

A newlywed husband (Shatner) is fascinated by a fortune-telling machine that makes uncanny predictions about his life.

THE LATENESS OF THE HOUR

Writer: Rod Serling. Director: Jack Smight. Cast: Inger Stevens, John Hoyt.

The faultless precision of robot servants invented by her father begins to annoy a young woman (Stevens). Originally done on video tape.

THE TROUBLE WITH TEMPLETON

Writer: E. Jack Neuman. Director: Buzz Kulik. Cast: Brian Aherne, Pippa Scott.

An aging actor is given a sobering glimpse at the past he holds so dear.

A MOST UNUSUAL CAMERA

Writer: Rod Serling. Director: John Rich. Cast: Fred Clark, Jean Carson, Adam Williams.

Examining their latest haul, two-bit thieves discover a camera that can predict the future.

NIGHT OF THE MEEK

Writer: Rod Serling. Director: Jack Smight. Cast: Art Carney, John Fielder, Meg Wyllie, Robert Lieb.

Sensitive, well-acted drama about a department store Santa Claus (Carney) who ends up being the real thing. Originally done on video tape.



John Carradine is the guardian of *The Howling Man*.



Buster Keaton caught in *Once Upon A Time*.

DUST

Writer: Rod Serling. Director: Douglas Heyes. Cast: Thomas Gomez, Vladimir Sokoloff, John Alonso, John Larch.

On the day of his execution, a man is conned by a vicious traveling salesman (Gomez) who sells him "magic dust" capable of eliminating hate.

BACK THERE

Writer: Rod Serling. Director: David Orrick McDearmon. Cast: Russell Johnson, Paul Hartman.

A man is catapulted backward into time to the moments preceding the assassination of President Lincoln. The stirring score by Jerry Goldsmith was later heard as background music for *ABC's Wide World Of Entertainment* mysteries.

THE WHOLE TRUTH

Writer: Rod Serling. Director: James Sheldon. Cast: Jack Carson, Jack Ging, Nan Peterson, George Chandler.

An unscrupulous used-car salesman (Carson) meets his match in a haunted auto with a mind of its own.

THE INVADERS

Writer: Richard Matheson. Director: Douglas Heyes. Cast: Agnes Moorehead.

In this classic episode, an old woman in an isolated farm house must battle a horde of extraterrestrial invaders. In the end, Moorehead takes an axe to their starship and demolishes, in reality, *Forbidden Planet's* famous space cruiser! No actual dialog until the final sequence.

A PENNY FOR YOUR THOUGHTS

Writer: George Clayton Johnson. Director: James Sheldon. Cast: Dick York, Hayden Rourke, Dan Tobin, June Dayton.

Unusual tale about a timid bank teller (York) who suddenly gains the ability to read people's minds after a freak accident.

TWENTY TWO

Writer: Rod Serling. Director: Jack Smight. Cast: Barbara Nichols, Jonathan Harris, Fredd Wayne.

A woman is haunted by a recurring nightmare that always ends with her being escorted to hospital room number 22—the morgue.

THE ODYSSEY OF FLIGHT 33

Writer: Rod Serling. Director: J. Addiss. Cast: John Anderson, Sandy Kenyon, Paul Comi, Harp McGuire, Wayne Heffley, Nancy Rennick, Beverly Brown.

A commercial airliner becomes unstuck in time. The prehistoric sequence, courtesy of Jack Harris, was unused footage from the movie "Dinosaur."

MR. DINGLE, THE STRONG

Writer: Rod Serling. Director: John Brahm. Cast: Burgess Meredith, Don Rickles.

Several weird-looking extraterrestrials appear in this episode about a timid little man (Meredith) who is given superpowers by a double-headed Martian experimenter. Don Rickles is customarily caustic as a character named Bragg.

STATIC

Writer: Charles Beaumont. Director: Buzz Kulik. Cast: Dean Jagger, Carmen Mathews, Robert Emhardt.

An old radio provides a valuable link with the past for two elderly lovers. Originally done on video tape; based on a short story by Ocee Ritch.

THE PRIME MOVER

Writer: Charles Beaumont. Director: Richard L. Bare. Cast: Dane Clark, Buddy Ebsen.

A telekinetic gentleman (Ebsen) is used to win some big money for a greedy man (Clark) at the gambling casinos.

LONG DISTANCE CALL

Writer: Charles Beaumont and William Idelson. Director: James Sheldon. Cast: Billy Mumy, Phillip Abbott, Patricia Smith, Lili Darvas.

Powerful episode about a little boy with a toy telephone by which he mysteriously remains in contact with his dead grandmother. Originally done on video tape.

A HUNDRED YEARS OVER THE RIM

Writer: Rod Sterling. Director: Buzz Kulik. Cast: Cliff Robertson, Miranda Jones.

A western settler mysteriously enters the 20th century when he goes off in search of medication for his dying son.

THE RIP VAN WINKLE CAPER

Writer: Rod Sterling. Director: Justus Addiss. Cast: Oscar Beregi, Simon Oakland, Lew Gallo, John Mitchum.

Four thieves steal gold bullion and place themselves in suspended animation for a hundred years.

THE SILENCE

Writer: Rod Serling. Director: Boris Sagal. Cast: Franchot Tone, Liam Sullivan, Jonathan Harris.

One of the very few non-fantasy episodes of this series. A man (Tone), sick of the incessant chatter of a fellow club member (Sullivan), offers him a half million dollars if he can keep silent for a full year.

SHADOW PLAY

Writer: Charles Beaumont. Director: John Brahm. Cast: Dennis Weaver, Harry Townes, Wright King.

An hysterical young man (Weaver) tries to persuade the judge, who sentenced him to death, that he and the people around him are just part of a recurring nightmare.

THE MIND AND THE MATTER

Writer: Rod Serling. Director: Buzz Kulik. Cast: Shelly Berman, Jack Grinnage, Jeanne Wood, Chet Stratton.

A book on the power of thought enables a meek clerk (Berman) to create a world exactly as he would want it.

WILL THE REAL MARTIAN PLEASE STAND UP

Writer: Rod Serling. Director: Montgomery Pittman. Cast: Morgan Jones, John Archer, Bill Kendis, John Hoyt, Jean Willes, Jack Elam, Barney Phillips.

Offbeat entry about a pair of state troopers who must determine which member of a bus trip is, in reality, a Martian invader.



Two is Elizabeth Montgomery's territory.



Dennis Hopper (left) learns that *He Lives*.

THE OBSOLETE MAN

Writer: Rod Serling. Director: Elliot Silverstein. Cast: Burgess Meredith, Fritz Weaver.

Meredith delivers an emotion-packed performance in this symbolic tale about a librarian judged "obsolete" by a totalitarian society of the future.

Third Season: 1961-62

TWO

Writer/Director: Montgomery Pittman. Cast: Elizabeth Montgomery, Charles Bronson, Sharon Lucas.

In this contemporary Adam and Eve story, the two lone, frightened survivors of a nuclear holocaust must start the world afresh.

THE ARRIVAL

Writer: Rod Serling. Director: Boris Sagal. Cast: Harold J. Stone, Bing Russell, Robert Karnes, Noah Keen, Jim Boles, Robert Brubaker, Fredd Wayne.

The aviation administration is completely baffled by the appearance of a mysterious airliner—until an examiner poses the unlikely but apparently sound theory that the craft is imaginary.

THE SHELTER

Writer: Rod Serling. Director: Lamont Johnson. Cast: Larry Gates, Peggy Stewart, Michael Burne, Jack Albertson, Jo Helton, Joseph Bernard, Moria Turner, Sandy Kenyon, Mary Gregory, John McLiam.

When a possible nuclear attack is announced, several suburban friends and neighbors are reduced to selfish, vicious animals in a struggle over one family's bomb shelter.

THE PASSERBY

Writer: Rod Serling. Director: Elliot Silverstein. Cast: Joanne Linville, James Gregory, Rex Holman, David Garcia, Warren Kemmerling, Austin Green.

A company of Civil War soldiers who believe they are marching home from battle soon come to realize that they are actually dead.

A GAME OF POOL

Writer: George Clayton Johnson. Director: A. E. Houghton. Cast: Jonathan Winters, Jack Klugman.

A young pool player finds himself playing against a long-dead master pool shark. The stakes—his life.

THE MIRROR

Writer: Rod Serling. Director: Don Medford. Cast: Peter Falk, Tony Carbone, Richard Karlan, Arthur Batanides, Rodolfo Hoyos, Will Kuluva, Vladimir Sokoloff, Val Ruffino.

In the state offices of an overthrown government, a revolutionary leader uses a mirror reported to possess strange powers—it can show the viewer the face of the person who will kill him.

THE GRAVE

Writer/Director: Montgomery Pittman. Cast: Lee Marvin, James Best, Strother Martin, Ellen Willrad, Lee Van Cleef, William Challee, Stafford Repp, Larry Johns, Richard Geary.

When a gunman scornfully defiles an outlaw's grave, he sees the man's dying threats coming true.

IT'S A GOOD LIFE

Writer: Rod Serling. Director: Jim Sheldon. Cast: Billy Mumy, John Larch, Cloris Leachman, Tom Hatcher, Alice Frost, Don Keefer, Jeanne Bates, Lenore Kingston, Casey Adams.

A rural community is held terrorized by the unearthly powers of a young boy. Based on a short story by Jerome Bixby.

DEATHS-HEAD REVISITED

Writer: Rod Serling. Director: Don Medford. Cast: Joseph Schildkraut, Oscar Beregi, Chuck Fox, Karen Verne, Robert Boone, Ben Wright.

A visit to a concentration camp at Dachau forces a former Nazi to confront the horrifying ghosts of his ghastly wartime crimes.

THE MIDNIGHT SUN

Writer: Rod Serling. Director: Anton Leader. Cast: Lois Nettleton, Betty Garde, Jason Wingreen, June Ellis, Ned Glass, Robert J. Stevenson, John McLiam, Tom Reese, William Keene.

The Earth is being drawn slowly into the sun, causing draught, devastating heat waves—and panic. This episode features an outstanding musical score by Van Cleave.

STILL VALLEY

Writer: Rod Serling. Director: Jim Sheldon. Cast: Gary Merrill, Ben Cooper, Vaughn Taylor, Addison Myers, Mark Tapscott, Jack Mann.

A strange book presents the Confederate Army with a difficult choice: they can win the Civil War—but they must make a pact with the Devil. Based on a short story by Manley Wade Wellman.

THE JUNGLE

Writer: Charles Beaumont. Director: William Claxton. Cast: John Dehner, Emily McLaughlin, Walter Brooks, Hugh Sanders, Howard Wright, Donald Foster, Jay Overholts, Jay Adler.

If a prospector violates certain African land, he will have to deal with the fury of a native wizard.

ONCE UPON A TIME

Writer: Richard Matheson. Director: Norman Z. McLeod. Cast: Buster Keaton, Stanley Adams, Gil Lamb, James Flavin, Michael Ross, Milton Parsons, George E. Stone, Warren Parker.

A janitor in the 1800s finds himself in the next century when he innocently fiddles with his inventor-employer's contraption.



Jonathan Winters and Jack Klugman in *A Game Of Pool*.



Forbidden Planet footage appeared in *Death Ship*.

FIVE CHARACTERS IN SEARCH OF AN EXIT

Writer: Rod Serling. Director: Lamont Johnson. Cast: Bill Windom, Murray Matheson, Susan Harrison, Kelton Garwood, Clark Allen, Mona Houghton, Carol Hill.

Five people trying to escape an enormous prison eventually realize that their "prison" is a box—and they are dolls. Based on a story by Marvin Petal.

A QUALITY OF MERCY

Writer: Rod Serling. Director: Buzz Kulik. Cast: Dean Stockwell, Albert Salmi, Rayford Barnes, Ralph Votrian, Leonard Nimoy, Dale Ishimoto, Jerry Fujikawa, Michael Pataki.

A soldier gets a fresh, frightening perspective on his militaristic ways when he suddenly experiences a war situation from the enemy's point of view.

DEAD MAN'S SHOES

Writer: Charles Beaumont. Director: Montgomery Pittman. Cast: Warren Stevens, Harry Swoger, Ben Wright, Joan Marshall, Eugene Borden, Richard Devon, Florence Marly, Ron Hagerthy, Joe Mell.

When a derelict dons the shoes of a dead gangster, he finds himself following the course of the dead man's life.

SHOWDOWN WITH RANCE McGREW

Writer: Rod Serling. Director: C. Nyby. Cast: Larry Blyden, William McLean, Troy Melton, Jay Overholts, Robert J. Stevenson, Robert Cornwaite, Arch Johnson, Robert Kline, Hal K. Dawson.

An obnoxious cowboy star gets his comeupance when he suddenly confronts the outlaws who've been poorly presented in his pictures.

KICK THE CAN

Writer: George Clayton Johnson. Director: Lamont Johnson. Cast: Ernest Truex, Russell Collins, Hank Patterson, Earle Hodgins, Burt Mustin, Gregory McCabe, Marjorie Bennett, Lenore Shanewise, Anne O'Neal, John Marley, Barry Truex, Eve McVeagh, Marc Stevens.

A children's game somehow offers rejuvenative powers to an old man.

A PIANO IN THE HOUSE

Writer: Earl Hamner. Director: David Greene. Cast: Barry Morse, Joan Jackett, Don Durant, Phil Coolidge, Cyril Delevanti, Muriel Landers.

The right tune played on a mysterious player piano will reveal the listener's true nature.

TO SERVE MAN

Writer: Rod Serling. Director: Richard Bare. Cast: Richard Kiel, Hardie Albright, Robert Tafur, Lomax Study, Theodore Marcuse, Susan Cummings, Nelson Olmstead, Lloyd Bochner.

When enormous aliens come to Earth bearing promises of a utopian existence, a scientist's suspicions and skepticism soon prove more than justified. The alien "Canamit" (Kiel) was executed by make-up artist William Tuttle. This episode borrowed stock footage from *The Day The Earth Stood Still*. Based on a short story by Damon Knight.

"The Twilight Zone is what it is: the shadowy area of the almost-but-not-quite, the unbelievable told in terms that can be believed . . ."

Rod Serling

NOTHING IN THE DARK

Writer: George Clayton Johnson. Director: Lamont Johnson. Cast: Gladys Cooper, Robert Redford, R.G. Armstrong.

A frightened old woman who has sealed herself off from the world to avoid confronting death, admits a wounded policeman and soon learns that she had nothing to worry about.

ONE MORE PALLBEARER

Writer: Rod Serling. Director: Lamont Johnson. Cast: Joseph Wiseman, Trevor Bardette, Gage Clark, Katherine Squire, Josip Elic, Robert Snyder, Ray Galvin.

A rich old man schemes to wreak revenge on three people who humiliated him at various points in his life.

THE HUNT

Writer: Earl Hamner. Director: Harold Schuster. Cast: Arthur Hunnicutt, Jeanette Nolan, Titus Moede, Orville Sherman, Charles Seel, Robert Foulk, Dexter DuPont.

When a hunter and his dog are killed while stalking their prey, they go to the gates of Heaven, where they must deal with St. Peter.

THE LAST RITES OF JEFF MYR- TLEBANK

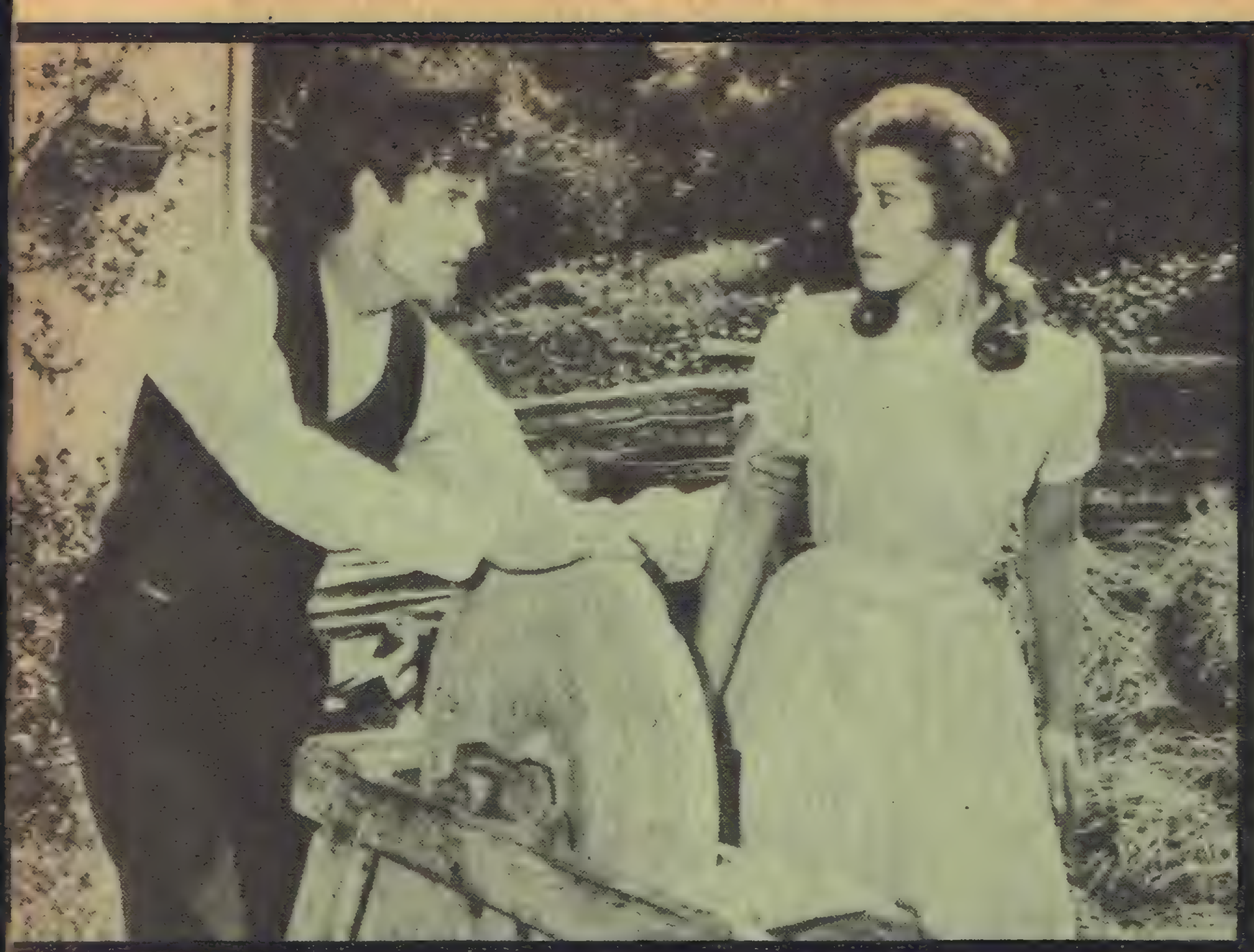
Writer/Director: Montgomery Pittman. Cast: James Best, Ralph Moody, Ezelle Pouley, Vickie Barnes, Sherry Jackson, Helen Wallace, Lance Fuller, Bill Fawcett, Edgar Buchanan, Mabel Forrest, Dub Taylor, Jon Lormer, Pat Hector.

Because a young man has awakened from the dead, the townspeople assume he is possessed by the Devil.

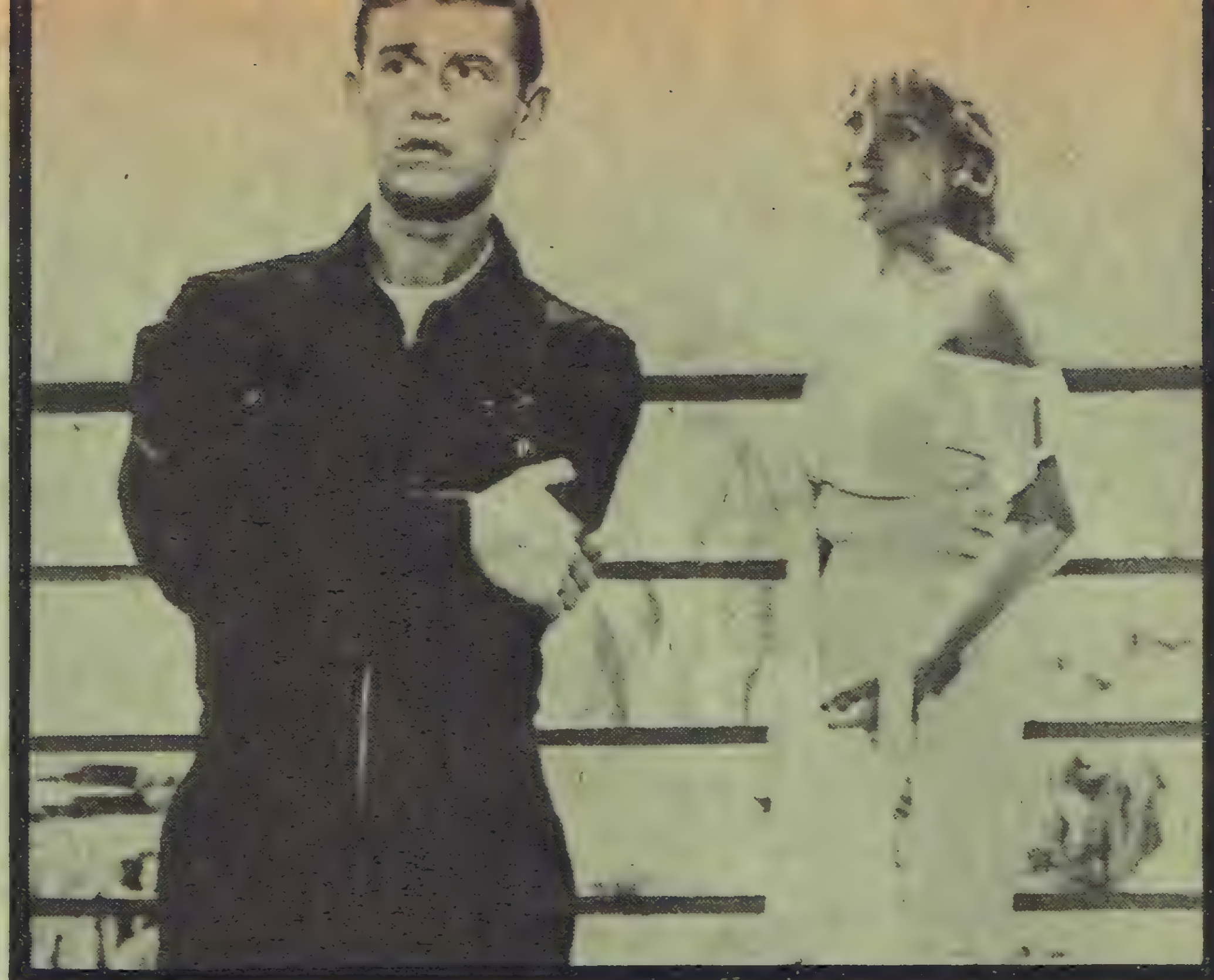
THE FUGITIVE

Writer: Charles Beaumont. Director: Richard L. Bare. Cast: J. Pat O'Malley, Susan Gordon, Nancy Kulp, Wesley Lau, Paul Tripp, Stephen Talbot, Johnny Eiman, Russ Bender.

A magical old gentleman uses his powers to help a sick little girl, thus risking being returned to his home planet.



The Last Rites Of Jeff Myrtlebank.



Roddy McDowall and Susan Oliver in *People Are Alike All Over*.

LITTLE GIRL LOST

Writer: Richard Matheson. Director: Paul Stewart. Cast: Sarah Marshall, Robert Sampson, Charles Aidman, Tracy Stratford.

A couple can hear their daughter's desperate cries, yet she's nowhere to be found—she's lost in the fourth dimension.

PERSON OR PERSONS UNKNOWN

Writer: Charles Beaumont. Director: John Brahm. Cast: Richard Long, Frank Silvera, Shirley Ballard, Julie Van Zandt, Betty Harford, Ed Glover, Michael Kelp, Joe Higgins, John Newton.

A man's day gets off to a bizarre start when he awakens to discover that no one knows who he is.

THE GIFT

Writer: Rod Serling. Director: Allan Parker. Cast: Geoffrey Horne, Nico Minardos, Cliff Osmond, Edmund Vargas, Carmen D'Antonio, Paul Mazursky, Vladimir Sokoloff, Vito Scotti, Henry Corden.

A group of Mexican villagers are convinced that a downed flyer is, in fact, an extraterrestrial.

THE LITTLE PEOPLE

Writer: Rod Serling. Director: Bill Claxton. Cast: Joe Maross, Claude Akins, Michael Ford.

Everything is relative, as a space traveler soon learns when he proceeds to lord his size over the tiny folk who inhabit a planetoid.

FOUR O'CLOCK

Writer: Rod Serling. Director: Elliot Silverstein. Cast: Joseph Schildkraut, Noah Keen, Alma Platt, Ted Marcuse, Edson Stroll, Terrene De Marney, Billy Vincent, Mary McMahon, David Armstrong.

Youth isn't all it's cracked up to be, as an old man learns when a mind and personality transplant gives him a lonely new life in a young new body.

HOCUS POCUS AND FRISBY

Writer: Rod Serling. Director: Lamont Johnson. Cast: Andy Devine, Milton Selzer, Howard McNear, Dabbs Greer, Clem Bevans, Larry Breitman, Peter Brocco.

The town windbag so impresses a visiting group of aliens with his fish stories that they take him to their planet for study as a prime Earth specimen. Based on a short story by Frederic Louis Fox.

THE DUMMY

Writer: Rod Serling. Director: Abner Bibberman. Cast: Cliff Robertson, Frank Sutton, George Murdock, John Harmon, Sandra Warner, Ralph Manza, Rudy Dolan, Bethelynn Grey.

A cut-rate ventriloquist starts believing that his dummy actually has a mind—and a will—of its own. Based on a story by Leon Polk.

THE CHANGING OF THE GUARD

Writer: Rod Serling. Director: Robert Ellis Miller. Cast: Donald Pleasance, Liam Sullivan, Phillippa Bevans, Kevin O'Neal, Jimmy Baird, Kevin Jones, Tom Lowell, Russ Horton, Buddy Hart, Darryl Richard, James Browning, Pat Close, Dennis Kerlee, Bob Biheller.

A popular teacher faces the prospect of a life without purpose when he is asked to retire from his post.

YOUNG MAN'S FANCY

Writer: Richard Matheson. Director: John Brahm. Cast: Phyllis Thaxter, Alex Nicol, Wallace Rooney, Ricky Kelman, Helen Brown.

A young man yearns so desperately for the days of his youth that the past does, in fact, reappear.

I SING THE BODY ELECTRIC

Writer: Ray Bradbury. Director: James Sheldon. Cast: Josephine Hutchinson, David White, June Vincent, Vaughn Taylor, Charles Herbert, Dana Dillaway, Veronica Cartwright, Paul Nesbitt, Susan Crane, Judy Morton.

A girl comes to understand that a grandmother can be a tender, thoughtful, caring, loving woman. Even if she is a robot.

CAVENDER IS COMING

Writer: Rod Serling. Director: Chris Nyby. Cast: Carol Burnett, Jesse White, Howard Smith, William O'Connell, Pitt Herbert, John Fiedler, Stanley Jones, Frank Behrens, Albert Carrier, Roy Sickner, Norma Shattuc, Rory O'Brien, Sandra Gould, Adrienne Marden, Jack Younger, Danny Kulick, Donna Douglas, Maurice Dallimore, Barbara Morrison.

In this pilot for a never-launched series, a klutzy guardian angel's attempts to make a bumbling woman happy don't work out quite as expected.

Fourth Season: Jan.-May 1963 (one hour)

IN HIS IMAGE

Writer: Charles Beaumont. Director: Perry Lafferty. Cast: George Grizzard, Gail Kobe, Katherine Squire, Wallace Rooney, Sherry Granato, James Seay, Joseph Sargent, Jamie Forster.

The first hour installment of *Twilight Zone* concerns a disturbed young man who murders a woman for no apparent reason. In the end, we learn he is a malfunctioning android.

THE THIRTY-FATHOM GRAVE

Writer: Rod Serling. Director: Perry Lafferty. Cast: Mike Kellin, Simon Oakland, David Sheiner, John Considine, Bill Bixby, Tony Call, Derrick Lewis, Conlan Carter, Charles Kuenstle.

The crew of a Navy destroyer hear strange tapping noises coming from a submarine that sank 20 years before.

THE MUTE

Writer: Richard Matheson. Director: Stuart Rosenberg. Cast: Frank Overton, Barbara Baxley, Ann Jiliann, Irene Dailey, Hal Riddle, Percy Helton, Oscar Beregi, Eva Soreny.

A little girl raised on telepathic communication must adjust to the spoken word after her parents are killed in a fire.



Jack Weston encourages *The Bard*.



Cliff Robertson and *The Dummy*.

JESS-BELLE

Writer: Earl Hamner. Director: Buzz Kulik. Cast: Anne Francis, James Best, Laura Devon, Jeanette Nolan, Virginia Gregg, George Mitchell, Helen Kleeb, Jim Boles, Jon Lormer.

Thrilleresque occult yarn about a woman (Francis) who sells her soul to the Devil to recapture the love of a former suitor (Best). Rural witchery from the creator of *The Waltons*.

DEATH SHIP

Writer: Richard Matheson. Director: Dan Medford. Cast: Jack Klugman, Ross Martin, Fredrick Beir, Sara Taft, Ross Elliot, Mary Webster.

Sets, props, costumes and stock footage from *Forbidden Planet* enhance this tale about three marooned space travelers haunted by bizarre premonitions.

VALLEY OF THE SHADOW

Writer: Charles Beaumont. Director: Perry Lafferty. Cast: Ed Nelson, Natalie Trundy, David Opatoshu, James Doohan, Suzanne Capito, Dabbs Greer.

A reporter (Nelson) wanders into a backwoods town and discovers an incredible secret that might cause the end of the world.

HE'S ALIVE

Writer: Rod Serling. Director: Stuart Rosenberg. Cast: Dennis Hopper, Ludwig Donath, Curt Conway, Howard Caine, Barnaby Hale, Paul Mazursky, Bernard Pein, Jay Adler.

The "he" of the title refers to Adolf Hitler. A young reactionary (Hopper) is guided by a shadowy figure on methods to control and mesmerize the populace.

MINIATURE

Writer: Charles Beaumont. Director: Ralph Senensky. Cast: Robert Duvall, Pert Kelton, Barbara Barrie, Len Weinrib, William Windom, Claire Griswold, Nina Roman, John McLiam.

An unhinged man (Duvall) escapes into a fantasy world by visiting a museum's miniature replica of life in the 1890s.

PRINTER'S DEVIL

Writer: Charles Beaumont. Director: Ralph Senensky. Cast: Burgess Meredith, Robert Sterling, Patricia Crowley, Charles Thompson, Ray Teal, Ryan Hayes, Doris Kemper.

A dying newspaper is rescued from oblivion by a mysterious fellow (Meredith) whose printing machine predicts tomorrow's news.

NO TIME LIKE THE PAST

Writer: Rod Serling. Director: Justus Addiss. Cast: Dana Andrews, Patricia Breslin, Robert F. Simon, Violet Rensing, James Yagi, Tudor Owen, Lindsay Workman, Reta Shaw.

A moody scientist (Andrews) travels into the past to prevent the major catastrophes of history.

THE PARALLEL

Writer: Rod Serling. Director: Alan Crosland. Cast: Steve Forrest, Jacqueline Scott, Frank Aletter, Shari Lee Bernath, Phillip Abbott, Pete Madsen, Robert Johnson, Morgan Hones.

Following a routine seven-day space flight, an astronaut is catapulted into a strange parallel universe.

I DREAM OF GENIE

Writer: John Furia. Director: Robert Gist. Cast: Howard Morris, Patricia Barry, Loring Smith, Mark Miller, Robert Ball, Jack Albertson, Joyce Jameson, Bon Hastings.

A genie pops out of an old brass lamp and offers one magic wish to his unwitting liberator.

THE NEW EXHIBIT

Writer: Charles Beaumont. Director: John Brahm. Cast: Martin Balsam, Will Kuluva, Maggie Mahoney, William Mims, Billy Beck, Robert L. McCord, Bob Mitchell.

Another episode reminiscent of TV's *Thriller*. Much to the bewilderment of a museum custodian (Balsam), wax figures of five notorious murderers come to life and begin a series of killings.

OF LATE I THINK OF CLIFFORDVILLE

Writer: Rod Serling. Director: David Rich. Cast: Albert Salmi, Julie Newmar, John Anderson, Mary Jackson, Wright King, Jamie Forster, Guy Raymond.

A heartless, rich man (Salmi) is seduced by a female demon (Newmar).

THE INCREDIBLE WORLD OF HORACE FORD

Writer: Reginald Rose. Director: Abner Biberman. Cast: Pat Hingle, Nan Martin, Phillip Pine, Ruth White, Vaughn Taylor, Mary Carver, George Spicer, Bella Bruck.

Toy manufacturer (Hingle) literally becomes a child again when he visits his old neighborhood.

ON THURSDAY WE LEAVE FOR HOME

Writer: Rod Serling. Director: Buzz Kulik. Cast: James Whitmore, Tim O'Conner, James Broderick, Russ Bender, Paul Langton, Jo Helton, Mercedes Shirley, John Ward, Daniel Kulik.

Space settlers on a barren world finally get the chance to return to Earth, but the group's leader (Whitmore) protests. Episode plusses: strong performances and *Forbidden Planet* hardware.

PASSAGE ON THE LADY ANN

Writer: Charles Beaumont. Director: Lamont Johnson. Cast: Joyce Van Patten, Lee Phillips, Wilfred Hyde-White, Gladys Cooper, Cecil Kellaway, Alan Napier.

Disillusioned young couple (Patten, Phillips) book passage on the final voyage of an ancient cruise ship inhabited by elderly folks.

THE BARD

Writer: Rod Serling. Director: David Butler. Cast: Jack Weston, Henry Lascoe, John Williams, Marge Redmond, Doro Merande, Clegg Hoyt, Judy Strangis, Claude Stroud.

On-target satire. Hack writer Julius Moomer (Weston) conjures up William Shakespeare (Williams) to help him write a television script, but network and sponsor representatives suggest a few changes.

**Fifth and Final Season:
1963-64**

IN PRAISE OF PIP

Writer: Rod Serling. Director: Joseph M. Newman. Cast: Jack Klugman, Connie Gilchrist, Billy Mumy, Bob Diamond, John Launer, Ross Elliot, Gerald Gordon, Stuart Nesbet.

Jack Klugman is outstanding as a soul-searching bookie who tries to make up for the way he raised his son when he learns that the boy has been seriously wounded in Vietnam. Both Billy Mumy and Bob Diamond play the kid.



Jackie Cooper in *Caesar And Me*.



Richard Deacon and Robby the Robot in *The Brain Center At Whipples*.

STEEL

Writer: Richard Matheson. Director: Don Weiss. Cast: Lee Marvin, Joe Mantell, Merritt Bohn, Frank London, Tipp McClure.

In the early 1970s boxing was ruled too violent a sport for human beings, so sophisticated androids took their place in the ring. A small-time promoter (Lee Marvin) is forced to enter the bout when his robot-protege gets damaged.

NIGHTMARE AT 20,000 FEET

Writer: Richard Matheson. Director: Dick Donner. Cast: William Shatner, Christine White, Edward Kemmer, Asa Maynor, Nick Cravat.

This compiler's candidate for the most frightening *Twilight Zone* episode of all. A newly-recovered mental patient (Shatner) on an airplane flying home peers out the window and sees a bestial creature on the wing, tampering with one of the engines. Naturally, nobody believes his story. Tale is enhanced by the marvelous William Tuttle monster make-up, especially in one shocking close-up.

A KIND OF STOP WATCH

Writer: Rod Serling. Director: John Rich. Cast: Richard Erdman, Herbie Faye, Leon Belasco, Doris Singleton, Roy Roberts.

A talkative and rather unpopular fellow (Erdman) stumbles upon a watch that can stop all action in the world.

THE LAST NIGHT OF A JOCKEY

Writer: Rod Serling. Director: Joseph Newman. Cast: Mickey Rooney.

Rooney is the sole star of this predictable yarn about a jockey who thinks that being tall will solve all of his personal problems.

LIVING DOLL

Writer: Charles Beaumont. Director: Richard Sarafian. Cast: Telly Savalas, Tracy Stratford, Mary LaRoche.

A child's new doll has a most unusual vocabulary. It says things like "Momma," "Papa" and "I'm going to kill you!"

THE OLD MAN IN THE CAVE

Writer: Rod Serling. Director: Alan Crosland Jr. Cast: James Coburn, John Anderson, Josie Lloyd, John Craven, Natalie Masters, John Marley, Frank Watkins.

A small group of people are saved from a nuclear holocaust by the mysterious "Old Man In The Cave"—who turns out to be a computer. Based on a short story by Henry Slesar.

UNCLE SIMON

Writer: Rod Serling. Director: Don Siegel. Cast: Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Constance Ford, Ian Wolfe, John McLiam.

Robby the Robot is featured in this episode. The spirit of an old inventor avenges himself on his greedy niece when he dies at her hands.

NIGHT CALL

Writer: Richard Matheson. Director: Jacques Tourneau. Cast: Gladys Cooper, Nora Marlowe, Martine Barlett.

The ladies are smashing in this tale about a lonely spinster (Cooper) who suddenly starts receiving mysterious phone calls from a long-dead lover.

PROBE 7—OVER AND OUT

Writer: Rod Serling. Director: Ted Post. Cast: Richard Basehart, Antoinette Bower, Frank Cooper, Barton Heyman.

The lone survivors (Basehart, Bower) of two annihilated planets must begin new lives together on a world known as . . . Earth.

THE 7th IS MADE UP OF PHANTOMS

Writer: Rod Serling. Director: Alan Crosland Jr. Cast: Ron Foster, Warren Oates, Randy Boone, Robert Bray, Wayne Mallory, Greg Morris, Jeffrey Morris, Lew Brown.

Modern-day soldiers on the site of Custer's Last Stand encounter the warring spirits of the 7th Cavalry and the Sioux nation.

NINETY YEARS WITHOUT SLUMBERING

Writer: George C. Johnson. Director: Roger Kay. Cast: Ed Wynn, Carolyn Kearney, James Callahan, Carol Byron, John Pickard, Dick Wilson, William Sargent.

An old codger (Wynn) is convinced that his life will end the moment his grandfather's clock breaks down.

RING-A-DING GIRL

Writer: Earl Hamner, Jr. Director: Alan Crosland Jr. Cast: Maggie McNamara, Mary Munday, David Macklin, George Mitchell, Bing Russell, Betty Lou Gerson, Hank Patterson, Bill Hickman, Vic Perrin.

Movie star Bunny Blake (McNamara) saves her home town from tragedy by heeding a weird ring of hers that predicts the future.

YOU DRIVE

Writer: Earl Hamner, Jr. Director: John Brahm. Cast: Edward Andrews, Hellena Westcott, Kevin Hagen, Totty Ames, John Hanek.

A hit-and-run driver (Andrews) is harassed by his own automobile.

NUMBER 12 LOOKS JUST LIKE YOU

Writer: Charles Beaumont. Director: Abner Biberman. Cast: Suzy Parker, Richard Long, Pamela Austin, Collin Wilcox.

The actors play multiple roles in this futuristic drama about the loss of individuality. A young woman (Wilcox) rejects treatments that will make her physically flawless like the rest of the people in the drab society she lives in.



Probe 7-Over And Out starred Richard Basehart and Antoinette Bower.



Lee Marvin's robot boxer in *Steel*.



A tortured William Shatner in *Nightmare At 20,000 Feet*.

THE LONG MORROW

Writer: Rod Serling. Director: Robert Fleury. Cast: Robert Lansing, Mariette Hartley, George MacReady, Edward Binns.

A scientist hopes that by refusing to use a suspended animation apparatus on a thirty-year space probe he will remain in the same age ratio as the woman he loves.

THE SELF-IMPROVEMENT OF SALVATORE ROSS

Writers: Henry Selsar and Jerry McNelley. Director: Don Siegel. Cast: Don Gordon, Gail Kobe, Vaughn Taylor, Douglass Dumbrille, Doug Lambert, J. Pat O'Malley.

A man (Gordon) tries to parlay his strange ability to trade traits with other people into a perfect life.

BLACK LEATHER JACKETS

Writer: Earl Hamner, Jr. Director: Joseph Newman. Cast: Lee Kinsolving, Shelly Fabares, Michael Forest, Tom Gilleran, Denver Pyle, Irene Harvey, Michael Conrad.

The three motorcycle bums who ride into a sleepy community are actually invaders from space who intend to contaminate the Earth's water supply.

FROM AGNES—WITH LOVE

Writer: Barney Scofield. Director: Dick Donner. Cast: Wally Cox, Ralph Taeger, Sue Randall, Raymond Biley, Don Keefer.

Serio-comedy, as an advanced computer falls in love with its technician (Cox).

SPUR OF THE MOMENT

Writer: Richard Matheson. Director: Elliot Silverstein. Cast: Diana Hyland, Marsha Hunt, Roger Davis, Robert Hogan, Phillip Ober.

Odd melodrama about a woman (Hyland) who confronts the frightening vision of her future self.

STOPOVER IN A QUIET TOWN

Writer: Earl Hamner, Jr. Director: Ron Winston. Cast: Barry Nelson, Nancy Malone, Denise Lynn, Karen Norris.

A married couple (Nelson, Malone) wake up one morning in a strange town where everything is artificial, and the air is filled with a child's laughter.

QUEEN OF THE NILE

Writer: Charles Beaumont. Director: John Brahm. Cast: Ann Blyth, Lee Phillips, Celia Lovsky, Ruth Phillips, Frank Ferguson.

An inquisitive reporter (Phillips) tries to find the key to the apparent immortality of a glamorous movie star (Blyth), who is currently playing the "Queen of the Nile." Prepare yourself for an unusually gruesome finale!

WHAT'S IN THE BOX

Writer: Martin Goldsmith. Director: Dick Baer. Cast: William Demarest, Sterling Holloway, Herbert Lytton, Howard Wright.

Cab driver (Demarest) sees himself killing his wife on the television set. Later remade as the premier episode of William Castle's *Ghost Story*.

THE MASKS

Writer: Rod Serling. Director: Abner Biberman. Cast: Robert Keith, Milton Selzer, Virginia Gregg, Brooke Hayward, Alan Sues.

Another grisly horror tale that benefits from William Tuttle's make-up. A dying millionaire tricks his evil, greedy family into wearing grotesque masks that match their inner selves. Alan Sues, a few years before his *Laugh-In* success, has a minor role as the man's sadistic nephew.

I AM THE NIGHT—COLOR ME BLACK

Writer: Rod Serling. Director: Abner Biberman. Cast: Michael Constantine, Paul Fix, George Lindsey, Terry Becker, Ivan Dixon.

Symbolic, talky message piece. On the day an idealistic young man is about to be executed for the willful murder of a bigot, the sun fails to shine on a small western town.

CAESAR AND ME

Writer: A.T. Strassfield. Director: Robert Butler. Cast: Jackie Cooper, Suzanne Cupito, Stafford Repp, Sarah Selby, Don Gazzaniga, Sidney Marion, Ken Konopka.

Continuing a gimmick started in "Dead of Night", a ventriloquist's dummy comes to life and offers his master some pretty unusual advice. This was one of the first television scripts to be written by a woman.

THE JEOPARDY ROOM

Writer: Rod Serling. Director: Dick Donner. Cast: Martin Landau, John VanDreeen, Robert Kelljan.

A defector is captured by a hired assassin and given three hours to earn his freedom.

MR. GARRITY AND THE GRAVES

Writer: Rod Serling. Director: Ted Post. Cast: John Dehner, Stanley Adams, J. Pat O'Malley, Norman Leavitt.

A traveling salesman (Dehner) tells the backward members of a small community that he can raise the dead. Later remade (sort of) as an episode of *Rod Serling's Night Gallery* called "Dr. Stringfellow's Rejuvenator".

THE BRAIN CENTER AT WHIPPLE'S

Writer: Rod Serling. Director: Dick Donner. Cast: Richard Deacon, Paul Newlan, Ted DeCorsia, Burt Conroy.

Robby the Robot makes another *Twilight Zone* appearance in this story about a callous executive (Deacon) who hopes to improve his corporation by replacing all the employees with computers.



On *Night Gallery*, Rod Serling served as an uneasy host.

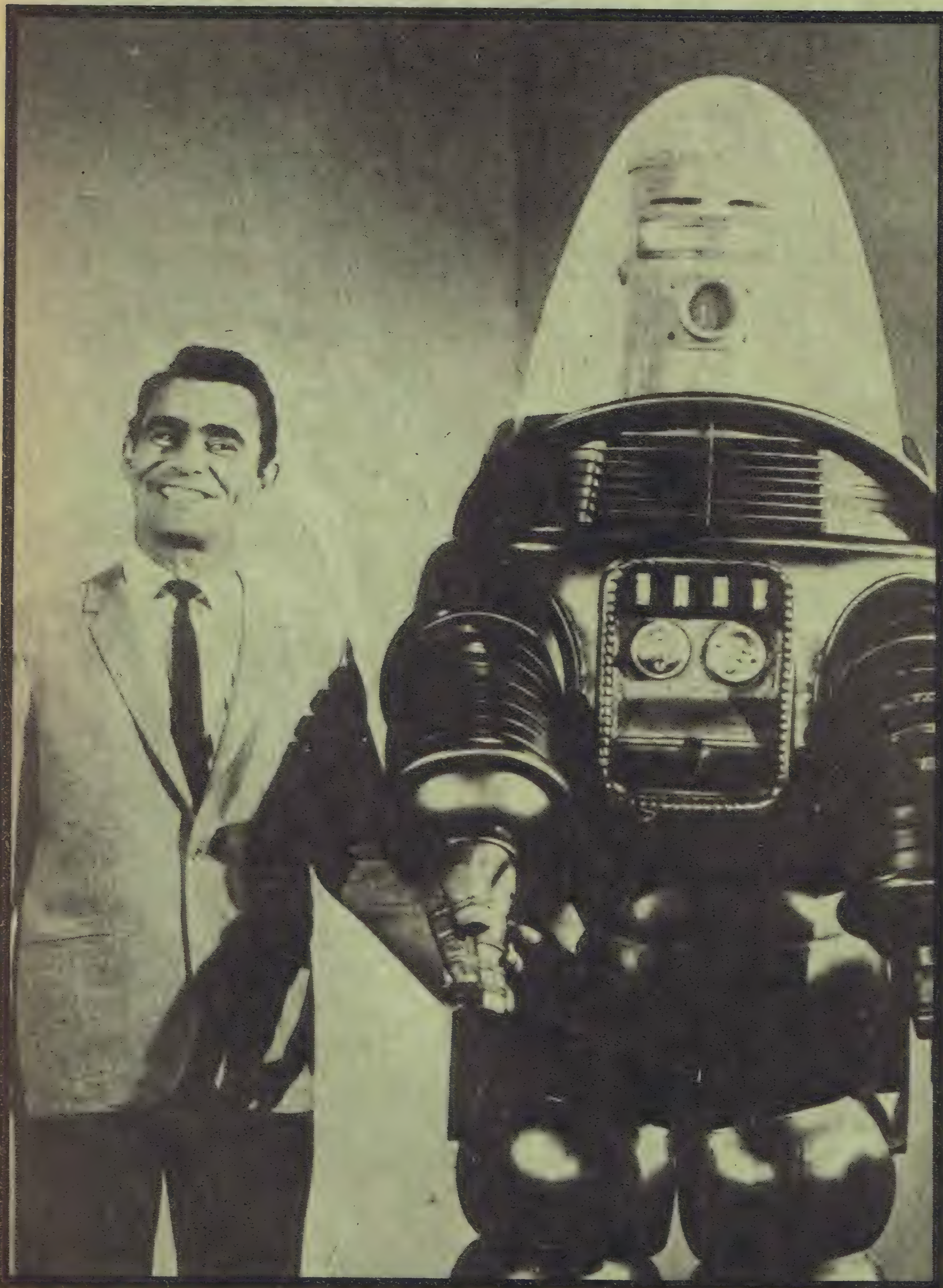


Pam Austin and Richard Long in *Number 12 Looks Just Like You*.



The Last Flight.

Rod Serling and friend between takes.



COME WANDER WITH ME

Writer: Tony Wilson. Director: Dick Donner. Cast: Gary Crosby, Bonnie Beacher, Hank Patterson, John Bolt.

Haunting tale about the doom awaiting a fraudulent folk singer who persuades a backwoods girl to sing him an authentic folk ballad.

THE FEAR

Writer: Rod Serling. Director: Ted Post. Cast: Hazel Court, Mark Richman.

Everything is relative in this story about an unhinged woman and a state trooper who sights a giant alien in a California park.

THE BEWITCHIN' POOL

Writer: Earl Hamner, Jr. Director: Joseph Newman. Cast: Mary Badham, Tim Stafford, Kim Hector, Tod Andrews, Dee Hartford.

The last show of the series is about two neglected children who escape their constantly bickering parents by diving into their swimming pool and emerging in a mysterious, but loving, world.

The following episodes were originally broadcast on the network but have been pulled out of syndication. Unfortunately, no cast or credits are available.

SOUNDS AND SILENCE

A SHORT DRINK FROM A CERTAIN FOUNTAIN

THE ENCOUNTER

OCCURRENCE AT OWL CREEK BRIDGE

(This was an award-winning French short subject picked up by Serling for one network play on *The Twilight Zone*. Based on a classic tale by Ambrose Bierce, it is set during the Civil War and concerns a man about to be hanged. Suddenly the rope mysteriously breaks and the protagonist is free. After making his way through unfamiliar yet strangely pleasant territory, the man is about to embrace his loved ones when a sudden shock occurs: his neck is broken by the hangman's noose. The entire escape-fantasy occurred for just a few fleeting moments in the man's mind.) ★

"There is a sixth dimension beyond that which is known to man. It is a dimension as vast as space and as timeless as infinity. It is the middle ground between light and shadow, between science and superstition, between the pit of man's fears and the sunlight of his knowledge. It is the dimension of the imagination. It is an area that we call . . . the Twilight Zone."

Rod Serling



Photo: © Universal



By RICHARD MEYERS

Academy Award winning special-effects wizard John Dykstra is at it again, doing what he loves best; only this time it's for network television. Officially titled *Battle Star "Galactica"*, Dykstra's latest space opera is now scheduled to be shown on ABC this fall. The original plan called for a spring airing, but the production kept getting bigger, more technically complex and astronomically expensive.

"It's the most ambitious television show I've ever worked on and I've been at it for over 20 years," says head of *Galactica* publicity Joe Santley. "From the standpoint of putting all the elements together, you can say it's seven hours long at over one million dollars an hour."

Dykstra, along with his Industrial Light & Magic crew, is handling the show's special effects and also wearing the hat of line producer. Glen Larson (who produced *The Outer Limits* along with Joseph Stefano) and Leslie Stevens (producer of the short-lived *Invisible Man* TV series) are *Galactica*'s executive producers. The seven-hour extravaganza will be presented as three network movies—the first running three hours and the other two lasting two hours apiece. Each show will be a unique, completely self-contained story penned and directed by Larson—whose most recent credit is as creator of the *Hardy Boys/Nancy Drew* series. And this fact

Above: Director of Special Effects John Dykstra (left) confers with cameraman Richard Edlund before they film the *Battle Star "Galactica"* (mored on.pole).

Left: Dirk Benedict plays the happy-go-lucky flying ace to Richard Hatch's intrepid fighter commander aboard the *Galactica*.

Photo: © 1978 ABC TV



It's being called the biggest network gamble of the decade. . . . It has also been variously referred to as *Star Worlds*, *Earth Star* and *Galactica*. What "it" is, is the grandest, most technically ambitious and most expensive space fantasy ever created for TV.

Get Ready For . . .

BATTLE STAR "GALACTICA"

has brought doubt to many as to his potential proficiency at handling a sprawling space war. But Joe Santley comes quickly to Larson's defense.

"He's never tackled science fantasy before," Santley reveals, "but he's approaching it in the classic style of the Western, which is what it is—a shoot-out in space. See, the basic story theme is that there's a Federation of aliens who are determined to eradicate all humans so they zap the twelve colonies of Man in this one galaxy simultaneously. The only survivors are the ones who reach the space cruiser *Galactica*. So we have this rag-tag fleet looking for the long-lost thirteenth colony—which is Earth. Of course they are constantly pursued by this Federation which has robot warriors called Cylons—who are a bunch of ex-basketball players, really, who stand about seven feet tall in their outfits."

"So we'll be doing stories that are familiar to people, just in a whole different context; like we've got the Pearl Harbor attack for openers, then take off like *Wagon Train* and from there on it's Cowboys and Indians with them constantly being pursued. There's lots of analogies to current events and our own society as well."

However, the producers are not solely relying on the possible social relevance of the stories to hold audience interest. *Galactica* is loaded with sophisticated SFX—several of which have never been used for TV before—including forty-five different kinds of spacecraft and a cybernetic dog called "Muffit the dagget." And all, of course, are the handiwork and pride of John Dykstra.

"It's sheer joy making things that don't exist," Dykstra says of his new production. "I can conceptualize without any consideration for many practical aspects. In essence, I'm free to construct my own separate reality."

Dykstra is so excited by the prospect of creating his own worlds that he dived into this project even as *Star Wars* was just starting to re-write box office records—and six months before any actors for *Galactica* had been signed. Dykstra has produced over three hundred separate FX sequences for the new

TV spectacular, which is 15% more FX than in *Star Wars* itself.

The most dramatic achievement, and the centerpiece of the show, is the battle cruiser *Galactica*: a six-foot long, sixty-pound model that was meticulously pieced together from a wide array of plastic model kits. After having cannibalized hundreds of the mini-scaled battleships, land vehicles and planes, the crew had the feeling that, if it hadn't been for World War II, *Galactica* would not have been possible. The huge craft, which is supposed to be two thousand feet long, has hundreds of pinpoint portholes stretching down along its length. These are lit with tiny optical fibers, while four small quartz lamps are used to produce the effect of the rear engines firing.

One of the more dramatic space effects will be a close fly-by of the 3 rings of Saturn, all spinning at different speeds. And for comic relief there are insect creatures called Ovions who have four arms, and a whole host of different aliens. But the real razzle-dazzle comes with the on-screen destruction of an entire city, and the space battles—some involving up to fifty warring ships. The action didn't stop at the exit door of Industrial Light & Magic however; ABC Studios has gotten in on the fun as well.

"There's this permanent set," Santley says with undisguised relish, "which is like 'the bridge' where Lorne Green, who plays the Commander, will work most of the time. That set alone has over \$500,000 worth of computerized electronic equipment in it—all of which was placed in there by Tektronix of Portland, Oregon. It has twelve or more different TV monitors on a massive revolving lectern/podium. Down below that are two levels of computer equipment that monitor this Federation attack at the opening. There are twelve different planets and they can see all of them at the same time. It's all run by a central computer and cued into the actors' lines. Boldest stroke I've ever seen!"

As with *Star Wars*, *Galactica*'s principals will have their share of life-and-death situations along with the lighter moments. One of the biggest

dangers, however, has nothing to do with plot but with the show's potential appeal. Will a *Star Wars*, *Close Encounters*, *Starship Invasions* et. al. glutted audience turn on their TVs for more of the same? Dykstra, Larson and Stevens are doing their utmost to insure a vast viewership.

"The decision was made by the network not to attempt to get it on for what they call the Nielsen sweep in May, which was the original thought," Santley explains. "They want to put their best foot forward, essentially, and it's going to take a lot of post production to make it smooth. It's going to go on in the fall, so we now have the time to make it right. There are as many as five different films blended together in some instances and all the colors have to be balanced and everything. It's going to take awhile. . . ."

Dykstra acknowledges that television certainly presents limitations visually. Everything has to be exaggerated and the fill ratio of the screen has to be higher. But we do have vastly improved lenses and optics, so we are more accurate nowadays."

This accuracy, Dykstra admitted, does not extend to every facet of the action. For drama's sake he will once again shuttle some scientific reality and alter some physics laws to allow for the spaceships to have exhaust trails and the sounds of warfare in space. When queried on these misleading aspects, Dykstra simply replies, "There's no room for subtlety on a TV screen."

Joe Santley sums it up with a sigh, saying "It's been quite an experience. Everything the actors did was boosted optically and, of course, the special effects people were very enthusiastic. Not only did they do the models, but designed a lot of the wardrobe and the robot outfits as well. I saw a demo on the film yesterday and it's really quite impressive."

And so, the *Battle Star "Galactica"* gets ready to roll with John Dykstra's promise that its like will never have been seen before on TV. And in the fall, those nervous network officials will find out if America is indeed ready for yet another outrageous space fantasy. ★

SPACE REPORT

Edited by David Hirsch



Space: 1999 is alive and well and living in syndication. The show continues to increase its fan following as more people discover the show for the first time. STARLOG has been receiving a steady flow of mail from readers who want more information about *Space* as well as the other works of its highly imaginative producer/creator, Gerry Anderson. In response, STARLOG is proud to present the premiere of "Gerry Anderson's Space Report," Gerry will be answering your questions about *Space: 1999* and other Anderson productions. Many of the illustrations accompanying this column have never been printed before in the U.S. In this issue, Gerry addresses himself to some of the most commonly asked questions.

★ ★ ★

... I would like to know who has the rights for the super *Space: 1999* show, and please, what can we, the fans, do to save it? I want to help in any way possible!

Freda Gargis
Leighton, Alabama

Thank you for your complimentary reference to *Space: 1999*, Freda. The rights are held by ITC Entertainment, who have offices in New York. What can you the fans do to save it? Well, sadly I think it is probably too late. The sets have now all been destroyed and the key elements to this particular show, i.e. the artists and technicians, are scattered across the globe. Maybe the answer is a new science-fiction series, possibly shot in the States. It has always been my ambition to make a science-fiction show in your country.

... Could you please answer a question I have? Who played Malic on the *Space: 1999* episode "The Dorcons"? My friend says it might have been Ralph Bates but, when the show was broadcast here, the TV station didn't show the credits.

Becky Pagel
708 South 6th Street
Milbank, South Dakota 57252

The part of Malic was played by Gerry Sundquist, Becky, so I'm afraid

that your friend was wrong. How unfair that your TV station should not show the credits. How would they like it if they were to have their station identification cut off?

Editor's Note:

As a point of interest, the part of the Archon was played by Patrick Troughton, the second actor to play the title character of the BBC's long running *Dr. Who* television series. D.H.

... Can you explain why Main Mission was changed to Command Center when *Space: 1999* began its second year?

Richard Bendell
345 Main Street
Woodstock, Ontario, Canada

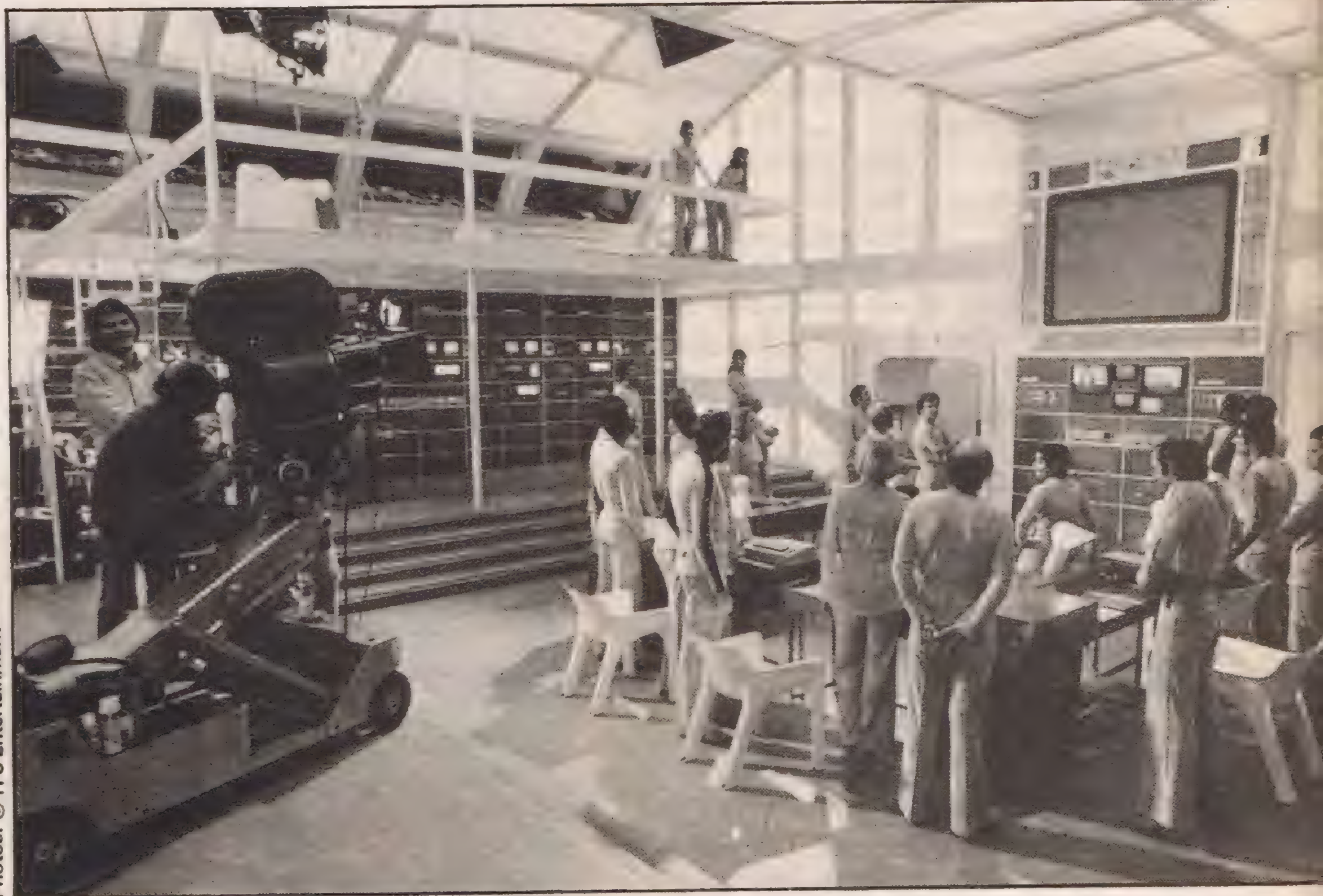
As most readers know, Richard, I was joined in the second season of *Space: 1999* by American producer Fred Freiberger, and together we made a sincere effort to re-shape the show, taking into account the constructive feedback that we had received. One of the decisions was to move the Nerve Center underground, now that the Alphans had

realized that they were very often in hostile territory, and in so doing, the new Nerve Center was called Command Center. Whether the changes in the second season were considered by the fans to be an improvement or otherwise, I would like to make it quite clear that Fred and I had an excellent relationship and all changes were made after we had consulted carefully, therefore any praise or criticism must be levelled at us both.

... I'd like to know why Barry Morse (Victor Bergman), Prentis Hancock (Paul Morrow), and Clifton Jones (David Kano) did not return for *Space: 1999*'s second year?

David Anonishek
802 Somerset Ave.
Winber, PA 15963

The first season of *Space: 1999* already had a large number of permanent characters. When it was decided to introduce the alien character Maya and the likeable Tony Verdeschi, we felt that it would be extremely difficult to create stories that would involve so many personalities. We are famous rose



Photos: © ITC Entertainment

The camera crew at the left zooms in on Main Mission's Big Screen in this behind-the-scenes shot from *Space: 1999* premiere episode, "Breakaway." A film of a simulated TV newscast will be rear-projected onto the screen.

growers in our country, David, and the experts say that if you prune the bush hard you get fewer roses but bigger blooms . . . we pruned hard.

. . . How did that system work that kept the astronauts asleep during their three-week space flight in your film *Journey To The Far Side Of The Sun* (also known as *Doppelganger*)?

Don Hicks
371 Antrim Road
Xenia, Ohio 45385

Plumbing connections were made to the astronauts through surgically implanted plugs in their wrists enabling their blood to go through a heart, lung, and kidney machine, thus allowing their bodies to be constantly monitored and supplemented by nutrients and drugs that would maintain the Astronauts in a state of hibernation during their journey. A timing device arranged for other drugs to be introduced into the blood supply in order that they should regain consciousness upon arrival at their destination, Don.

. . . During the early 1960s, I recall a program which appeared in New York City called *Planet Patrol* which was done in Supermarionation. Could you tell me about it?

A. Rivera
2505 University Ave.
Bronx, NY 10468



Fireball XL-5, elite spacecraft of the World Space Patrol stands ready upon the Space City launch rail.

The only Supermarionation programs being transmitted around that time were Supercar and Fireball XL-5, the latter being aired by the NBC-TV network. If it is my show that you are referring to, I would suspect that you are talking about Fireball XL-5 and either you have got the title wrong or the title was changed for transmission in the U.S.A. Assuming that we've got the right show, it was produced here in England in 1961 and was the fifth series to be made with puppets. It was also the last of our shows to be shown in black and white.

As a point of interest, the show that followed, *Stingray*, was the first color TV film program to be shown in the United Kingdom. Perhaps the most significant thing about Fireball XL-5 was that it predicted a horizontal rocket launch system on rails, a prediction that, of course, has proved to be wrong.

Editor's Note:

Planet Patrol was not an alternate title for *Fireball XL-5*. It was a puppet series syndicated in 1963 that was produced by another company. *Planet Patrol* chronicled the adventures of Captain Larry Dart, Husky, the Martian, and Slim, the Venusian of the Galasphere Patrol as they battled to protect the solar system against alien invaders.

D.H.

Readers are invited to send their questions and topic ideas to Gerry in care of STARLOG. Although personal replies, requests for materials, etc., are impossible, letters of general interest will be selected for printing in future issues.

Gerry Anderson's Space Report
STARLOG Magazine
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George Lucas is flying the *Star Wars* success ship solo—with a lot of happy merchandisers on board.

The Selling of *Star Wars*

By RICHARD MEYERS

The stirring strains of the *Star Wars* suite waft from his clock radio and wake him to a new morning. Rising from between his *Star Wars* bedspread and sheets (The Bibb Company), he moves into the bathroom to wash his face. After drying himself with a *Star Wars* towel (also Bibb), he slips off his *Star Wars* jammies (Wilker Bros.) and puts on a *Star Wars* sweat shirt (The Image Factory) over a *Star Wars* t-shirt (Maryborough Mills Ltd.)—naturally knotting his pants with a *Star Wars* belt (Leathershop, Inc.).

His *Star Wars* digital watch (Texas Instruments) shows him that he's late, so while sucking some milk out of his *Star Wars* ceramic mug (Mind Circus, Inc.), he packs his *Star Wars* lunch pail (King Seely Thermos). With his *Star Wars* pens, pencils, stationery, and notebook (Mead Products) and his *Star Wars* magazine (New York Times Syndication) safely tucked under his arm, he's ready to face the day.

The above narrative is neither a Steven Spielberg nightmare nor a normal George Lucas morning. But it could very well be *your* regular routine in the near future—if you happen to be a fanatic *Star Wars* enthusiast. Not only was the movie a groundbreaking SF event, it signaled a new age in movie "tie-in" merchandising and promotion as well.

By the time the world discovered *Star Wars* in the summer of '77, its creator/director George Lucas was already hard at work preparing himself for its commercial aftermath. The phenomenal rise of the box office returns rivaled the speed of the "Millenium Falcon," and Lucas had no intention of being left behind. When the time came, Lucas was going to make sure he was the sole pilot for the *Star Wars* success ship—or nobody else would fly it.

By Autumn of 1977, the movie's gross was in the tens of millions and the promotional ship went into hyperdrive. Left in its wake were four new corporations: *Star Wars Corp.*, which was to make all the sequels; *Medway Productions*, Lucas' own movie studio; *Sprocket Systems*, a SFX workshop,

and *Black Falcon Ltd.*, the merchandise marketer. Some people, many undeniably jealous of Lucas' achievement have condemned what they term as his "personal greed," but the young millionaire shrugged off the criticism with "I'm simply trying to be a free man."

That freedom entails not only Lucas' all-encompassing control but his integrity as well. The avalanche of *Star Wars* spin-offs swamping America is not just an arbitrary or mercenary method of gaining wealth, but a carefully planned project that is as concerned with quality as with quantity. Even so, the sheer volume of manufacturers involved gives the impression that everyone in the galaxy has jumped on the by-product band-wagon. At last count, thirty licenses had been granted for everything from comic books to sleeping bags, all under the watchful eye of Lucas and Jeannette Wayne, the head of Merchandising and Promotion for *Star Wars* Corporation.

For those who bore easily, *Black Falcon* has insured diversity with a realm of like items made by different companies. Besides Texas Instruments, Bradley Time has a new line of mechanical watches. Both Ben Cooper and Norben Products make children's costumes, and no fewer than five manufacturers produce some sort of magazine or book.

The unusual has also been taken into consideration. Clarks of England is making leather and suede *Star Wars* shoes, Estes Industries have marketed model flying rockets and Roman Ceramics have worked up a delightful R2-D2 Cookie Jar. All this in addition to the posters, buttons, patches, souvenir programs, 8mm home movies, and bubblegum cards already selling like crazy.

As the phenomenon grows, so does the inventiveness of manufacturers eager to share in the profits. MPC of Fundimensions has not only come up with C-3PO, R2-D2, TIE Fighter, and X-Wing plastic model kits, but a "Race to the Death Star" road race set. As the electrically-controlled cars zip around the corners, the X-Wing car tries to side-swipe a Death Star counter attached to the track-side while the TIE tries to ram



From the top: The Kenner line of *Star Wars* toys includes a stuffed Chewbacca, more than four jigsaw puzzles and a Give-A-Show projector set. In the *Star Wars* universe, this is just the beginning!



its opponent from behind. If the counter reaches zero, the rebels win. But if the Federation car connects, the X-Wing *explodes*. As if that weren't enough, MPC researchers have produced a self-illuminating, snap-together Darth Vader head which *breathes*.

Everyone is not so quick, so industrious, or so blessed. Many companies weren't able to secure a license to manufacture *Star Wars* material, but that hasn't stopped them. Appearing in stores side by side with the light sabers, spacecraft, and robots are products that bear a remarkable resemblance to the film blockbuster in form and name. The "Space Warriors" inhabit several jigsaw puzzles and color-form sets. The "Space Wars" playset comes complete with a seven-piece space station, ten spacemen, ten aliens and two robots. Finally, the "Space Sword," a luminous plastic blade, is just one of the futuristic rapier weapons on sale at competitive prices.

Whether or not these toys are infringements on the Lucas copyright, they certainly bear witness to the attraction of *Star Wars* concepts. The SF circle of influence is large and getting larger. Given time, toy spacecraft might replace the old-fashioned fire engine and toy tractor. Cops and Robbers might become Spacemen and Aliens. Maybe even Cary Guffey will face the unknown in *Close Encounters Part II* from a room filled with—what else?—Wookies. ★

Everything a Star Wars fan could want and more! Besides the buttons, cups, and patches, there's 2 kinds of watches, two punching bags, and a radio controlled R2-D2. Above: The room of the future?



Gillian (Amy Irving) causes evil Childress (John Cassavetes) to go to pieces during *The Fury*'s spectacular ending sequence.

By LOUIS BROADHURST

Gillian (Amy Irving) is blessed with the gift of telekinesis—her mind can literally move mountains. Her raw power is so intense, however, that whenever she is emotionally distraught, her mental prowess causes those people nearest her to burst at their seams. Old wounds rupture. Bodily flaws explode; a sea of blood-letting in her victims greets the teenager's every mood change.

Amy is the hapless heroine of Brian (Obsession, Sisters) DePalma's newest SF-thriller, *The Fury*. DePalma, whose last release, *Carrie*, also offered a traumatic glimpse at the realm of brain-power, has structured a truly macabre excursion into the mind's domain, dealing with both the positive and negative aspects of the ultimate telekinetic "gift."

After telepathic Robin Sandza (Andrew Stevens) is kidnapped by government agent Childress (John Cassavetes), his distraught father (Kirk Douglas), decides to take on the entire government and rescue his son. Joining forces with Robin's telepathic twin Gillian, Peter discovers why the government is so interested in his offspring.

The boy, an embodiment of advanced parapsychological power, is nurtured by an unnamed intelligence agency to the point where he becomes a super weapon—a walking atomic bomb. At the end of their hunt, Peter and Gillian confront Robin. Much to their horror, they discover that Robin is no longer a fun-loving teen but a man-made monster capable of levitation, murder by thought and even destruction of civilization—if he so desires.

DePalma's phantasmagoric finale, sort of a cerebral *Gunfight At The OK Corral*, outdoes *Carrie* in terms of sheer excitement and awe-inspiring effects. DePalma acknowledges that there are similarities between both films, but not many. "Obviously there are some elements of *Carrie* in *The Fury*," he states. "But there are so many other things in it that I had never really done before. It interested me."

The young bearded director was in New York, along with the film's cast and producer, to publicize the movie. Almost everyone connected with *The Fury* is apparently now obsessed with the subject of ESP . . . and with good reason. *The Fury* is probably the mightiest mental odyssey ever filmed, which is just what producer Frank Yablans wanted. "I made a film I wanted

ESP . . . Telepathy . . . Telekinesis . . .

Those rare powers of the mind that both astound and confuse modern science: are they fact or fiction, reality or fantasy? Can a human being actually possess the power to use his or her mind as the ultimate personal weapon for the forces of good . . . or evil? Gillian Bellaver knows the answer, and she wishes she didn't.

Brian DePalma's "Mind Wars" . . .

THE FURY

to make," he explains. "A film which dealt partly with the area of parapsychology and partly about people who were swept into something they could not understand or control." Despite the tricky subject matter and rigorous effects (with people floating through the air, being telekinetically bludgeoned while suspended in space and bleeding on cue), Yablans insists that the movie was a wonderful experience for all concerned. "It was a special film," he says. "Everyone realized it. We just pulled together like a real unit. People were supportive of each other. It was a difficult film to make. You know, 20 hours a day. But you get a guy like Kirk Douglas coming down when he's not on call just to support other actors and staying up until four in the morning just to lend that kind of support to a young actress like Amy, you know you have a certain magic going. I never left the set."

Douglas found himself totally intrigued with the ESP-fest. "I found the content of the film fascinating," the veteran of over thirty years of movie-making says. "I think that the subject of psychic phenomena is becoming increasingly more important. Do you remember the time a Los Angeles reporter was detained in Moscow because he had talked with one of a team of Russian scientists who had been dealing with parapsychology? I remember seeing that story and mumbling 'I don't get it. What's the problem?' Obviously, his detention shows that some experiments are going on over there. It's becoming a subject that they're doing a lot with. We may find that, in the future, a lot of things that are dealt with in *The Fury* are truer than we know."

In bringing his epic tale of "mind wars" to the screen, DePalma pulled out all the stops. The special effects and wild makeups by A.D. Flowers, William Tuttle and Rick Baker nearly steal the show. As Gillian and Robin let their minds go with the flow, all hell breaks loose, literally. As reported in STAR-LOG No. 13, the film ends spectacularly with John Cassavetes being blown off the face of the Earth. As audiences gasp in awe, the fleeing actor/villain is caught within a strong mental web. After trembling a few seconds under its weight, the evil agent implodes, with chunks of his body hurling across the movie screen.

DePalma recalls the scene with glee. "Aha! That's the old watch-one-hand-and-do-the-trick-with-the-other-bit," he laughs. "The whole concept of the way we did it was to lead up to a point where John is trembling all over. When we reached that point, we substituted a dummy John. When Cassavetes reached that crucial position, he knocked over a

A concerned father (Kirk Douglas as Peter) searches for his son . . . unaware that the boy is now a levitating telekinetic terror.

THE FURY

CAST AND PRODUCTION CREDITS

THE FURY: A Twentieth Century-Fox film. 1978. Color by DeLuxe. 118 minutes. Produced by Frank Yablans. Directed by Brian DePalma. Screenplay by John Farris from his novel, *The Fury*. Director of photography: Richard H. Kline. Music by John Williams. Makeup Supervision: William Tuttle. Special Makeup Effects by Rick Baker. Special Effects by A. D. Flowers.

Peter Kirk Douglas
Childress John Cassavetes
Hester Carrie Snodgrass
Dr. Jim McKeever . . Charles Durning
Gillian Amy Irving
Susan Charles Fiona Lewis
Robin Andrew Stevens
Dr. Ellen Lindstrom . . . Carol Rossen

lamp with his elbow. The lamp falls towards the camera, across the screen. There are four mirrors on the lamp, so light is reflected directly at the camera.

We stopped the camera, put the dummy in the same position and knocked over the lamp again. The mirrors flash and the lamp hits the floor. We cut the film between the falls of the lamp. The audience's eye is drawn towards the falling object for an instant. While they're looking at the lamp, their eyes are off John and/or the dummy. When the finished scene is shown they think 'Jesus God! They just blew up Cassavetes!'"

Yablans nods with a grin. "You cannot leave this film without talking about it."

With *The Fury* finished, DePalma plans to return to the mind-control genre next year with a new SF project, *The Demolished Man*, based on Alfred Bester's classic novel. In the interval, however, he plans on lensing a family-oriented *comedy*. The 37-year-old fantasy king is quick to assure his many fans that his vacation from thrillers will be a short one. "How could I give up gore?" he laughs, with a trace of irony in his voice. "What would all my blood-soaked fans do?" ★



Photos: © Twentieth Century-Fox



From time-to-time on nightly newscasts there is a phrase heard that goes something like this: "... And so, another science-fiction concept becomes reality right before our very eyes . . ."

It will be said more and more frequently in

the next few years, as Man's technological achievements catch up with the SF writer's uncanny ability to predict them. Here is an inside look at just how accurate they've been, how some of the top writers in the field go about it . . .

SF PREDICTION:

Speculation Or Future Fact?

By MICHAEL A. BANKS

"Some moments later they had the second screen and the electrical measuring instruments on the roof. Archie propped the screen up against a skylight so that it faced the rising sun, fastened a voltmeter across its terminals, and took a reading. The needle sprang at once to two volts . . ."

"Not many of you, I suppose, can imagine the time before the satellite relays gave us our present world communications system. When I was a boy, it was impossible to send TV programs across the oceans, or even to establish reliable radio contact around the curve of the Earth without picking up a fine assortment of cackles and bangs on the way. Yet now we take interference-free circuits for granted, and think nothing of seeing our friends on the other side of the globe as clearly as if we were standing face to face . . ."

The preceding quotes *might* have been taken from articles in any of a dozen magazines published this month. The first could be a description of a test procedure run on a new type of solar cell, the second a reminiscence by a communications engineer. In fact, the quotes are just what they appear to be. But they did not appear in any magazine published in 1978, nor even '58.

The "solar cell" test appeared in June of 1940 on the pages of *Super Science Stories*, part of a short story titled "Let There Be Light," by Robert A. Heinlein. The "reminiscence" is from Arthur C. Clarke's "The Other Side of the Sky," first published in 1957.

Solar energy and communications satellites were old hat to SF fans in the 1940s and 50s—along with the logistics of putting a man on the Moon, pollution problems and their solutions,

pocket calculators and hundreds of other aspects of a world that would not exist for decades. In fact, most fans knew that what they were reading as fiction would one day become fact, just as we react to much of what we encounter in SF today.

But if you're a bit skeptical about the future possibilities of some of SF's more fantastic themes, consider how outlandish modern technology must have appeared when it was presented—before its time—in SF.

Pocket calculators, for instance. In 1950, the idea of carrying a computer in your pocket was, to most people, as unlikely as walking to Mars. In a book published that year, Isaac Asimov described a scene in which one of his characters, "removed his calculator pad from the pouch at his belt . . . its gray, glossy finish was slightly worn from use . . . nimble fingers played along the hard plastic that rimmed it. Red symbols glowed out from the gray." At that time the average real-life computer filled a room, and the transistor was in its infancy. Yet Asimov described the pocket calculator almost exactly as it exists today.

Countless similarly "unlikely" ideas crowded the pages of early SF magazines and paperbacks.

Robert Heinlein, among others, presented to SF readers the concepts of nuclear energy and atomic weapons at a time when most Americans didn't know atoms from anthills. Heinlein is also credited with inventing "Waldos"—robot arms that mimic the motions of their human operators, used for the remote-controlled handling of dangerous radioactive materials. Heinlein used the devices in a story titled "Waldo," published in 1942; nearly twenty years later the real-life inventors adapted the name—perhaps the idea—from the story.

Asimov, Heinlein, and their peers

also produced a good number of forecasts in the area of SF's most popular theme, space travel. Space stations and Lunar landings have been a staple of SF since the turn of the century, and unmanned probes similar to the Mariner and Viking craft were used in many stories. Not surprisingly, a good bit of the hardware and nearly all of the navigational methods and logistics of space travel first saw light in SF.

In at least one instance, modern space technology was adapted directly from SF. In Clarke's story, "The Other Side of the Sky," quoted earlier, there is an exact description of the "synchronus orbit" vital to a globe-girdling satellite communications system. Clarke originated the concept in the early 40s, and it has been suggested that synchronous orbits be renamed "Clarke Orbits."

A complete listing of what has been accurately forecast by SF authors would run to volumes, but the foregoing gives you some idea of just how accurately predictive SF has been—and can be. And, even though a listing of the inaccurate forecasts in SF (stories in which the first Moon landing occurs in 1979, for instance) would be even more massive, SF authors have probably had more success in predicting the future than any other class of prognosticator.

All of which might lead one to wonder whether SF writers have some secret knowledge forbidden the rest of us, or if they are perhaps possessed of psychic abilities undreamed of.

Actually, the methods used by SF writers to create logical futures are far less esoteric. Forecasting in SF is basically a process of extrapolation, though other matters are taken into consideration, as illustrated by writer/editor Frederik Pohl's description of his methods:

"I attempt to project likely changes in technology," Pohl explains, "and con-



Arthur C. Clarke and Stanley Kubrick's epic *2001* offered much SF speculation, including the coming of Hal . . . the ultimate computer.



George Pal's *Destination Moon* portrayed an amazingly accurate Moon mission. It was based on a story by Robert Heinlein.

Photo: © United Artists

tinue straight-line extrapolation of selected social trends, allowing them to interact to see what will happen. I'm not trying to predict, though—only to show 'what if' . . ."

Selecting the most probable extrapolations of trends and developments is the key to making accurate forecasts. The determination is made through the use of both intuition and logic, validated by the fact that science fiction is based firmly in science fact. Most SF writers have some scientific background (many are professionals in one field or another) and if a writer is not familiar with a subject he is dealing with in a story, he researches it in depth. Ben Bova, longtime writer, and editor of *Analog*, stresses factual basis heavily in his approach. For him, mapping the future involves "A combination of research on the latest scientific and technological developments, together with assessments of how these developments will affect individuals, society, politics, economics, etc."

As an example of how strongly science figures in SF, consider the incidents surrounding the publication of a story titled "Deadline" in the March, 1944, issue of *Astounding Science Fiction*. In the story, the author described details of the production of an atomic bomb, months before scientists working on the super-secret Manhattan Project completed their work.

The details were so accurate that intelligence agents quickly descended upon the magazines' office, looking for a security leak. But there had been no leak, as *Astounding's* editor, John W. Campbell, proved to the agents. The author had obtained all his information from reports made public during the previous five years. He had only to read various journals and put together factual information to create something that was pure fiction, as far as the

American public was concerned.

Extrapolations must sometimes be tempered by the artistic requirements of a story, however, and there is some guesswork involved—especially if a story is set in the far future, according to Poul Anderson, whose techniques are similar to those of Pohl and Bova.

"I make certain assumptions about the future," Anderson says, "then work out the consequences. For the near future, these may be just extrapolations from the present; farther off in time, they have to be quite arbitrary."

"No matter how near the future," he continues, "there is no such thing as prediction; one can only make educated guesses, which will almost certainly prove wrong."

Though some fans might disagree with Anderson's estimation of the validity of those "educated guesses," his statement echoes the sentiments of other writers regarding prediction. Most writers will deny that they are even attempting to predict the future; rather the intent is to present possible futures, as Frederik Pohl's "what if . . ." implies. They are well aware that no one can say with absolute certainty that a particular event or development will occur—there are too many variables involved in any extrapolation.

"Predicting, even as far as twenty-five years away, can be a very risky business," maintains Gordon R. Dickson, author of the popular *Dorsai* series. "This is because of what I've called the 'wild card' phenomenon: Every so often someone comes along with the discovery of penicillin or the development of transistors—totally unexpected developments—and our technological society becomes noticeably modified in customs and behavior by that fact."

But, even if the most careful of extrapolations can sometimes be upset by unexpected developments, there is still

some value in knowing the possible consequences of current trends and activities. With such knowledge, we can take steps now to avoid the more negative consequences, and enhance the positive.

In addition to extrapolation, SF writers sometimes use other, less conventional methods in their forecasts.

"I literally dream my futures," says writer A. E. van Vogt, relating an instance in which this "method" was used. "A few years ago Harlan Ellison and I wrote a story together. I asked him to suggest a title. He suggested, 'The Human Operators.'"

"That night, and the next few nights, I wakened myself every ninety minutes with an industrial timer, and each time considered the title and its implications. On the fourth night, or thereabouts, I had a sinister picture (dream) of a large spaceship in a very distant part of space with only one person aboard. My impression: This was a ship that had 'escaped'. Once I had that implication, the rest followed logically; in my daytimes I'm a square who can reason out the possibilities of an idea once it comes."

Some writers base their futures on the past, on the theory that history is cyclic, repeating itself. Gordon Dickson draws heavily on the habits and customs of earlier civilizations in his future novels. Lloyd Biggle, Jr. has also used this idea to great effect, in stories in which his characters revive aspects of the "long gone" twentieth century—such as baseball and nightclubs.

And there are writers, such as Clifford Simak, who use no conscious method in developing a story.

"Continually there are ideas and stories which are 'hatching' in my head," Simak explains. "When subconsciously one develops to the point where it shows some promise, I then start putting the ideas down on paper, trying to work out the problems."

"This hatching process is something of which, on the surface, I am unaware. Somehow the ideas have been inserted into the computer which is my brain, and that works away on them until the idea begins to take some definite form and can be worked on for plot development. In writing any story, of course, I pay considerable attention to background detail which will help explain a situation . . . I'm not satisfied with saying something is so—I want to know why it is so."

Considering the number of successful forecasts SF writers have made in the past, by whatever methods, perhaps a look at what some of them feel might lie in our future is in order.

There is an interesting variety of opinion among writers as to what might be our major source of energy a quarter-century from now. Frederik Pohl, among others, feels that we will still rely

on fossil fuels for most of our energy, "with nuclear fission energy peaking around that time, but still contributing less than coal, oil, or gas. Solar energy will begin to make a substantial contribution, and after another twenty-five years it will be providing the bulk of energy used."

Ben Bova sees water as possibly being the major energy source in twenty-five years. This is not as unlikely as it sounds; seawater is an excellent source of deuterium—the fuel for fusion reactors—and hydrogen, an excellent chemical fuel.

And hydrogen, produced in abundance, may be fuel for tomorrow's automobiles. As for the automobile itself, it is doubtful that it will be phased out by mass transit systems; in several writers' opinions, the auto is a fairly efficient mass transit system in itself.

There could be fewer automobiles in our future, however. Pohl feels that there may be a decline in personal travel, brought on by advances in telecommunications.

"There is no real reason why anyone should drive fifty miles to shuffle papers on a desk and talk to colleagues," Pohl says, "when telecommunications can let him do all that in his own home."

Poul Anderson is more concerned with the social and political aspects of our future than with technology. When asked what might be the most significant developments of the next twenty-five years, he replied, "In the aftermath of Vietnam and Portugal, the loss of the entire Eastern hemisphere to Communism—for the most part, gradually and piecemeal—and not always under that name."

As a result of this, he sees the U.S. forced into isolationism, this in turn resulting in repeated failures of the economy, society, and technology itself.

Anderson also sees the need to maintain a habitable environment creating problems in the future—unless it is dealt with soon. "Though this is the foremost problem from a survival standpoint," he says, "it is also the most obviously soluble one. Mostly, we already know what to do, and just need to find ways of making society do it. Therefore, I put the social problems first."

Overpopulation will be another serious problem to contend with, in Gordon Dickson's opinion—particularly because it can be the source of so many other problems and conflicts.

"Far and away, the greatest problem is going to be the matter of overpopulation. Pollution we could lick right now, if we gave it the necessary attention and money. Overpopulation is still running away from us; it will continue to run away from us for a number of generations even if we can put the brakes on drastically right now, simply because there are so many young people in the



Photo: © 1957 M.G.M.

Forbidden Planet's Robby the Robot struck a blow for artificial intelligence in *The Invisible Boy*. Robby became a popular 50s star.

world who will become parents.

"Aside from this, the greatest problem will be culture shock," Dickson continues. "The time is past when someone growing up could dream of owning the white house on the hill and a coach-and-four, for example. Nowadays, by the time you grow up the house is entirely different, the horses are no longer used for transportation, and the hill itself may not be there; it may have been bulldozed flat, or turned into a lake—or a city dump."

But Dickson, like other writers, is not entirely pessimistic about the future.

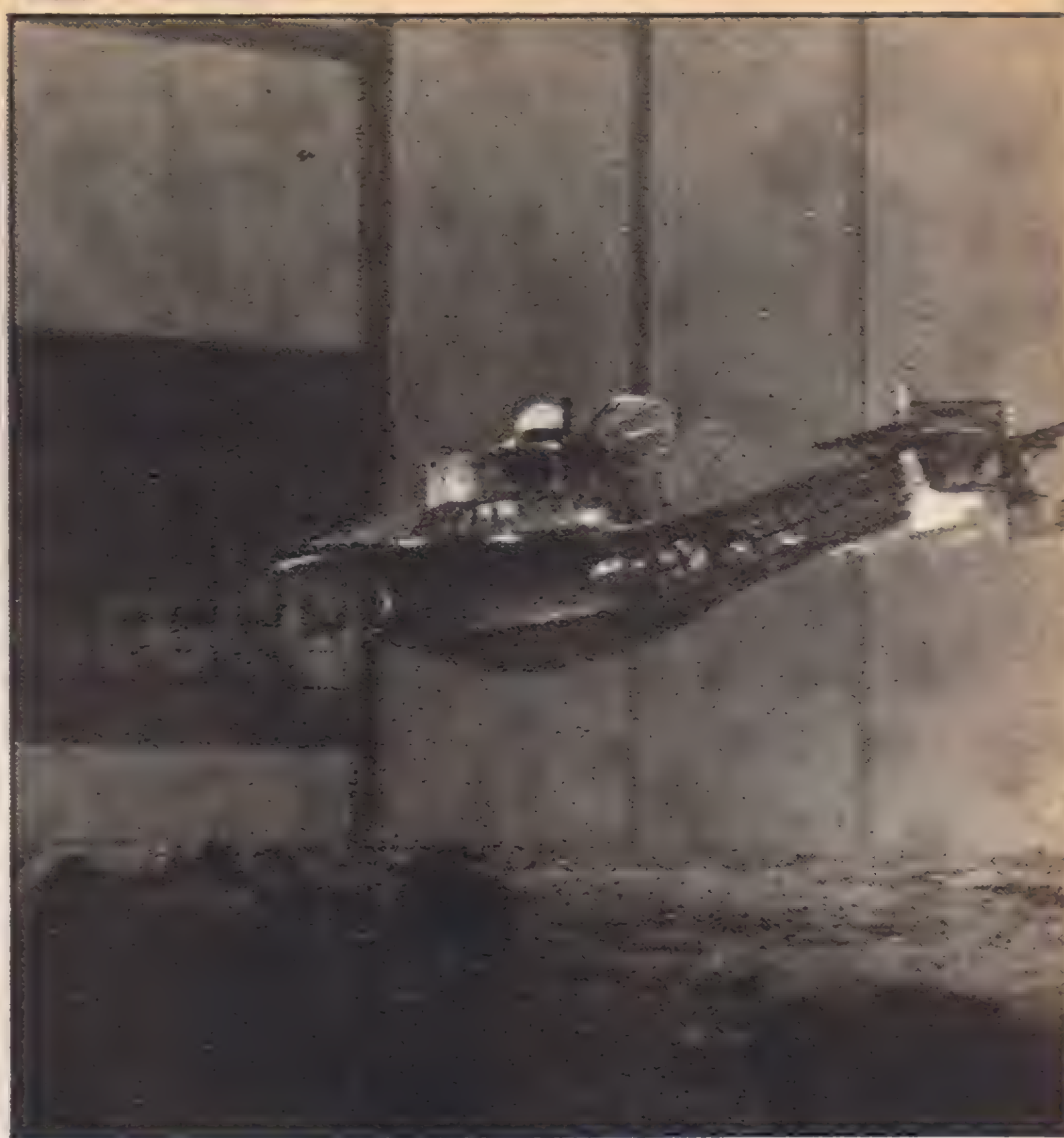
"There is the fact that we are moving into space, whether people like it or not; and this will be part of our environment and necessarily part of our thinking. Those of us who are alive today may spend our old age in hospitals in orbit—where our more feeble bodies will have a chance of surviving the debility that goes along with old age."

Dickson also shares the opinion of other writers in his long-range view of the future.

"I think we're moving into a time in which the average person will have to go on learning all the days of his or her life; and, inevitably, the race will go to the swift—those who have the greatest capacity to learn. This may sound unfair on the surface, and certainly, to those of us who dream of everybody having the same opportunity for a good life, to be cruelly unfair. But in the end it may be the saving of the race in that we can no longer let mediocrity steer this world-ship in which we are all passengers. We want the best possible people at the helm and in charge of the machinery which makes it move."

The most optimistic projections made by SF writers are in areas of technological development. Dickson's orbiting hospital, viable methods of harnessing solar energy, the continued automation

Photo: © 1969 M.G.M.



Captain Nemo and the Underwater City featured Jules Verne's supersub, *The Nautilus*: the predecessor of the modern-day submarine.

of industry, and improved global communications and transportation networks are but a few of the many developments foreseen for the next twenty-five years. But, even in optimism, some writers are skeptical, wondering how such new developments will be used, and how accessible the benefits of technology will be.

Poul Anderson, however, feels that there is a faint possibility that technology will, in the end, buy humanity's salvation.

"There will be scientific developments—especially in psychology and molecular biology—of tremendous long-range significance; it is barely possible, though unlikely, that these will include the first self-supporting extraterrestrial colonies, which could then become the nucleus of the next civilization."

Such colonies are even now closer to reality than fiction, and the establishment of the first L-5 or Lunar colony will mark yet another science-fictional dream come true—at the same time paving the way for even greater dreams . . .

"Man was establishing his first permanent bridgehead on the Moon. Clavius Base could, in an emergency, be entirely self-supporting . . .

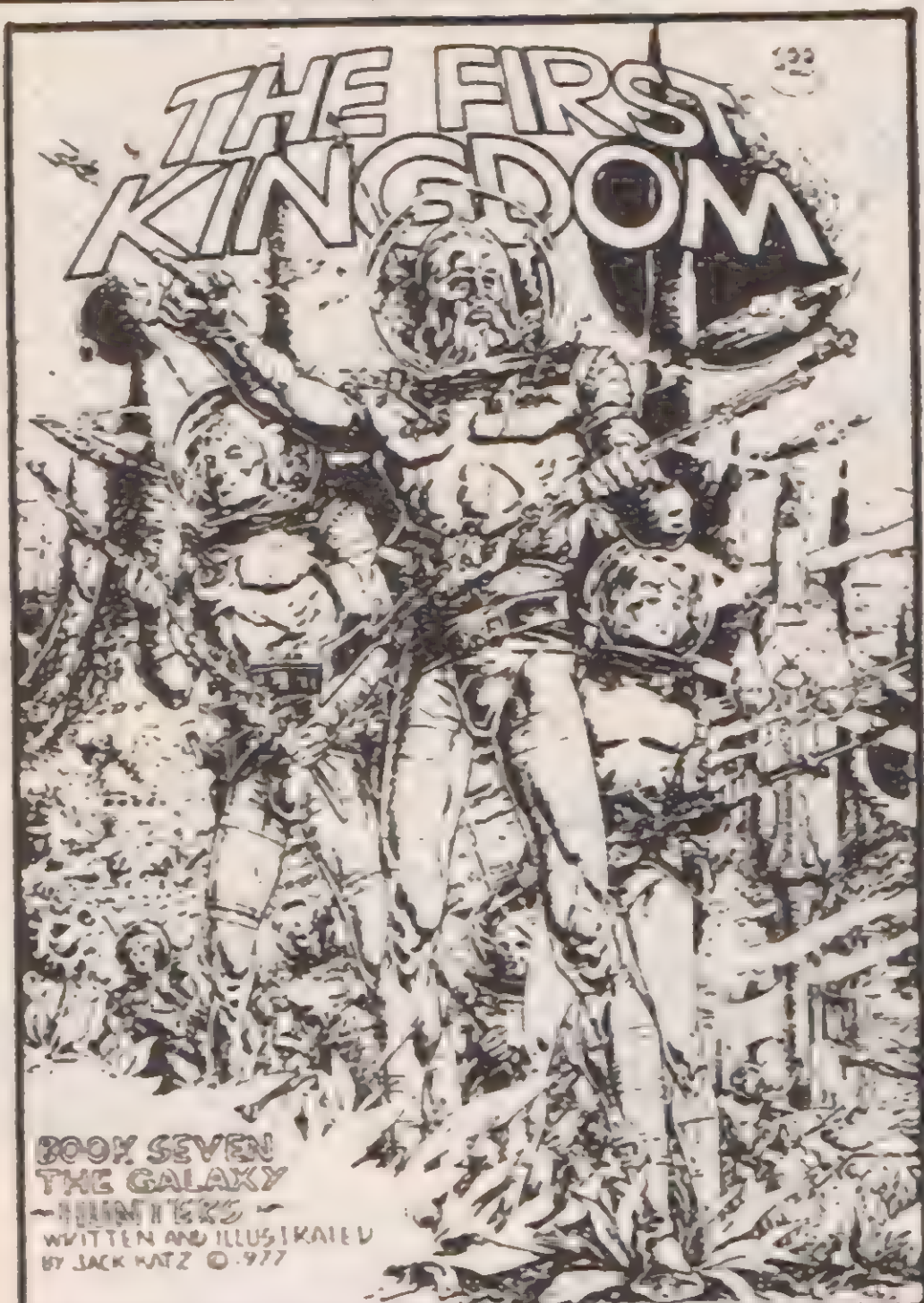
"With its complex of workshops, offices, storerooms, computer center, generators, garage, kitchen, laboratories, and food processing plant, Clavius Base was a miniature world in itself. And, ironically, many of the skills that had been used to build this underground empire had been developed during the half-century of the Cold War.

"... but here they had been turned to the purposes of peace. After ten thousand years, Man had at last found something as exciting as war."

—from *2001: A Space Odyssey*,

by Arthur C. Clarke. ★

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VISIONS

(Continued from page 81)

The only statistic integral to a scientific proof is 100 per cent. Statisticians deduce that the chances are greater than two octillion to one that a man could take a deck of cards, shuffle them, and deal four perfect bridge hands (four hands, all of the same suit). And yet among professional cardsharps this happens fairly frequently because their shuffle is so precise that one card falls at a time thus maintaining a cycle in the new deck which came stacked in order to begin with. When researchers start with a statistical probability, and then find subjects who average better than that—this is no more a proof for ESP than it is a proof that the original statistic failed to include some variable(s). Statistics can be useful, however, in the formulation of theories; and (as Meredith says) theory precedes establishment of cause-and-effect relationships.

For those who were *extremely* upset by the assertion that ESP is a product of wishful thinking, allow me to suggest an experiment:

Begin with the logical assumption that ESP does not exist, that there *has* to be some other explanation for anything that looks like a *psi* phenomenon. Now take all those zillions of reports and books on ESP that you'll find in the occult section at bookstores (which is where I think they belong) and work *hard* to come up with alternative explanations that might possibly account for the events in question. You will immediately discover, among other things, how much additional information you would need to decide *anything* about them. If that doesn't make a non-believer out of you, nothing will.

Meredith is quite right when she states that GI = GO. Through the flawless use of logic, you can "prove" that Mickey Mouse was the 12th President of the United States—if you begin with the appropriate irrational premises. I disagree with Dr. Meredith, though, in her implication that logic is superfluous in the quest for truth. Only a chain of logic can tell you that your *premise* is false, that the Presidency is not accessible to mice (as a rule).

In a proper scientific proof, the premises must be reduced, through a logical chain, down to facts which are empirically observable in reality. (This is also the way one gains confidence in the instruments—electron microscopes, etc.—that provide data not *directly* observable.)

Most of the letter-writers contend that my position of non-belief is tantamount to a mental block, that if the scientists were to share my position, progress would be stopped dead in its tracks. Look at it from my point of

view. If there were a great popular trend toward belief in the Easter Bunny, and a good many reputable investigators who might be otherwise employed were spending many hours in a systematic quest for evidence . . . *that* would be more likely to stop progress.

The quest for ESP evidence strikes me rather like the alchemists' desire to turn lead into gold. Sure, some good came out of that, eventually—the science of chemistry. But if the first few who tried it had suspected that the gold trick simply was not going to work, they might have turned to alloys, metal oxides, chemical compounds and the isolation of natural elements much sooner.

One last thought:

The human brain is so complex that there is still conflict among biophysicists over the roles played by electricity and chemistry within its cells. The human *mind* is even more complex. *Psychology* is not even an exact science yet. To my way of thinking, until psychology can explain ordinary verbal communication and the complexities of the subconscious mind (how do we know things we don't remember learning?), there seems to be no point in introducing *Parapsychology*. Rather, I'd like to see those puzzling phenomena concerning the mind end up in a data bank of the unexplained. Like UFO's. If you "explain" a puzzle by miscategorizing it, the data is most often lost. If you "explain" a puzzle by placing it on some unknowable astroplane, the data has been sabotaged.

So, although I loved *Star Wars* and responded profoundly to the strength and stature of Ben Kenobi, and *The Martian Chronicles* is a wonderful book, I don't believe in ESP. Neither, I've been led to believe, does the vast majority in the scientific community. But who knows; maybe someday we'll encounter an alien race within whose nervous system there exists organic fluidic circuits capable of producing rudimentary radio-spectrum waves that are somewhat amplified by an unusually high level of body electricity, somehow; and perhaps these creatures will communicate through broadcast code pulses. To them, though, this will be everyday stuff—not *extra-sensory*; and to us, it will be something to be detected and decoded through instrumentation. How do I know *humans* have no such fluidic circuits? Naturally I have no "proof" for the negative proposition; but I never found any reason to entertain the remotest notion that there might be any possibility of it. ★

*William of Occam formulated his "law of parsimony" in the 14th Century. Literally it states that "entities are not to be multiplied beyond necessity"; in practice it admonishes that one present scientific principles in their simplest and most economical formulation. Psychologist Lloyd Morgan reinterpreted it to state that "no action should be interpreted in terms of a higher psychical faculty when a lower faculty suffices."



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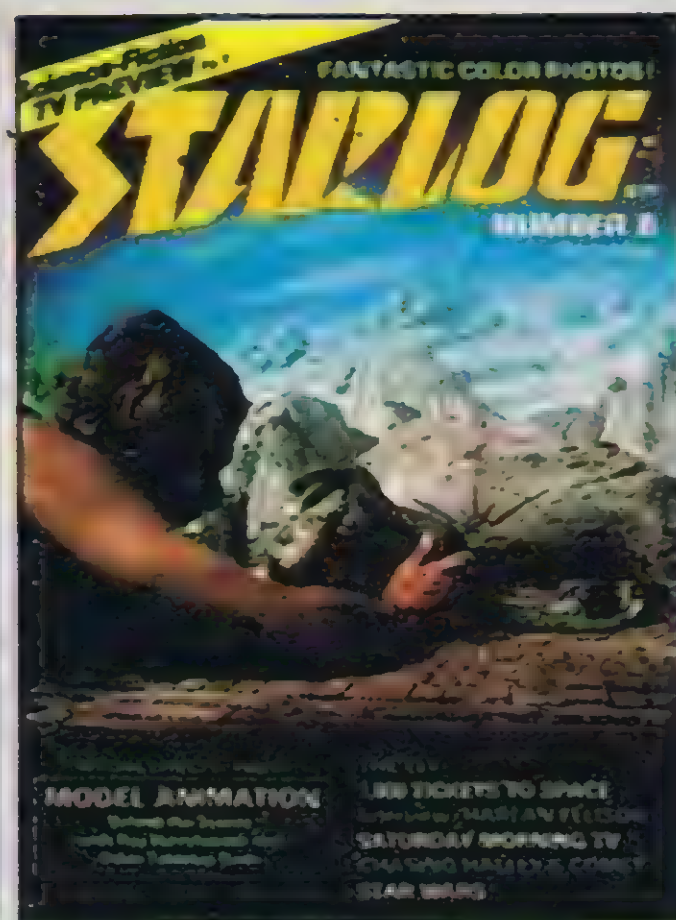
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Photo: © M.G.M.

By DAVID HUTCHISON

The use of sound effects in the cinema—synchronized with the action on the film—dates from before the turn of the century. Though most of the effort concentrated on the synchronization of discs and cylinders to the moving picture, the earliest attempts used some very live effects.

It was not unknown then to have companies of live actors standing behind the screen mouthing dialogue in time with the action. D.W. Griffith used several companies of actors on road-show engagements of *Birth Of A Nation*. Mechanical effects, such as drums, matching feet, gun fire, etc. were supplied by an offstage prop man or (in theaters so equipped) by the organist who accompanied screenings on a well equipped theater organ.

The famous Hales Tours in the early part of the century also made use of live sound effects, in simulated train trips. Motion pictures were taken from a moving train and projected in a railroad car to give the illusion of a journey. Railroad noises were created by "offstage" technicians to heighten the illusion.

Early innovators such as D.W. Griffith and others were intrigued with the possibilities for talking pictures, but the problems of synchronization and the scratchy distorted sounds of the discs and cylinders forced them to rely on live actors and technicians to create synchronized sound.

Sound on film and sound on disc developed from 1900 to the mid-twenties through a variety of different formats. Ultimately the leaders were the Fox Movietone system and the Warners Vitaphone.

It was Warners Vitaphone that made the first landmark hit, *The Jazz Singer*.

Sam and Harry Warner were on the verge of bankruptcy. Both were convinced that the talkies were the only road to travel. In 1927 the brothers bought the rights to Vitaphone and persuaded Al Jolson to star in their premiere sound feature-film in the new process.

Most of *Jazz Singer* is silent. There are two brief sections of dialogue and several songs. Yet this remarkable film

Unique in all the world, most of the *Forbidden Planet* sound effects were also part of the innovative musical score by Louis and Bebe Barron.

used 16-inch one-sided phonograph records. Each record played for the length of one reel of film and turned at 33 1/3 rpm. Synchronization was still a problem, as was operator error. A bored projectionist could and often did run the wrong disc with a reel.

Recognizing these problems, Warners eventually converted its disc system to the sound-on-film method used by Movietone. The variable area and variable density tracks became a single strip down one side of the motion picture film—and are still used today.

"The creation and operation of all sound effects used in the making of Motion Pictures except that written in to the musical score as part of the rhythm or requiring a musician to operate, shall be done by the Special Effects Men."

—IATSE Union, Local 44, Hollywood

put Warners in the black financially, and revolutionized an industry. Dialogue and music were added to several silent films already in production and in 1928 Warners produced six more all-talking films: *The Homesteaders*, *Lights Of New York*, *The Lion And The Mouse*, *On Trial*, *The Terror*, and *The Singing Fool*.

At this time there were only 100 theaters wired for Vitaphone which still

How does special effects enter the picture? Mechanical sound FX are traditionally (by union agreement) the province of the special FX man. It has been reported that special effect man Roy Pomery of Paramount created the sound effects for *Wings*. The road-show version required the services of a prop man controlling records on three turntables for the dog fight sequences.

After optical sound on film became a

STARLOG PRESENTS THE MAGICAL TECHNIQUES OF MOVIE AND TV SPECIAL EFFECTS

Part X

Sound Effects: The Golden Era

Series Edited by DAVID HUTCHISON

Spraying birdseed across a thin sheet of tin — knocking coconuts together to create the sound of horses' hooves — wringing the life out of a fresh celery-stalk: all daily events in the life of an early radio FX-man . . .

practical reality, theater organs, live orchestras, and the behind-the-screen sound-effects man slowly vanished. Other changes were occurring in the industry; the film companies in the east were packing up and moving to the sunny coast. Things looked pretty gloomy for that specialized artist, the sound effects man. And yet his 'golden age' was just around the corner.

Rudy Vallee was entertaining America with his hour-long radio show. It became the practice to have a little five or ten-minute dramatic skit on the show featuring some well known personality of the stage or screen. As these skits became more and more complex, sounds other than acting were added to help establish the reality of the place or locale. On radio we could not see an actor enter a room as we would on the screen or stage. Instead an audience needed an aural cue to understand when people were coming and going. These entrances and exits were established by the sound of a door opening and closing. Usually the task was assigned to a bit actor, who when he wasn't busy would open and close the door. The door and its portable frame had been constructed by the carpentry department for the show. Finally, a separate sound effects department developed as the stories became more complex, demanding a variety of FX.

The earliest sound-effects man at CBS radio in New York was one of the cast-off musicians from the silent movie companies that had abandoned the eastern coast. He was a drummer and

photo: David Hutchison



This is the tenth part in STARLOG's feature series on Special Effects. **Part I—The Use of Miniatures** appeared in issue No. 6. **Part II—Robby the Robot** appeared in No. 7. **Part III—Model Animation** appeared in No. 8. **Part IV—Magicam** appeared in No. 9. **Part V—How To Roll Your Own** appeared in No. 10. **Part VI, Part VII—The Makeup Men** appeared in Nos. 11 and 12. **Part VIII and Part IX—The Matte Artist** appeared in Nos. 13 and 14.

Jerry McCarty at CBS in New York has over 1500 sound effects recorded on tape cartridge. Tape or records are used for FX that do not have to be "acted." Many of the effects recorded on tape are the sounds of the old manual sound machines.

played with a small combo that had supplied "mood music" for the actors while a sequence was being filmed. Within a few years the dictates of radio drama would demand the services of a well-staffed sound-effects department. Most shows required two sound-effects men, some three . . . if it was for Orson Welles' Mercury Theater, you had *four*.

Why all those extra people? Dramatic shows, such as "Gangbusters" or "Arch Oboler" required more than just the physical sound. The sound had to *mean* something, it had to convey a mood or an emotion.

Consider just a simple knock at the

door. A man's knock should be differentiated from that of a woman. Consider the knock of a man who is picking up his girl friend. Or an angry man . . . A good sound effects man has to have some sense of *drama*. He almost has to be an actor.

As a result sound effects men began to specialize. Some were very good with comedy, but those who were polished with comic timing and audience response were not as successful with the heightened spine-tingling effects that heavy drama demanded. Many effects men from the dramatic shows had trouble developing the "feel" of comic



No one can forget the ominous ping and whine of the Martian heat-ray machines created by Walter Oberst, Gene Garvin, and Don Johnson from an electric guitar—filtered, played at various speeds and redubbed for the George Pal classic *War of the Worlds*.



Photos: Courtesy Sidney Brechner



Almost every crime show needed the effect of someone breaking down the door into the criminal's hideout. Here Mr. Brechner supplies the strong shoulder, grunts of exertion, and the close miked crushing of fruit boxes, for a very popular effect.

timing. Comedy demands not only careful timing with the performer but a sense of anticipation for audience reaction. Woe betide the man who "stepped" on a laugh with his sound effect. The greats of the business usually stuck with one man who understood their style. Jack Benny and Red Skelton had their own personal sound effects men they trusted—and traveled with them for years.

Orson Welles is among those most notorious for extraordinary demands on the art of sound effects. Welles once had an entire truckload of sand dumped on the studio floor for a foreign legion epic. He wanted a realistic effect of troops marching and moving in desert sand. An extreme measure, but it apparently helped the program. Of course, studio maintenance was faced with the problem of shoveling sand out of an eighth-floor studio.

Live effects, produced manually, are preferred by many directors and special effects men alike. The basic issue aside from control and variability of sound is quality. There are a great variety of sound effects available on disc that can be used very creatively. But in the early days the quality of a disc did not permit very many uses. After a time, dirt would become lodged in the grooves. The record would become worn by the cuing process. The general quality of the sound would deteriorate in contrast to the sounds that were produced live.

The search for the right sound and the machines to produce them were the challenges faced by sound effects men during the golden age of the thirties and forties. The sound effects men usually got a script for a show about a week in advance; in that week all the necessary

Photos: © 1953 Paramount



Brains and gore spilled upon the floor by the headsman's axe is just squashed grapefruit dripping from the hands of a skilled sound effects artist.



GRAPES—Walking across a floor covered with thousands of spiders—this particularly juicy effect needed plump grapes with crunchy seeds and a very close microphone.



CELERY—Its all in the rhythm of the wrist. Sidney Brechner demonstrates the very slow twist used to create the sound of snapping bones and tendons in a pretty victim's neck.

sounds must either have been pulled from stock or created. If an effect were a common one, rain for example, the manual device used to create it would, over the years, have become quite sophisticated. A good rain machine could generate just about any kind of storm from a light shower to a full-fledged gale.

Such a machine, after many years of refinement, might give very little clue to its purpose from its physical appearance. One rain machine, at CBS for example, consisted of a box about the size of a small television set. At the top was a hopper which contained about ten quarts of bird seed. Below the hopper was a motor-driven turntable. The seed would fall quietly to the turntable as it spun. The speed of the turntable could be controlled in such a way that the seed would be flung off the turntable in varying degrees of force. The seed could also land on varied types of material, which would affect the sound of the "rain." Commonly, these materials were either a piece of tin, a piece of parchment, or a piece of wrapping paper. With the addition of the sound of wind, you had a storm—made to order.

Some manuals are miniature versions of the real thing—doors and windows for example. Some studios use small scale doors with various kinds of locks attached to give the sound of the key being inserted, the latch turned and the door opening. Other studios avoided such small-scale hardware—they always built everything to size, to be sure of the authenticity of the effect. Such decisions are made on the basis of studio acoustics and the nature of the microphones used.

Sidney Brechner was the sound

effects hero of radio station WJR in the late 30s and early 40s, for their classic show "Hermit's Cave." "Hermit's Cave" was known for its *unusual* effects. On Lux Radio Theater you might have an execution by hanging and you would hear the trapdoor give way, but that would be it. But 'Hermit's Cave' had *everything*. We made a big ado about it—you'd hear the trapdoor, the snap of the neck, and the creak of the

rope as the guy swung in the breeze," reports Brechner.

Mr. Brechner took great care and pride with his hunt for just the right means to create the perfect effect. One episode required the sound of a man walking across a nest of spiders. "It took me a week to find the right sound, and I discovered it accidentally at that. I was visiting my mother and eating some grapes from a bunch on the table. I



Orson Welles narrated *The War Of The Worlds* over the radio airwaves on Halloween, 1938. Designed to resemble a series of "real-life" news bulletins, the presentation launched a panic. Newspapers the following day reported "a tidal wave of terror that swept the nation." Sound effects brought Martians into countless living rooms.



In 1944 CBS produced a public service show for the Maritime people: "We Deliver the Goods!" Sound effects equipment for this wartime drama included the usual battery of transcription turntables. Above Mr. Brechner's right shoulder stretches the "explosion spring"—a coil of piano wire rigged into an old phonograph pickup which was lightly struck with a mallet to produce the sound of an explosion. Further right is the splash box, which by turning paddles in its tank of water created the variety of sounds which give it its name. At the far right the weighted roller skate on the metal track produced the sound of a heavy metal sliding door.



The traditional coconut shells in the gravel box creates the sound of pounding hoofs for many a Western adventure. The clever SFX man could throw in a few self-generated whinnies.



Jerry McCarty demonstrates the glass crash box. Closing the lid shatters a small pane of glass. The broken fragments fall through a number of metal rods to give an extended and dramatic crash.

Photo: David Hutchison



The rustle of underbrush as a killer stalks his prey puts sound effects artist Sidney Brechner to work with broomstraw.



The rhythm of hundreds of marching feet is created by a network of dowel pegs dropped onto a sounding box.

Photos: Courtesy of Sidney Brechner

dropped one on the floor and in the midst of trying to retrieve it, accidentally squashed it. Well, I stopped cold. It sent chills up my spine, but it was just the sound that I had been looking for!" Bunches of grapes were placed in a large wooden tray for Mr. Brechner to walk over with the microphone only inches away. The sound of the skins splitting and the crunch of the tiny seeds gave just the right touch to "Hermit's Cave."

Years later Mr. Brechner happened to actually step on a spider and he reports that the sound was entirely different from the grapes, but not nearly as effective.

Sound effects on radio at that time were precision affairs. It had to be right the first time, since the shows were broadcast *live*. There were, of course, accidents. Occasionally an accident might actually improve an effect.

"One episode of 'Hermit's Cave' involved this weird doctor who enjoyed cutting people's fingers and toes off—sawing them off. To get the right sound I used pork chops (they were pretty cheap back then) and a small coping saw. During rehearsal I was too damn busy to realize how ludicrous I must have looked creating this sound. But all at once the absurdity of the situation dawned on me—holding this pork chop with my dirty hands and sawing away as if there was no tomorrow. I started to laugh. I was only inches away from the microphone.

"The director didn't think it was funny at all and over the earphones was telling me just what he thought of such stupid carelessness. They had to change the last part of the script. One of the actors added a line to the effect that 'wasn't it funny how everytime the doctor cut somebody's fingers off he



This row of turntables, some with two arms, was called the tea-wagon for reasons already forgotten.

Tape cartridges are now used to store recorded effects and music. Their convenience and dependability have been a boon to busy sound effects artist.

photo: David Hutchison



"Speaking movies are impossible. When a century has passed all thought of our so-called speaking movies will have been abandoned. It will never be possible to synchronize the voice with the picture."

—D.W. Griffith, 1924



The "Big Splash" requires a good handful of old rags plunged flat into a large tub of water. Of course, the sound effects man gets soaked, but that's part of his job.

had that wild laugh.' It was the only time I broke up on the air, but those things happen."

A great variety of devices were used to create an even greater variety of sounds. Consider the famous Orson Welles pickle jar slowly unscrewing in the depths of a studio toilet bowl to create the ominous grating of the Martian war machines in the world famous "War of the Worlds."

Rhythm was the secret used to create realistic effects with coconut shells (used for horses' hooves), as it was with most manual effects. Look at the illustration of Mr. Brechner twisting the life out of a stalk of celery. The proper rhythm, held close the the mike, generated a very effective strangulation sound. Of course in real life there probably isn't any such sound, save for the sounds of the choking victim trying to breathe. But for the radio, celery could be used to create a very chilling effect. "You use a very slow twisting of the celery, close up to the mike. Throw in a few appropriately timed gurgling noises, then give the celery a sudden snap and you've got it.

Many of the devices used for sound effects were used universally. The NBC tour of Rockefeller center was a must for any new sound-effects man, as part of the tour was a behind-the-scenes look at their department. Ideas quickly spread.

Visually stimulating sound effects were the hallmark of "Hermit's Cave." Sound effects had a new role. Instead of giving reality to silent movies, they were now called upon to create the visual image in the radio listener's mind. The golden age of radio drama owes much of its success to the unsung great artist of that branch of special effects called sound effects. ★

Next issue, the SFX series goes to England for a revealing journey into the history and art of Gerry Anderson's unique process, Supermarionation.



Left: Ayres, like many of his peers, spends most of his free time developing his talents. Here he's putting the finishing touches on the creature used in *The Outer Limits* episode "The Sixth Finger" in his home workshop.



Above: Ayres with the finished work. In the actual episode David McCallum inhabited makeup designed by Wah Chang, John Chambers and Fred Phillips. Lining the wall behind him are newspaper clippings concerning his own work.

David Ayres

Alien-Maker Extraordinaire



Above: *The Hunchback of Notre Dame* gets the Ayres' touch. Directly above him is the head of just one of the ants he created for the AIP production *Empire of the Ants*. Dave built all the heads and bodies which populated the horror film.



Right: Another Ayres' test project: building an effective and scientifically correct head for a radiation mutant in clay. How he manages to squeeze in all his "fun work" between TV and movie responsibilities is anyone's guess.



By DAVID HUTCHISON

David Ayres is a bright, young makeup artist whose star is on the rise. While working with Burman studios, David assisted in the construction of some aliens for Steven Spielberg's current film project. The alien masks used in *Close Encounters* were the result. Ayres delights in sculpting aliens for fun or profit—he is presently creating some interesting creatures for NBC's planned *Buck Rogers* series.



Above: STARLOG science editor David Hutchison stands beside David Ayres' ape. The makeup man built the beast simply for practice in handling gorilla suit problems. The creature has never been used professionally, but is housebroken.



Above: Here Ayres does his variation on the "salt vampire" from the first televised episode of *Star Trek*: "The Man Trap". The actual creature was credited to Fred Phillips and was embodied by Jeanne Bal.



Above: Another part of Ayres' hobbies include building a *War of the Worlds* alien out of foam rubber. Part of the monster's design will be based on the mechanics used on the alien in *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*.



SPACE: 1955

The Story Of *This Island Earth*

Two decades before *Star Wars* introduced widescreen space warfare to the general public, *This Island Earth* shook screens with brilliant Technicolor combat. During a period brimming with low-budget black and white "B" movies, *This Island Earth* dared to be different, unleashing an army of spaceships, aliens and mutants. Over the years it has influenced not only generations of SF fans but movie makers also.

By ROBERT SKOTAK and
SCOT HOLTON

The Zahgon fighter ships dive suicidally toward the planet Metaluna. Slicing through the thick cloud covering of the planet's Ionization Layer, the delta-winged invaders magnetically carry a payload of deadly meteors in tow. The ships swoop in for the kill, sending the meteors hurtling down onto the war-ravaged planet's surface. In a series of spectacular explosions, the space boulders sear into the Metalunan landscape. Eye-boggling displays of molten rock and incandescent smoke mushroom into the air, illuminating the surrounding area for miles around.

Gradually, the blasts of light and heat subside. The Zahgon ships return to space. The cold darkness again creeps over the landscape of the dying world of Metaluna.

Not a trace of the once proud Metalunan civilization remains intact above

Above left: the original poster artwork for *This Island Earth*, a film considered by many to be the *Star Wars* of its day. Left: Cal Meacham, Ruth Adams and Exeter assume a safe position aboard the alien saucer as it speeds to the far-off planet, Metaluna.





ground, although portions of the planet's cities have been rebuilt in massive, subterranean caverns. Their structures can be spotted through the crater-like holes that pockmark the burned out terrain.

This latest Zahgon raid is just another in an endless series of attacks that have gone on for as long as the two warring civilizations can remember. But now, the end of Metaluna is at hand. Within their underground structures, a handful of Metalunan survivors await the return of their ambassador Exeter from deep space. Their only hope of escape now is emigration . . . emigration to that distant, peaceful island in space known as Earth.

★ ★ ★

Over twenty years before the epic space battles of *Star Wars* set imaginations afire around the world, interplanetary warfare shook the screens in a Technicolor extravaganza entitled *This Island Earth*. Though its box office impact was miniscule compared to George Lucas' widescreen blockbuster, the film left a lasting impression on its viewers and, indeed, generations of SF filmmakers to come.

Like any truly memorable work of the imagination, *This Island Earth* owed much of its success to its dazzling sense of scope. On a physical level, it swept viewers from the familiar green fields of Earth off to the strangest of dying worlds in space. And, while it offered

ample nuts and bolts thrills for the legions of gadget-mad, action-oriented filmgoers, it also appealed to the emotions. For once, a science-fiction film presented an alien character who was neither devil nor saint, but a very human being caught between two worlds. Having lost his home and his people, Exeter fights a valiant battle against the loss of his soul.

This Island Earth stood alone during the SF film boom of the fifties for a number of reasons. It was an ambitious film during a time of make-'em-quick "B" movies. It attempted a realistic portrayal of interplanetary warfare during a time period when most film studios avoided the subject because of the difficulties involved and the expense.

Rarely had a group of writers, artists and technicians combined their efforts as imaginatively toward creating an entirely consistent alien world and technology as in *This Island Earth*. Audiences were growing more sophisticated, having been subjected to the visual thrills of *War Of The Worlds*, *When Worlds Collide* and *Destination Moon*. SF filmgoers hungered for novel ideas, escapist entertainment and visual awe. Even children were familiar enough with the genre to spot phony special effects and production values.

Universal-International felt the pressure and the needs of the audience and decided to take a giant step forward

On the war-torn planet Metaluna, alien Exeter barely has time to moor his saucer and make his way to the safety of a nearby elevator before Zahgon-caused havoc explodes.

in the field of SF. Up until the mid-fifties, films like *It Came From Outer Space* and *The Creature From The Black Lagoon* had been turned out by Universal on a fairly regular basis. Effective as they were, the productions were usually low-budget, black-and-white affairs using lesser known actors and minimal story background. Universal execs saw the need for bigger, glossier films to compete at the box office with the prestige "A" movies of the larger studios.

They searched for an ideal property. It had to be an SF story with horrific overtones, since that type of film had been Universal's bread-and-butter from its inception. It had to have a sense of "bigness" which could be exploited in their ads. It had to be unlike anything the other studios were turning out.

They purchased a script entitled *This Island Earth*. Its storyline had all the key ingredients they were searching for.

A Tale Of Survival

Returning from a Washington D.C. atomic power conference, nuclear research scientist Cal Meacham (Rex Reason) suddenly discovers that his jet's engines have flamed out. Only miles away from his destination, California's Ryberg Instrument Center, Cal plum-

mets to the desert below. A strange green light appears from nowhere, envelops the plane and guides it safely to the Ryberg airstrip.

Both Cal and his assistant Joe Wilson (Robert Nichols), who has witnessed the incident, agree not to mention the strange chain of events until an explanation can be found. Arriving at his lab, Cal uncovers further mysterious circumstances. A routine order for some X-C condensers has inexplicably been replaced by a shipment of tiny, cherry-like beads of unknown design. The miniscule beads are more powerful than the larger condensers! No identification or address is found on the package. "Electronics Service, Unit 16" is scrawled on the invoice.

The following morning, a complete catalogue from "Electronics Service" arrives, listing a horde of totally alien apparatus. Cal decides he will order the parts needed to build a rather intriguing machine described in the book . . . an Interociter.

Soon, Cal and Joe stand before their finished creation: a black box housed beneath a triangular viewing screen. The

image of a high-domed, white-haired scientist called Exeter (Jeff Morrow) appears on the viewer which, after congratulating Cal on the extraordinary accomplishment of constructing the machine, states, "I represent a group which is seeking scientists of exceptional ability." Cal, it seems, has passed Exeter's IQ test by assembling the Interociter. Meacham, however, is not interested in passing silly tests. Exeter convinces Cal to join him at an unknown destination, allowing that any *good* scientist would "give his right arm for more examples of our superior technical knowledge."

Days later, Cal is taken in a pilotless and windowless plane to a southern-type mansion in a woodland glade. He is greeted by Dr. Ruth Adams (Faith Domergue), an old acquaintance who refuses to acknowledge their friendship. At the house, Cal is met by Exeter. "Dr. Meacham," Exeter explains, "our group works with but one purpose: to put an end to war! Such a goal can't be attained without men of vision—men such as you, doctor—gathered here, exchanging information daily, putting

aside all thoughts of personal success."

Cal's suspicions are aroused when he notices that *every* member of the strangely subdued group of altruistic scientists are experts on nuclear power. His uneasiness is heightened by the threatening presence of Exeter's sinister assistant, Brack (Lance Fuller).

Cal confronts Ruth and co-worker Steve Carlton (Russell Johnson) and demands to know exactly what's going on. Once the pair are assured that Meacham is not a brainwashed spy of Exeter's they begin to compare notes about the strange shape of their hosts' foreheads and the existence of a secret cavern hideout nearby. Adding to their panic is the fact that the Interociter, supposedly a mere communications device, can fire lethal Neutrino rays at moving targets. The trio decide to flee their mansion prison.

Brack, meanwhile, argues with Exeter about the scientists. Brack wants to use "The Transformer" to keep the thinkers mentally enslaved. Exeter is appalled. "Use a machine to control a man's brain and you destroy his initiative, his power to help us."

As Cal, Ruth and Steve flee, Exeter talks with The Monitor (Douglas Spencer as yet another high-foreheaded fellow) on his Interociter. "The Ionization Layer is failing rapidly. We need transportation," the Monitor reveals. Exeter is ordered to take Cal and Ruth and return home, where the nuclear research can be monitored more closely.

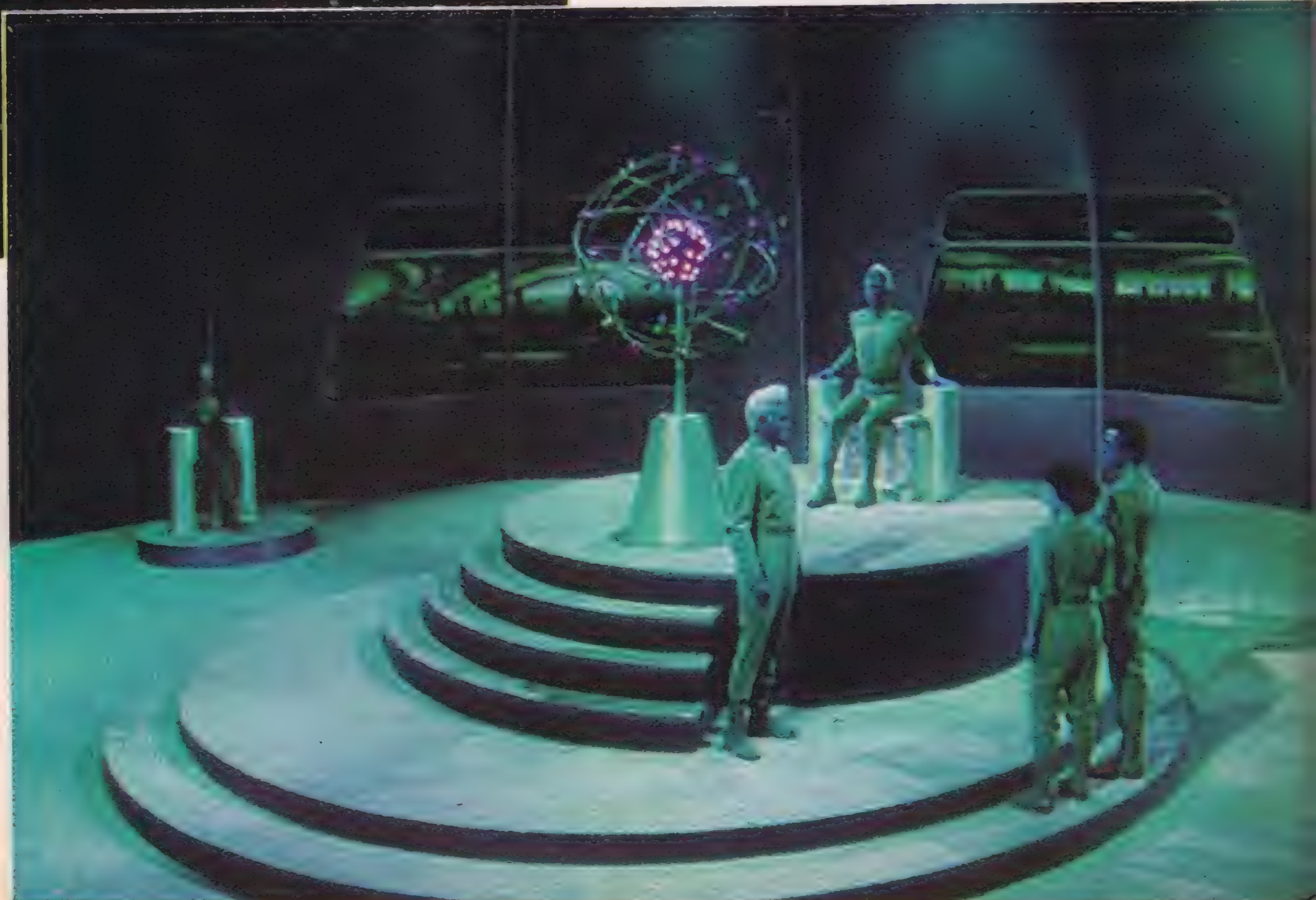
Brack, however, has other plans. Spotting the escaping scientists' car, he fires a Neutrino ray from his Interociter. Cal and Ruth leap from the car . . . seconds before it disintegrates. Reaching a small, single-engined plane, they escape skyward. From behind the mansion, however, a gigantic flying saucer appears. Hovering above the plane, it pulls the craft aboard using a mysterious green ray.

Pilot Exeter greets Ruth and Cal on the saucer's main deck, informing them



Exeter's saucer narrowly escapes a well-aimed shot from a Zahgon war ship. In real life, Exeter's craft was less spectacular to behold—an 18-pound aluminum model.

Right: the Metalunan Monitor in his headquarters. Surrounded by visions of interplanetary destruction, the Monitor plans to lobotomize two Earthlings in an attempt to save his alien civilization.



that they are bound for Metaluna, a planet far beyond the Earth's solar system. The ship passes through the thermal barrier, and the Earth people are conditioned for the heavier atmospheric pressure of Metaluna.

Approaching Metaluna, Exeter wards off an attack by the Zahgon fighters. Exeter explains that the Zahgons have ignored all peace efforts made by the Metalunans in a seemingly endless war. Only the protective ionized barrier of Metaluna has saved it from destruction. Now, with their source of nuclear energy exhausted, the Metalunans watch the shield grow weaker. The Earth people must help. Gliding over the devastated surface of the planet, the saucer descends through the upper crust, landing in an underground Metalunan city.

The Earthlings are led to the Monitor who threatens to lobotomize them if they do not cooperate. Exeter protests. Cal and Ruth threaten escape. In the corridors outside the Monitor's domain, the threesome is attacked by a mutant—a grotesque specimen of a group bred by Metalunans to do slave labor. A Zahgon meteor unexpectedly penetrates the planet's upper crust at that instant, crushing the Monitor and the mutant in an avalanche of falling debris.

Cal and Ruth try to make it to the saucer, aided by Exeter. They take to space and, from a vantage point far off in the galaxy, watch the planet's final demise. As thousands of Zahgon ships bombard the planet with meteors, Metaluna explodes to supernova proportions. "A lifeless planet," Exeter philosophizes. "Yet, still serving a useful purpose, I hope . . . warming the surface of some other world, giving light to those who may need it."

The trio head for the atmospheric conversion tubes. Secure in their tubes, the two men watch helplessly as an injured, stowaway mutant lurches out of the shadows and attempts to manhandle Ruth. She escapes and the creature dies from the changing pressure.

Nearing Earth, a badly injured Exeter bids farewell to the couple and, after releasing their tiny plane back into their home planet's atmosphere, watches the power fade from his saucer. The ship streaks through the biosphere, bursting into friction-caused flames.

The War Between The Planets

When William Alland was assigned by Universal to produce *This Island Earth*, the story had already been read by thousands of SF fans. Beginning as a three-part story in *Thrilling Wonder Stories* in 1952, the tale by Raymond F. (Colossus) Jones was revised in 1953 into a novel form. Sabre Productions, an independent film company, bought the rights. Edward G. O'Callaghan, a veteran of a dozen or so Charlie Chan

THIS ISLAND EARTH

CAST & CREDITS

THIS ISLAND EARTH: A Universal-International release. 1955. Technicolor. 87 minutes. Produced by William Alland. Directed by Joseph Newman, with additional scenes directed by Jack Arnold (uncredited). Screenplay by Franklin Coen and Edward O'Callaghan. Makeup supervised by Bud Westmore. Special Effects by Clifford Stine and Stanley Horsley. Music: Herman Stein. Musical Director: Joseph Gershenson.

Cal Meacham	Rex Reason
Joe Wilson	Robert Nichols
Exeter	Jeff Morrow
Dr. Ruth Adams	Faith Domerque
Brack	Lance Fuller
Steve Carlton	Russell Johnson
The Monitor	Douglas Spencer
Metalunan mutant	Eddie Parker

mysteries, was commissioned to do the screenplay. Finding a lot of the book's more cerebral concepts hard to visualize (the book finds Cal trying to convince an alien race that mankind has a greater purpose than that of assembling components for destructive war machines), O'Callaghan opted to center his script on the intergalactic war itself.

With script in hand, Sabre suddenly found that it didn't have the budget needed for a finished film. On the other side of town, Universal was discovering that it had a lot of money and no movie to make. In 1954, the two factions met and Universal purchased *This Island Earth*. Sabre, however, insisted that they choose the film's director. They did: Joseph Newman.

To insure the film's success, Universal assigned William Alland to produce *This Island Earth*. Alland, the producer of most of Universal's quality SF pot-boilers of the fifties, was a genius at making low-budget films seem spectacular. And, although *This Island Earth* was not a shoestring affair, it did not have money to burn.

Script in hand, Alland then proceeded to supervise the special effects . . . effects that still dazzle, nearly twenty-five years later. A sequence depicting the saucer landing on Metaluna amid Zahgon bombardment is remarkable even by 1978 standards. To create this panorama, a 110-foot miniature of the planet's terrain was built. Falling meteors were made of plaster filled with magnesium. These slid down blackened piano wires. As they struck the ground, small cannisters of gasoline were ignited by electrical charges creating spectacular explosions. A complex, criss-cross

network of wires connected to overhead tracks guided the movements of the diving Zahgon fighter models. The Metalunan saucer, constructed of aluminum and weighing a mere 18 pounds, was also guided by multiple wires attached to an overhead rig. In this case, the wiring required extremely delicate balance of tensions to produce smooth movements without telltale wobbling.

Red and green lights were projected onto a sky backdrop which was painted with red and green streaks simulating ionized clouds. The interplay of the lights on the background created shifting, shimmer patterns in the sky. The majority of the special effects planning was handled by the late Stanley Horsley. The intricate mechanical effects involving miniature explosions, models and flying scenes were handled by Universal's veteran effects man Charlie Baker. Tying together the effects sequences with the live action was cinematographer Clifford Stine, an artist whose career dated back to the original *King Kong*.

Despite the opulent space heroics, Universal executives insisted that a monster be included in the plot for exploitative reasons. Makeup men Jack Keven, Chris Mueller and Robert Hickman concocted the memorable mutant, costing a whopping \$20,000. The studio didn't complain. They now had the box office draw they desired.

Once the film was finished, however, Universal had second thoughts about the story. While director Newman had done a fine job with the live-action drama, his Metalunan sequences were found to be fairly boring. Alland quickly gathered together stars Reason, Domerque and Morrow and revamped the Metalunan sets. Director Jack (*It Came From Outer Space*, *The Incredible Shrinking Man*) Arnold was called in and the resulting footage contained some of the most atmospheric planetary scenes ever concocted for the screen.

This Island Earth, because of its effects and unique use of color, gained a reputation as being the most gorgeous SF film produced in the 50s. But, although the initial public and critical reaction was excellent, the overall performance of the film at the box office did not encourage Universal to continue on its technicolor path to the stars. Within a year or so, the studio was back to their black-and-white doings via such films as *The Mole People* and *The Deadly Mantis*.

Yet, out of all the films of that decade, *This Island Earth* stands alone as a moving vision of universal humanity. A low-budgeted film whose lack of dollars was compensated for by hours of love, sweat and devotion, the film reminded moviegoers worldwide how narrow is the gap between the art of the fantastic and the art of poetry. ★

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In STARLOG number 12, not wishing to delve into material that would have been beside the point, I made the following succinct statement:

"... although ESP is a mainstay of science fiction, it has utterly no basis in science—only in wishful thinking."

I compounded the indiscretion in a footnote:

"... if you challenge this blunt assertion, review the laws of logic as they apply to establishing cause-and-effect relationships, and consider the insanity of such 'proofs' as 'I woke up the exact instant my dog died; so prove to me that that's *not* ESP!'"

STARLOG editors expected a number of letters of protest. We got them.

"Your West Coast Editor," writes Hal Crawford, Dallas, Texas, "is obviously unfamiliar with the data on *psi* phenomena. One experiment giving unusual results is a fluke; two are a coincidence; three or more are a *pattern*. To blame this body of data on wishful thinking and hoaxes is to slander the sanity and integrity of literally thousands of scientists and investigators on every major continent for nearly a century..."

R.S. McEnroe, Rockville Center, New York, writes:

"I am *extremely* upset with David Houston's offhanded dismissal of 'ESP's' (parapsychological phenomena, *please*) scientific basis (particularly on the specious for-instance given in his footnote). Does Houston know that because mice were frequently found around decaying matter, 'science' once assumed that mice were bred from rotting cloth and food? In the course of researching a paper for a psych course some years ago, I ran a classic Rhine ESP test with a score of volunteers and a long series of runs to minimize statistical vagueness, and was able to duplicate the results obtained in tests at Duke and the Rhine Institute. I.e., many subjects were able to discern by undetermined means the information on a series of concealed cards with an accuracy well beyond that indicated by random choice. This duplication of results is a classic definition of scientific verity—another researcher should be able to follow your methods and obtain the same results..."

Mark S. Erickson, Mishawaka, Indiana, reasons:

"... not only is that assertion suprisingly blunt (as Houston himself partly admitted), but it is just plain stupid! The Russians have already established that, at least in theory, telepathy is a viable means of communication. They have also done tentative experimentation with it in practice, and unless Americans start doing the same very soon, they (the Russians) might have all our defense secrets in fifty years or less." Erickson ties in a comment on "warp drive" with "ESP" (I agree that they belong in the same epistemological category) and about both phenomena, he says: "... the word *fantasy* should not have been used, because that word implies that it can never be done, no matter how technology may advance. How can we possibly know that? Scientists were once certain that man could never fly... and look what has happened today! Why does nobody accept the possibility of anything that cannot be taken apart, analyzed, and studied piece by piece...?"

"Is Mr. Houston aware," asks Terence A. FitzSimons, Laguna Beach, California, "of experiments in this field



The Day The Earth Stood Still

being conducted at UCLA's Stanford Research Facility? More specifically, what of a series of experiments conducted by two physicists at Stanford, Drs. Russell Targ and Harold Puthoff, wherein they have demonstrated physiologically that messages can pass from mind to mind, even though the subjects are separated in electrically shielded rooms?"

Reverend Joseph C. Corsbie, Winston-Salem, North Carolina, states:

"When I saw this statement in STARLOG, I was stunned. I saw my world and everything I believe in crumble to dust; for if this is true, then Joseph's interpreting of Pharoah's dreams is just an old wives' tale—because interpreting dreams takes some ESP on Joseph's part." Corsbie goes on to claim (correctly, in my opinion) that the entire mystical interpretation of Christianity depends upon applications of *psi* phenomena, that without ESP, psychokinesis, precognition, and the like, miracles could not have occurred. He continues: "From my own experience with psychic phenomena—from thought forms through ESP, even to astral traveling—I know these things to be true. In *Star Wars*, Obi Wan Kenobi talked of a force that surrounds and envelops us, binds the universe together. These few words hold a seed of truth that is greater than science—but here we go back to *faith: the key to new worlds*. And if you go [strictly] by science (a bumblebee cannot fly, according to the science of aerodynamics), so much for that..."

My personal favorite among the letters of protest is one from Carolyn R. Meredith, Olean, New York. It is long, clear, challenging, and friendly. She says, among other things:

"The question should be whether or not the faculties traditionally lumped together as ESP exist in the real universe. Science is only a formalized set of rules by which the information about that universe can be gathered and

reliably correlated.

"I have [an] objection to your invoking the laws of logic. With the proper data, you can prove irrefutably that sailing west across the Atlantic is going to dump Cristoforo Columbo off the edge of the world. For a more contemporary example, anybody who has ever worked or played with a computer can tell you about $GI = GO$. If you put garbage in, you're going to get garbage out, be the logic ever so perfect.

"When you have observed certain results in reality, postulated theoretical reasons for them, and verified the proposed relationships back in the real world, *then* you can talk about cause and effect. Not before.

"Do I sound paranoid? I have a right to, I think. You've said essentially that here is a subject, ESP, that is not to be looked into, and there's *nothing* that'll get a scientist's natural share of irrational impulses alerted so fast as that line of talk. You may take it on faith (as an untested assumption) that these phenomena do not occur. I prefer not to. As someone once said, 'It isn't faith that makes good scientists . . . it's curiosity.' . . ."

She adds a P.S.:

"If you're the type who's impressed by titles, you can amend whatever version of 'This woman doesn't know what she's talking about' you're employing to 'This Doctor of Philosophy doesn't know what she's talking about.' "

I agree with many of Dr. Meredith's remarks (even some I did not include here). Yet I remain firm in my position that ESP (or any so-called *psi* phenomena) has not been proved even to exist; and further that there is precious little reason to look into the matter.

We are dealing, of course, with *my* opinion. That the Sun is hot is also just my opinion—unless you have made observations similar to mine and happen to concur. My position is a negative one, and *it is impossible to prove a*



Photo: © M.G.M.

Telekinetic tots topple a town in *Village Of The Damned*, 1960 ESP-thriller.

negative proposition. (Try proving that Santa does *not* live at the North Pole. It can't be done except by surveying every inch of the Pole, over and under the ice, and then discrediting the *positive* assertion that he *does* live there. All I really need to do is state that none of the writers' arguments convinces me I might be wrong, since the burden of proof rests with those claiming that ESP *does* exist. But I'll do more than that.

Faith (as both Rev. Corsbie and Dr. Meredith are aware) is *not* a scientific method. Literally, when one takes something on faith, he does so *knowingly* in the absence of evidence. (I'm not talking about taking calculated risks on the basis of skimpy evidence, or the kind of trust you place in your family doctor; I mean *faith*—a nonrational claim to knowledge.) I personally have never had a "*psi* experience" I could not explain in a *much* simpler manner (using Occam's Razor*). I have never read convincing evidence for it (including some of the examples letter-writers mentioned) in scientific journals. The only way I could entertain a belief in ESP is through faith: faith that so many other people's belief must make it true. I'd like to think that I would have been among the few, in the Middle Ages, who did not believe that the world was flat.

Dr. Meredith challenges my invocation of the laws of logic and then herself dares me to break one of them. Her P.S. suggests I might succumb to the "argument of authority" fallacy by considering her more convincing due to her credentials. Others of the letter-writers have, I believe, committed just this fallacy—when they offer as proof the fact that various "authoritative" schools are studying parapsychology. That Stanford, Rhine, and others are studying the subject means nothing to me. A good many colleges have offered courses in astrology, too.

Some philosophers and scientists today will go so far as to claim that certainty cannot be attained—even through the use of scientific method. In so saying, they elevate faith to a position equivalent to that of science, as a means of acquiring knowledge. I discount such negativists out of hand, because they *begin* with a logical fallacy: that of "self-exclusion." If no knowledge is possible, then how can *they* know their position to be valid. Many who state this "knowledge and certainty are impossible" premise neglect to place what knowledge they do possess into its proper context, or neglect to phrase their findings precisely.

I suspect that a declining regard for certainty, precision, and logic accounts for the fact that researchers in para-psychology seem so willing to settle for "statistical proofs."

(continued on page 64)

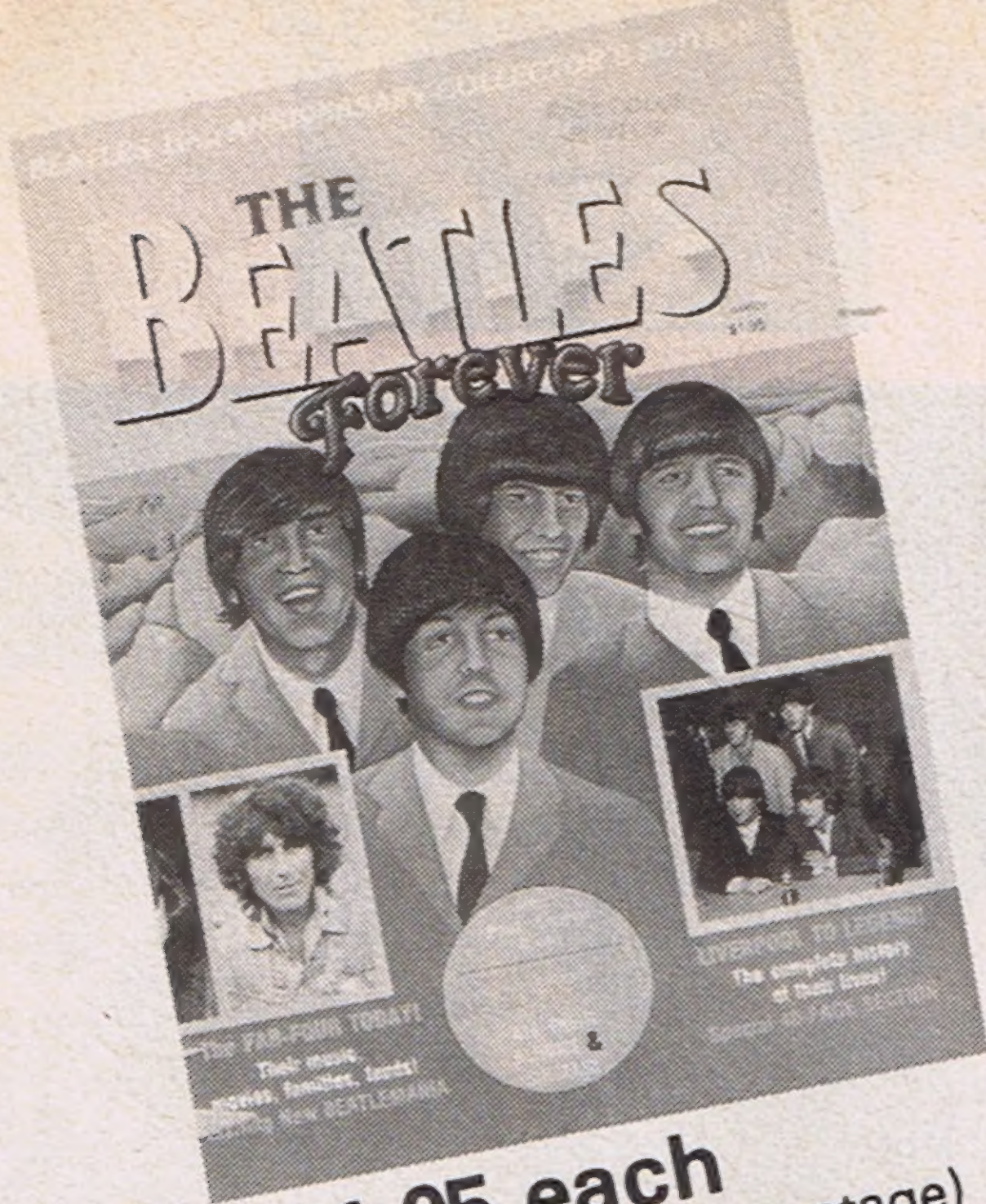


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Carrie (Sissy Spacek) bears the marks of telekinetic power. A seemingly 'normal' lass, her powers run amok.



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LASTWORD

Things are definitely looking up for science-fiction fans these days. More money is being spent than ever before in producing SF in a variety of media. The successes of *Star Wars* and *Close Encounters* have once again made the public aware of that sense of wonder, adventure and challenge to the human spirit that is central to mainstream SF.

Of course, more often than not, SF is avoided and/or misjudged as basically being juvenile fantasies, bug-eyed monsters, spaceships and rayguns. (Admittedly that *does* exist—but it does not represent what science fiction is all about; it is just an unfortunate stereotype.) The genre and its fans have taken their lumps over the years, while enjoying occasional periods of popularity. The mid-to-late 60s, with the successes of *Star Trek* and *2001: A Space Odyssey*, was a period of tremendous hope in the SF community that maybe this was the time: science fiction was about to be accepted and embraced by a suddenly enlightened population . . . but it didn't happen.

Now we see hundreds of millions of dollars earmarked for a whole host of SF projects. The SF short-story magazine field, recently on the brink of oblivion, is once more growing and thriving; Ray Bradbury's *Martian Chronicles* was a critical success as a stage production in California and may wind up as a Broadway play next year, while science-fiction radio shows have started to pop up all across the country.

Television, perhaps the most difficult medium of all in which to successfully produce good science fiction, has recently jumped into the water with both feet—proving, more often than not, that TV's conception of SF is all wet. And yet, some fine SF is still occasionally made for TV. And that brings us to *Battle Star Galactica*, ABC-TV's \$7 million-plus gamble that they *can* do right. Of course for a TV show to be successful, it must have a wide audience appeal—something for every-

one—and that is where the show generally disappoints the science-fiction fans.

As for *Galactica* . . . Taking their cue from the phenomenal box office success of *Star Wars*, ABC gave SFX master John Dykstra the largest budget ever proposed for a TV movie and asked him to reproduce his wide-screen visual magic for the tube. And, from what we've seen so far, Dykstra and his crew will come mighty close. But spectacular effects do not make a good SF story, however well they catch the eye and attention.

Galactica's executive producers, Leslie Stevens and Glen Larson, have had some experience in SF-TV. But according to the show's head of publicity, there will be 'something for everyone'; "the Pearl Harbor attack," "Wagon Train," "Cowboys and Indians" . . .

Now, this could certainly discourage some fans who are hoping for a rousing SF saga, but it doesn't necessarily spell disaster. I seem to recall a young producer talking about doing a "Wagon Train to the stars" for TV about a dozen years ago. I think Gene Roddenberry did pretty well with that concept. Once it got going, *Star Trek* was able to address itself to many serious and fascinating SF concepts and treat them with intelligence and understanding.

And that is my hope for *Galactica*. Naturally the initial seven-hour, three-part movie will be heavy on action and effects—sit back and enjoy them. If the mini-series does well enough in the ratings, ABC may well be convinced to give it a shot as a continuing series. And if that happens . . . well, I'm not saying that we will have finally made 'the big breakthrough,' but we'll be further along the road and we'll once again have some quality SF entertainment on TV. There are a lot of "ifs" involved here, but the odds are better now than they've been in a while.

Howard Zimmerman/Editor

NEXT ISSUE:

STARLOG No. 16 will feature an incredible two-part journey inside the human body—as portrayed in the classic SF film *Fantastic Voyage* and as seen on the amazing TV science special, *The Red River*. We will also present interviews with two top SF authors, Joe Haldeman and Alan Dean Foster. Plus: A complete episode guide to TV's *The Invaders*; news on the remaking of *Invasion of the Body Snatchers*; an SFX look at the process of "Supermarionation;" the latest developments in space science, fantastic color photos, and, of course, a few very special surprises.

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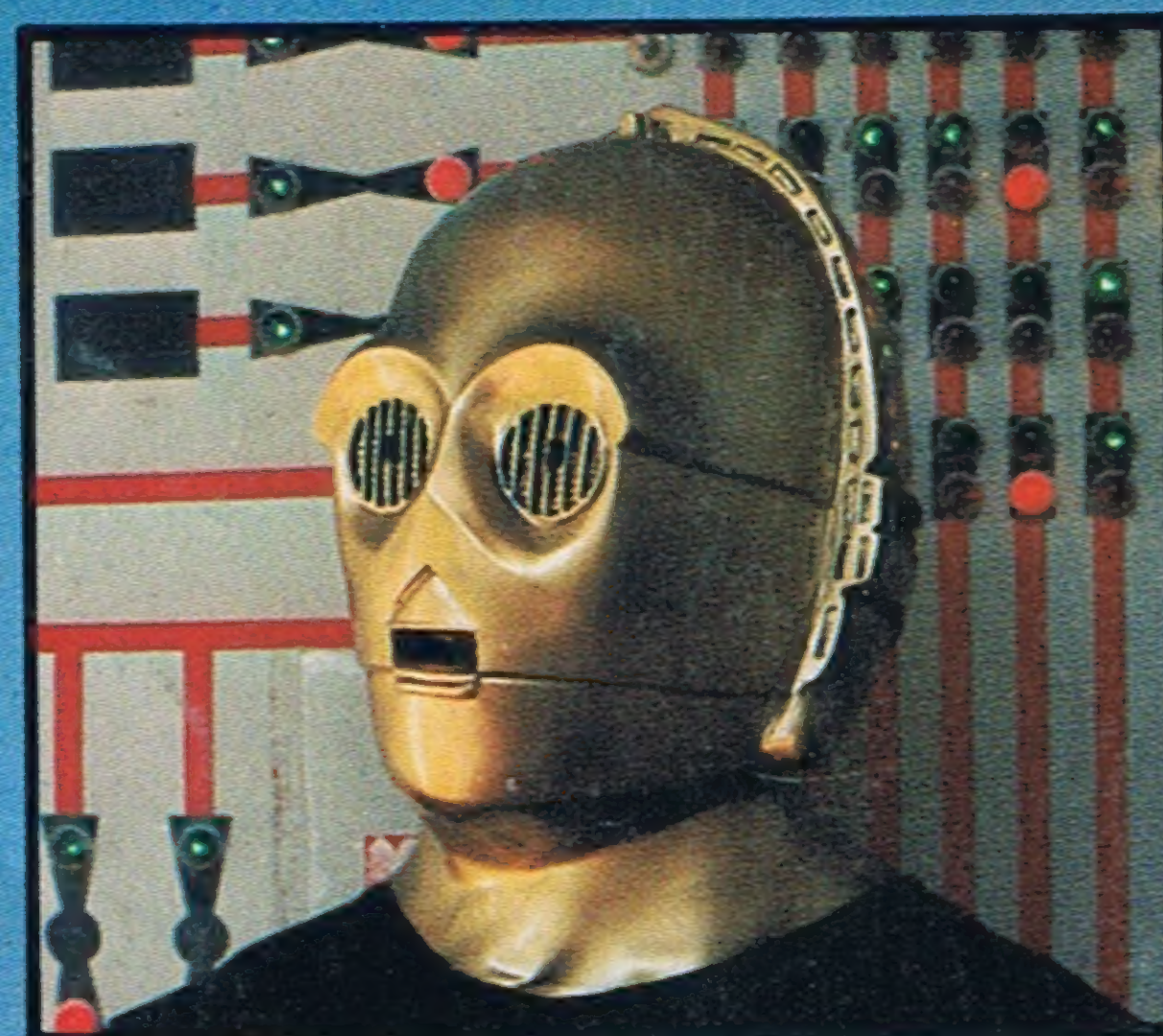
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